George Wald: The Leaves Fall, the Blood Flows

Saturday Review

June 6, 1970 50¢

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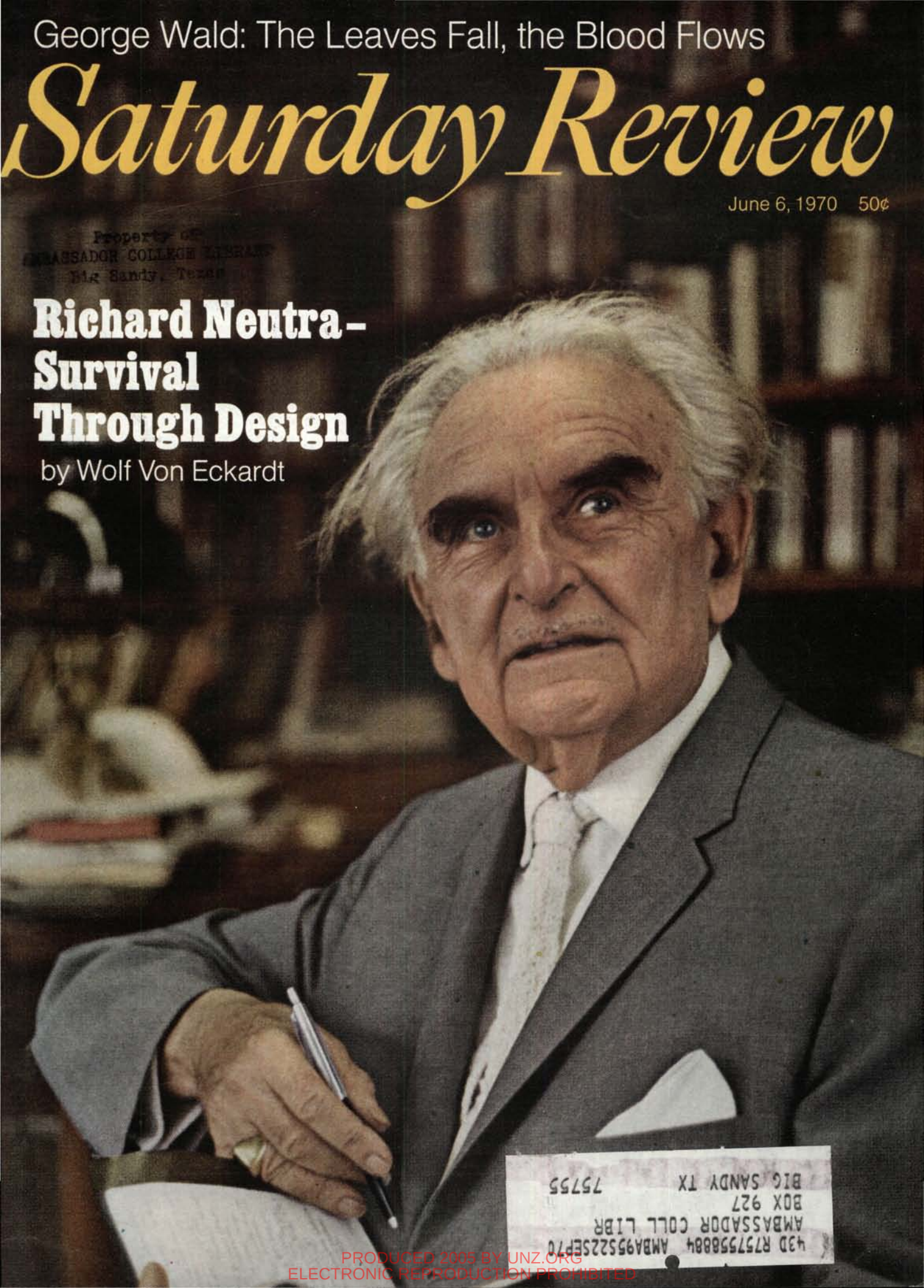
Richard Neutra–Survival Through Design

by Wolf Von Eckardt



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A monument to disastrou

Washington, D.C., is one of the perfect examples of 18th Cent city planning.

Its broad esplanades and open spaces have served as a mode almost every other city in America.

Which is one reason our cities are in so much trouble today.

Nowadays, no city can afford to waste this much space. There' room for expansive boulevards and miles of townhouses and s shops, much less a daytime business section, a nighttime theater trict, parking lots in prime space, unused rooftops and other buildi thrown in wherever they fit.

The only way a city can beat the population explosion is to b *up*, not *out*. To build apartment houses on top of hospitals, p grounds on top of supermarkets on top of garages. To combine f ities—like merging a nighttime theater with a daytime lecture h or a daytime courtroom with a nighttime classroom.

As a step towards this change, Olin has joined with several compa in a new project called the Jonathan Housing Corporation, an exp mental "living laboratory" to test housing innovations.

It plans to build homes based on the "stack" concept—that is, structing finished living modules and stacking them around a cen stair core—in an experimental community near Minneapolis.

Essentially, the community is a city in embryo, with five se

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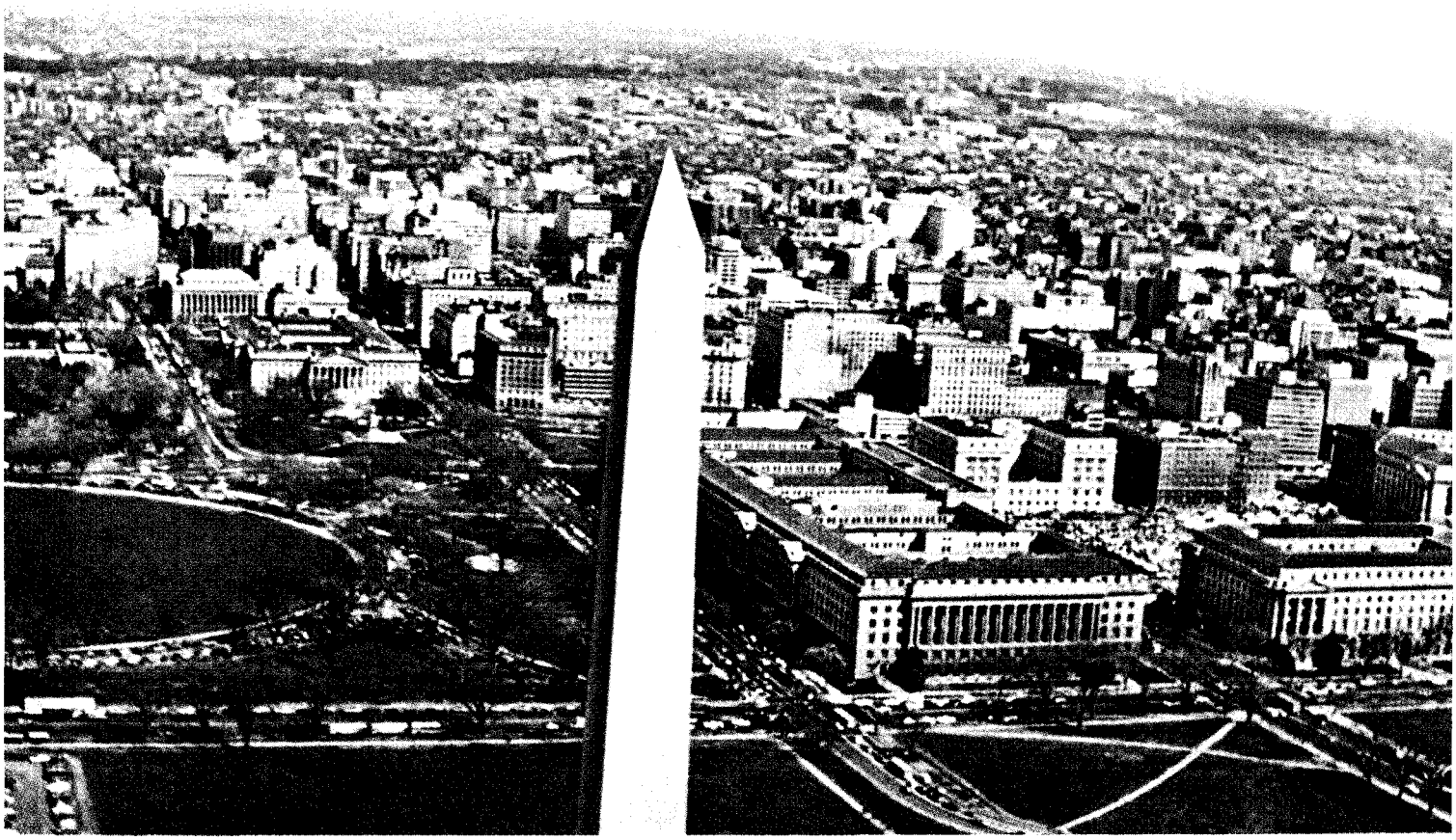

ity planning.

ependent villages (or neighborhoods) surrounding a town center, ich will consist of a single, large multi-purpose building built over railroad and principal highway.

This project will point the way to a new type of city, combining the vantages of decentralization with the advantages of centralization. could prove the viability of the multi-purpose building as a major ution to the space problem.

Olin's stake in our cities isn't limited to experiments, of course. We oduce lumber and flooring, plastic pipe and fittings, aluminum rusions and Ramset® powder-actuated fastening tools for heavy d light construction, among others.

And, we might add, we're equally committed to seeing that our ies don't engulf our suburbs. Last year we acquired the Yeonas mpany, one of the nation's largest suburban home builders, operat- in the Washington metropolitan area.

Only recently we acquired Maryland Housing Corporation, a lead- manufacturer of prefabricated homes, which extends Olin capa- ities into the fastest growing segments of the housing industry— nufactured and modular construction.

We realize that improving our cities and preserving our suburbs is ng to be a colossal job. But it *can* be done.

We have literally nowhere to go but up.

Olin

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Light a match. And you put something in the air that nuclear plants don't.

Nuclear power plants don't burn anything to make electricity. And where there's no fire, there's no smoke.

That's why many environmentalists are now speaking up for nuclear power. It's a clean way to make electricity.

Before the first nuclear power plant was even designed, an International Commission recommended strict radiation standards. American manufacturers set even stricter targets.

General Electric, for example, designs its plants to give off practically no radiation . . . less than you already receive from nature almost anywhere on earth.

Thermal effects are a tougher problem. All nuclear and fossil-fuel power plants discharge heat. America's utilities, with many years of experience, are working on thermal problems at nuclear sites on a plant-by-plant basis.

General Electric built the very first nuclear power plant ever licensed. And GE has put another 50 in the works. Nuclear power is helping utilities respond to the country's demand for electricity. At the same time, it's helping safeguard the country's environment.

The people at General Electric think that kind of progress is hard to match.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTR

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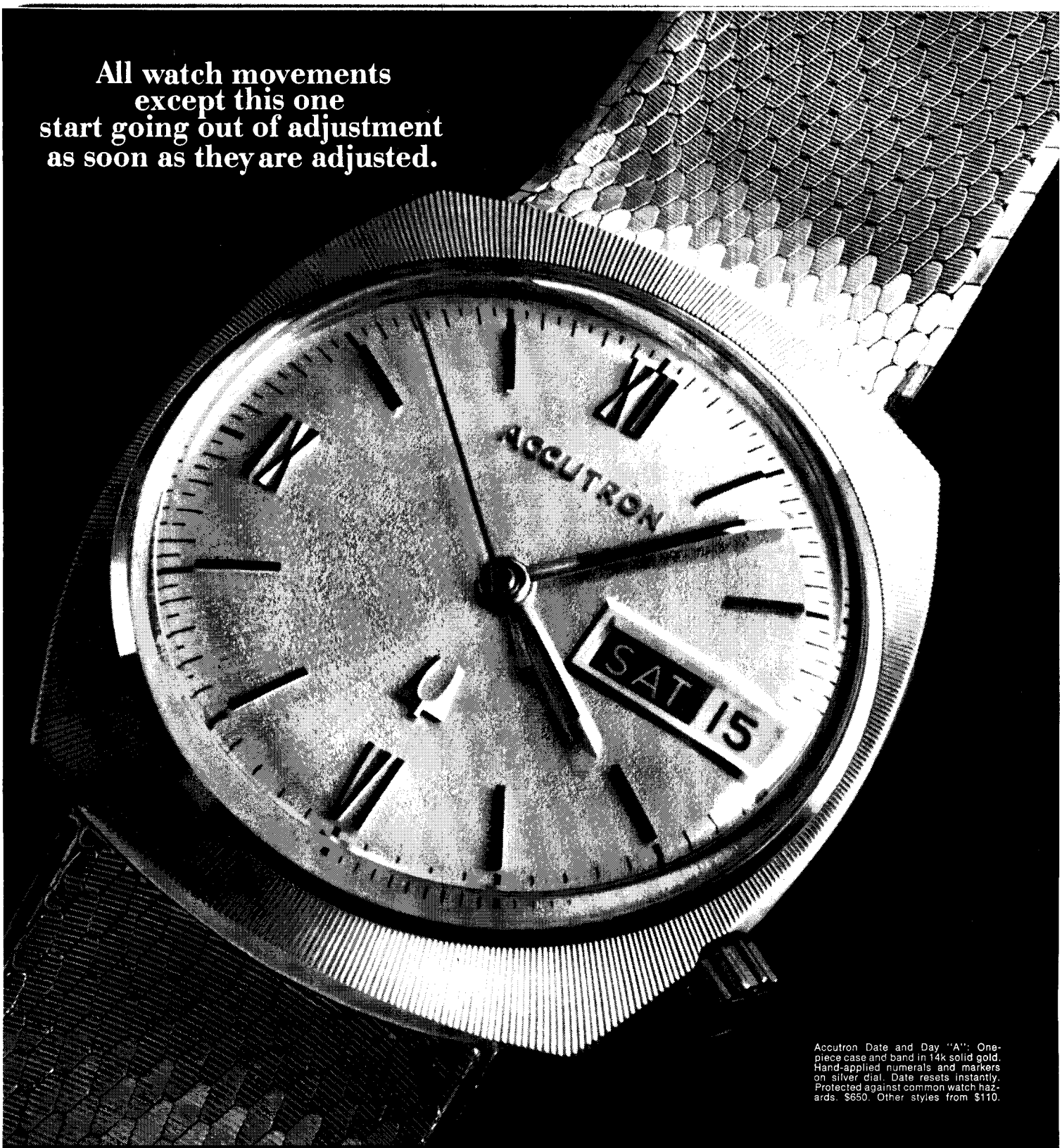
All watch movements except this one start going out of adjustment as soon as they are adjusted.



Accutron Date and Day "A": One-piece case and band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied numerals and markers on silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. $650. Other styles from $110.

All those other watches have a problem. Imperceptible at first, its effects build up relentlessly with the passage of time.

The problem is the oil in the balance wheel bearings: it deteriorates with every day that goes by. As the oil deteriorates, friction builds up and the watch starts to go out of adjustment.

The Accutron® watch, on the other hand, doesn't have this problem. It's the *only* watch movement in the world that doesn't use a balance wheel. It uses a tuning fork, and the tuning fork *doesn't have any bearings.* So the accuracy of our tuning fork isn't dependent upon oil.

This also means that Accutron doesn't have to be cleaned every year or two, as balance wheel watches do. (And cleanings frequently cost a significant fraction of what you paid for the watch originally.)

Now you know one of the reasons why Bulova can guarantee the accuracy of Accutron to within a minute a month.* When the watch can stay in adjustment, it's a big help.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

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(Advertisement)

A number of parents I know were at first interested and then terrified by the spreading idea that what children learn in the early years of their life is virtually definitive. That is, what they learn first —ready or not, intended or not— is almost the whole ball game.

The period of time seemed to keep shrinking. At first it was the years before ten; then seven; three; and so on. Recently, I've been wondering whether the head-start program should be aimed at all kids in the prenatal stage, sort of home womb training.

Now, I am happy to say, there is relief in sight. The book which provides the most information and insight and reassurance is Muriel Beadle's A CHILD'S MIND: *How Children Learn During the Critical Years From Birth to Age Five.*

This is not one of your scare volumes. It is instead a remarkable book by a remarkable woman. She points out at the start that with all the talk about environment, it is interesting what we "teach" a child as he or she is born. The lessons of birth are that one leaves the warmest and most secure and loving environment he or she will ever know, makes a narrow and painful passage into a colder, noisier environment, where the first thing that happens is a sharp blow on the behind.

I didn't know much about children's minds before this book, but I've known something about Muriel's for quite some time. She wrote a delightful book for Doubleday called *These Ruins Are Inhabited,* about a year she and her husband and son spent at Oxford. Next she wrote, with George Beadle, *The Language of Life,* a splendid and lucid explanation of genetics, which has been a continuing bestseller. That her husband and co-author, George, is a Nobel Laureate was no handicap—but Muriel's own genes were responsible for the translation of pure science into plain English.

Her latest book is perfect for teachers, parents-to-be, new parents, and even parents whose kids are over the hill at advanced ages like ten and twenty.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

A CHILD'S MIND ($6.95), by Muriel Beadle, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 10994.

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by Wolf Von Eckardt

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Why Were Bankers Warned That This "New Book Could Upset the Savings Applecart"*

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*Look at what the official publication of the Bank Marketing and Public Relations Association said in warning members about the "dangers" of the book—
"New Book Could Upset the Savings Applecart...Tight money...and the much-touted Age of the Consumer are key ingredients in a flammable mixture about to be ignited by a book which could explode in the face of the commercial banking industry this year...At the risk of sounding like an alarmist, if this book should become a best seller along the lines of 'How to Avoid Probate' or 'Unsafe at Any Speed' it could result in an unpredictable shift of saving funds among banks." from "Bank Management Marketing," February 1970.

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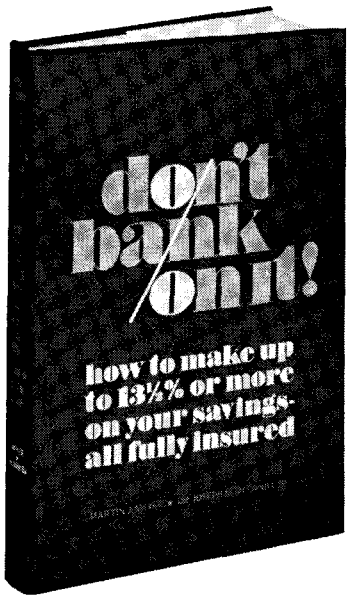
In addition to being a highly practical book which will put money in your pocket, DON'T BANK ON IT! is a revealing study of the injustices imposed on the nation's depositors by the banking industry and governmental regulatory agencies and the way in which they have dipped into your savings account.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Martin J. Meyer is President of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic intercepting and forwarding organization. Founder of a consulting engineering company and builder of a unique technical publishing organization, Mr. Meyer's involvement in banking and finance began in 1959. Formerly a partner in a dealership specializing in exempt securities, he has acted as a business and financial consultant with his co-author. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr., recently elected President of the World Health Foundation, was Secretary of the Ford



Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government services with the Economic Cooperation Administration. He is a director of many corporations and is a trustee of Johns Hopkins University.

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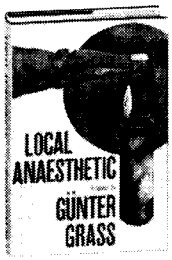
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YO



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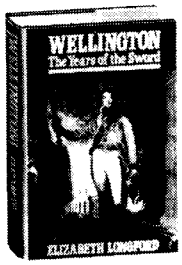

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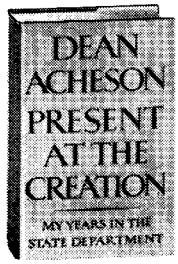

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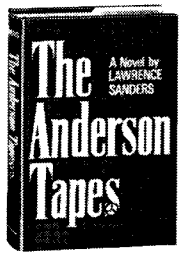

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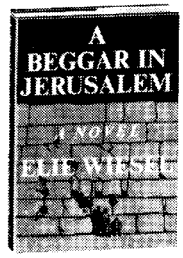

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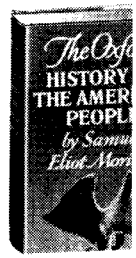

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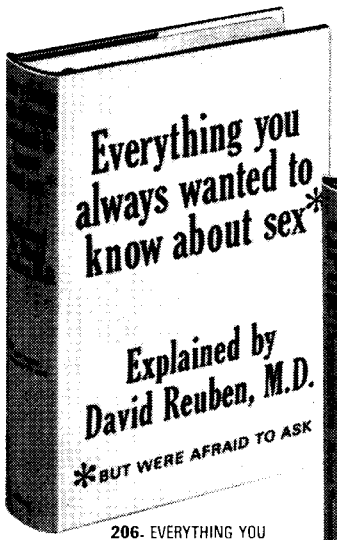

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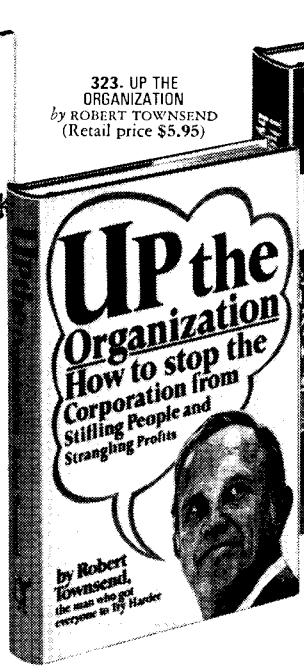
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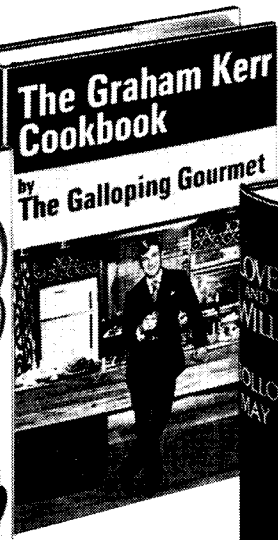

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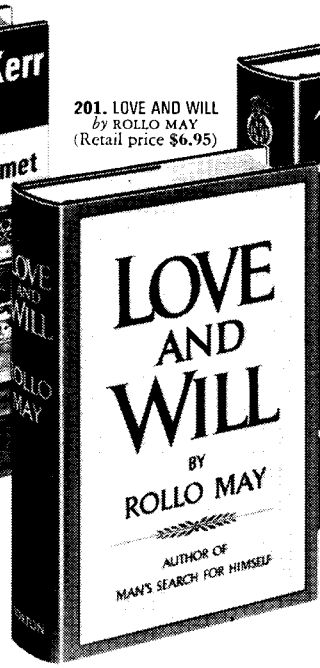

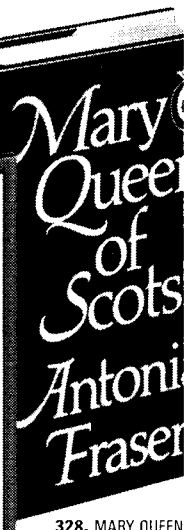

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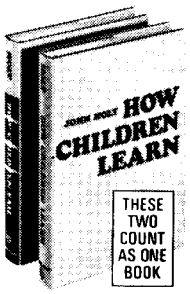

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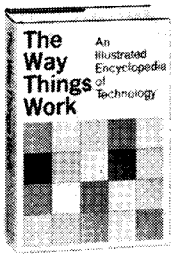

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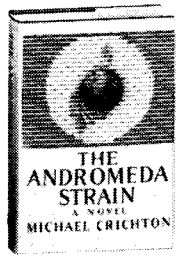

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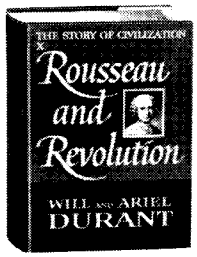

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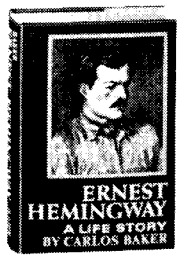

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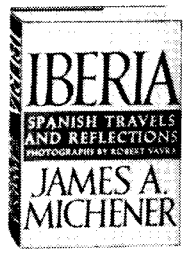

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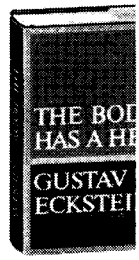

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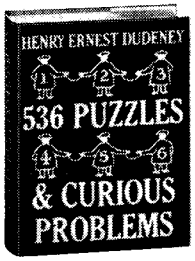

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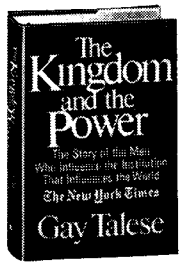
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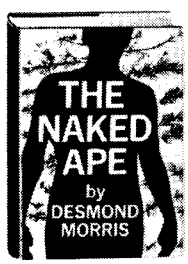

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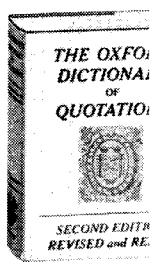

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price **$11**)

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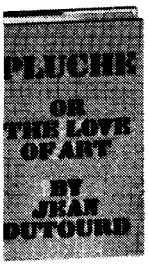

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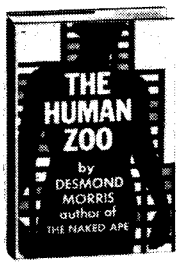
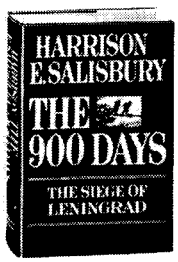


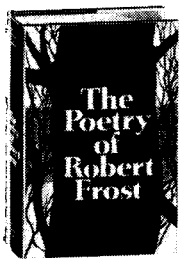
133. THE HUMAN ZOO *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Retail price **$6.95**)

171. THEM *by* JOYCE CAROL OATES (Retail price **$6.95**)

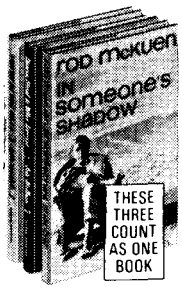
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price **$15**)



484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY. Photos (Retail price **$10**)



127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM (Retail price **$10.95**)



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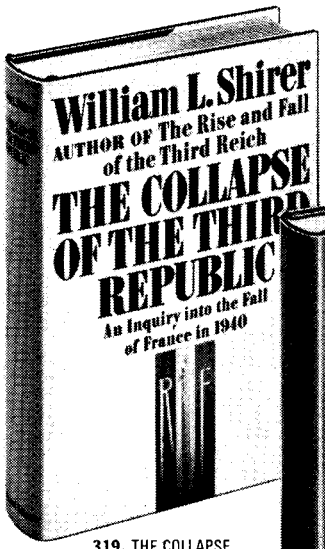
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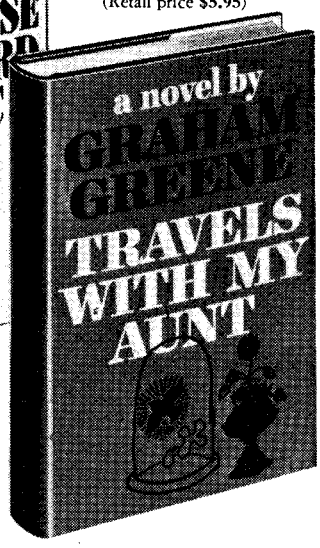

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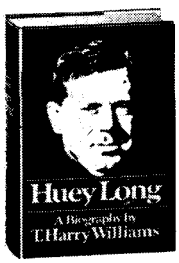

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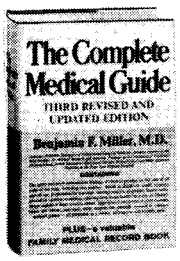

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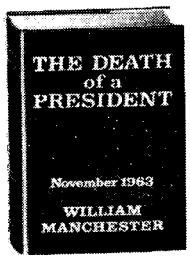

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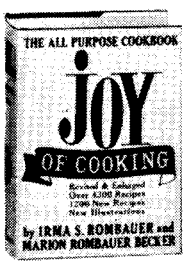

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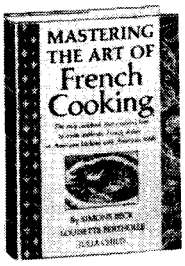

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

How to Succeed in Not Getting an Award Without Trying

I KNOW I promised last week when I put down the Emmy awards as an exercise in futility that I would not devote any more space to TV until next season. But since the column appeared, I have heard a rumble of mutterings suggesting that I was crying in my glass of the juice of the grape before it had reached fermentation, because I never got an award.

That is your right, in accord with Article 1 of the Amendments to the Constitution, which states that the Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of mutter. A man's best friend is, let us always remember, his mutter.

But you are wrong. Getting awards is an everyday happening around here. They are presented to me when the mailman makes his rounds. Even this morning he came in and stood before me with a letter in his hand. Having lately watched so many of the award presentations on TV, I automatically rose to the occasion.

"The envelope, please," I said.

He handed it over, and I read aloud: "Dear Sir: I enjoy your column in *SR*. It is always the first thing I read in the magazine."

The mailman applauded and shook my hand. It's a daily occurrence. Of course, it's not like getting an award on a TV show glittering with stars. But what it lacks in pomp, it makes up in circumspection.

A lot of those first-thing-I-read-in-the-magazine letters come in. They are my Oscars, my Tonys, my Emmys. Also my Pulitzers, my Peabodys, my Nobels. And it doesn't bother me one bit when quite often letters misdirected to my desk and opened by mistake say the first thing they read is Cleveland Amory, John Ciardi, or Henry Hewes. Each to his own circumspection, I always say.

I'm happy the way I get my awards, despite the mailman who, when I read the letters to him, always says, "Shoulda got that award on TV." I doubt I shoulda. Also I doubt the networks woulda. So we're even there.

No self-respecting network would schedule an award show that runs less than two-and-a-half hours. A program just to give me an award would run not more than ten minutes, including six commercials. And since I'm the only nominee, I wouldn't have to sit there until they handed an Emmy to the nut who mixes the best psychedelic colors, and to the madman who makes the loudest thunder and lightning. Also, by eliminating nervous Don Knotts we would save at least a half-hour.

Of course, a network would insist on Goldie Hawn to open the envelope if she's available. If she isn't, I would take Lilli Palmer. Even if Goldie Hawn *is* available, I would take Lilli Palmer. And to accept the award for me, I would prefer Frances Dee.

Oh, I didn't tell you. I wouldn't be there. It would be my luck to make television history, sitting there dressed to my nines (wherever they are, R. L. Stevenson never told), the only nominee, and then not go get the award. That would be a rejection my psychiatrist could never rationalize.

This is a pattern I have easily and scrupulously adhered to in all my years of writing—not to get an award publicly. No, scratch that. Some years ago the National Academy of Arts and Sciences did nominate me for an Emmy for having written the *Perry Como Show*.

I was prepared with a vial of glycerin to simulate tears and an acceptance speech thanking American Airlines for getting me to the Coast.

All to no avail. I was nosed out by *Gilligan's Island*. Just as in the category for best actor on the Oscar TV show, Richard Burton was nosed out by John Wayne. And that is not immodestly to consider myself the Richard Burton of writers. But at the very least I think I could have shown up in a photo-finish dead heat with *Gilligan's Island*.

Mr. Wayne in his acceptance speech graciously conceded, if he had known that all it took to win an Oscar was the eye-patch he wore in his latest picture, he would have worn an eye-patch years ago. Today John Wayne, tomorrow Moshe Dayan!

No, I'm content to receive my awards in anonymity before an audience of one mailman. Don't I miss the spotlight? Not at all. A spotlight is an ephemeral thing. Today magenta, tomorrow blackout. Besides, too bright a spotlight fades my suit.

But that's show business. As Irving Berlin put it, "There's no business like show business." Everything about it is appalling.

If you don't feel
a touch of pride
when you look at your watch,
it isn't
a Patek Philippe.

For illustrations of timepieces in the 1970 collection, write
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At a time like this, Bob Lynch isn't thinking about the balance of payments.

Bob Lynch and his wife, from Walla Walla, Washington, are getting a big kick out of spending their $200 duty-free allowance in London.

With Mrs. Lynch in a smashing evening gown, the furthest thing from her husband's mind is the U.S. balance of payments. And who can blame him?

What he probably doesn't know is that many of the Londoners they dealt with are customers of ours.

The owner of the boutique on King's Road in Chelsea, for instance, drives a rented Avis car on weekends.

The maitre d' of their favorite restaurant spent his last summer vacation at the Sheraton-Malta Hotel in St. Julian's on the Mediterranean, and the manager of their hotel owns a color TV set made by ITT KB, one of our British companies.

Contributions—at home and abroad

Last year U.S. companies operating abroad contributed over $5 billion to the balance of payments.

But it's not a one-way street by any means.

Companies like ours make a direct contribution to economic strength abroad through foreign payrolls, taxes, exports, new construction and purchases of parts and raw material. And by decreasing costs through more efficient production, by stabilizing employment and by paying a fair return to investors.

What's more, foreign direct investment in the U.S. now comes to more than $10 billion. And a number of countries—especially Great Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Japan—now compete aggressively with the U.S. in world markets. The large U.S. balance of payments deficit for last year makes this obvious.

Key is growth

The key to U.S. success in world markets is growth. No company can stand still for very long today, especially in a world that demands application of advanced technology and modern business management techniques for survival.

To help ensure our continued growth abroad, we have built a strong base in the U.S. From this base—and the ones we have established in other major countries over the years—we are helping companies like Levitt, Avis and Sheraton expand internationally.

Soon other of our companies, like ITT Educational Services, Continental Baking and Rayonier (producer of cellulose), will increase their international activities.

ITT and you

In foreign countries where we do business—as in the U.S.—our resources and skills have resulted in stepped-up competition in the fields we enter. That means more efficient use of manpower and material—and better products and services for your dollars whether you spend them in London, São Paulo, Wakayama or Walla Walla.

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Fiftieth Anniversary 1970

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Trade Winds

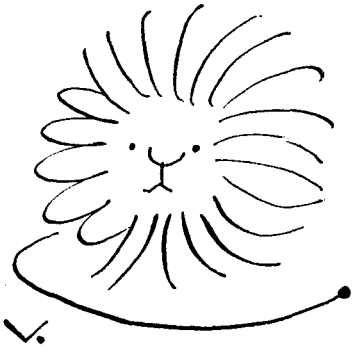
Cleveland Amory

Definition of Hard Hats—Tough Nuts. But the fact is education wasn't all good either—as witness the following post card we received:

> The next meeting of the Castleton Discussion Group will be held on Friday, May 1, at the home of Mr. Basil Hick. Speaker: William Lyons. Topic: "Are We Emphasizing Formel Education Too Much?"

Not nowadays, surely, though maybe formelly. In any case, an order of business on the book front was attendance at Mary Hemingway's press conference, complete with television cameras, in a tiny upper-floor library at Scribner's. The occasion was the announcement of a posthumous novel by Mr. Hemingway, to be published in September, entitled *Islands in the Stream.* And, peering through and around the cameras, we located Charlie Scribner, seated beside Mrs. Hemingway, beaming with happiness. "I am sure," he said, "this is the first time we have ever had cameras at Scribner's." As for Mrs. Hemingway, she indicated that *Islands in the Stream* was only one of many manuscripts that might be forthcoming. "There are pounds and pounds of them," she said. She mentioned in particular "a long manuscript about one safari in Africa" which, she said, "had very amusing stuff." This worried us—particularly her idea of what was amusing. We recall, for example, a recent interview with Mrs. Hemingway by Judith Martin in the *Washington Post*:

> It's *her* leopard on the study wall. *His* leopard, which he gave her one Christmas, is the throw on the back of a chair. "Mine is faded. Ernest's shrank, but he never was as big as mine."
>
> It's *her* lion in the hallway, with the bullethole in its back. "I was going to shoot him in the shoulder and the coward turned around. I had to shoot him in the ass. It wasn't my fault. I would have shot him in the shoulder."



This week's typo comes, via Evelyn Shaw, of Los Angeles, from *The Carillon,* published by the Exchange Institute for student exchange, of Whittier, California. She found it in an article entitled "How Not to Be an Undesirable Person," concerning U.S. strictness in requiring proof of financial support for visas. But, the article added, "No country likes to admit a foreigner who may be indignant."

Our favorites have always been those desirable dignants. One thing was certain this past week—we traded talk with a wide variety of newly published authors, among them George Reedy (*Twilight of the Presidency*), Jay Robert Nash (*Dillinger: Dead or Alive?*), and Marvin Kitman (*You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover*). Mr. Reedy told us that the Presidency, as we have come to know and dislike it, is a thing of the past; Mr. Nash told us Dillinger is alive and well and living in California—another man having been shot in his place. As for Mr. Kitman, he refused to tell us anything on the grounds we might incriminate him. Nonetheless, what intrigued us about his book was not so much the naked girl on the cover as it was, of all things, his index. Or, more specifically, his introduction to same:

> The index to the great thoughts others have had during the three-year period (1966-1969) I wrote this book is not always reliable. In some cases I have forgotten who told me what and given duplicate credit. Sometimes more than one person had the same idea. Space limitations prevent mentioning all the contributors of some of the most familiar jokes. By inference, every idea not credited to some other individual is original thinking by the author.

After which follows such listings as "Architect at Renfrew's House," "Guy at the Bankers' Club," "Marx, Karl," "Mr. Executive," "Voice Teacher," etc.

Up at the Pocono Manor Inn, in Pennsylvania, a historic May-December marriage took place—between the American Book Publishers Council and the American Educational Publishers Institute. "It was not only a spiritual marriage," Kyrill Schabert, associate managing director of the council, told us. "It was also a physical one. We'll all be under the same roof at 1 Park Avenue." The new name is the Association of American Publishers, or AAP for short, all under chairman W. Bradford Wiley, of John Wiley, vice chairman Robert L. Bernstein, of Random House, and acting president Sanford Cobb, of Rand McNally. It will speak, too, with one voice—in fact it already has, right at the convention, with an ex-

tremely strong anti-Vietnam, anti-Cambodian resolution—which passed unanimously. Several university presses, however, not only abstained but demanded to be recorded as so abstaining.

Even in the beautiful Poconos it was evident that all was not well on the textbook publishing front. On one panel, Sam Brown, not the belt man but former chairman of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, and also a former Harvard divinity student, first deplored the long time it takes to write, edit, and publish textbooks, then branded many of them as "trivial." "They turn off the young," he said, "pushing them to the underground press for relevant information." Meanwhile, another divinity-oriented authority, Roland W. Tapp, associate editor of Westminster Press, a religious publishing house, speaking in St. Louis, told of a survey he had made among pastors which found that three-fifths of the pastors read fewer than five books a year. His survey had equally gloomy news about student reading. "They read, all right," he said. "They read underground newspapers, journals, magazines, but not hardback books. There's even some indication that they look on hardback books as symbols of the Establishment, to be avoided." Clarissa Start, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* reported Tapp's speech at length:

> An educated person used to be someone who had mastered a set of facts on which he could philosophize, economize, legalize or whatever you do with facts. He was educated. Now an educated person is someone who is sensitive to other people, can communicate with other people, feels emotions. This represents a swing away from rationalism toward mysticism. If you swing that way, you don't need books; you need a few bottles of beer and a table and a place where people can talk.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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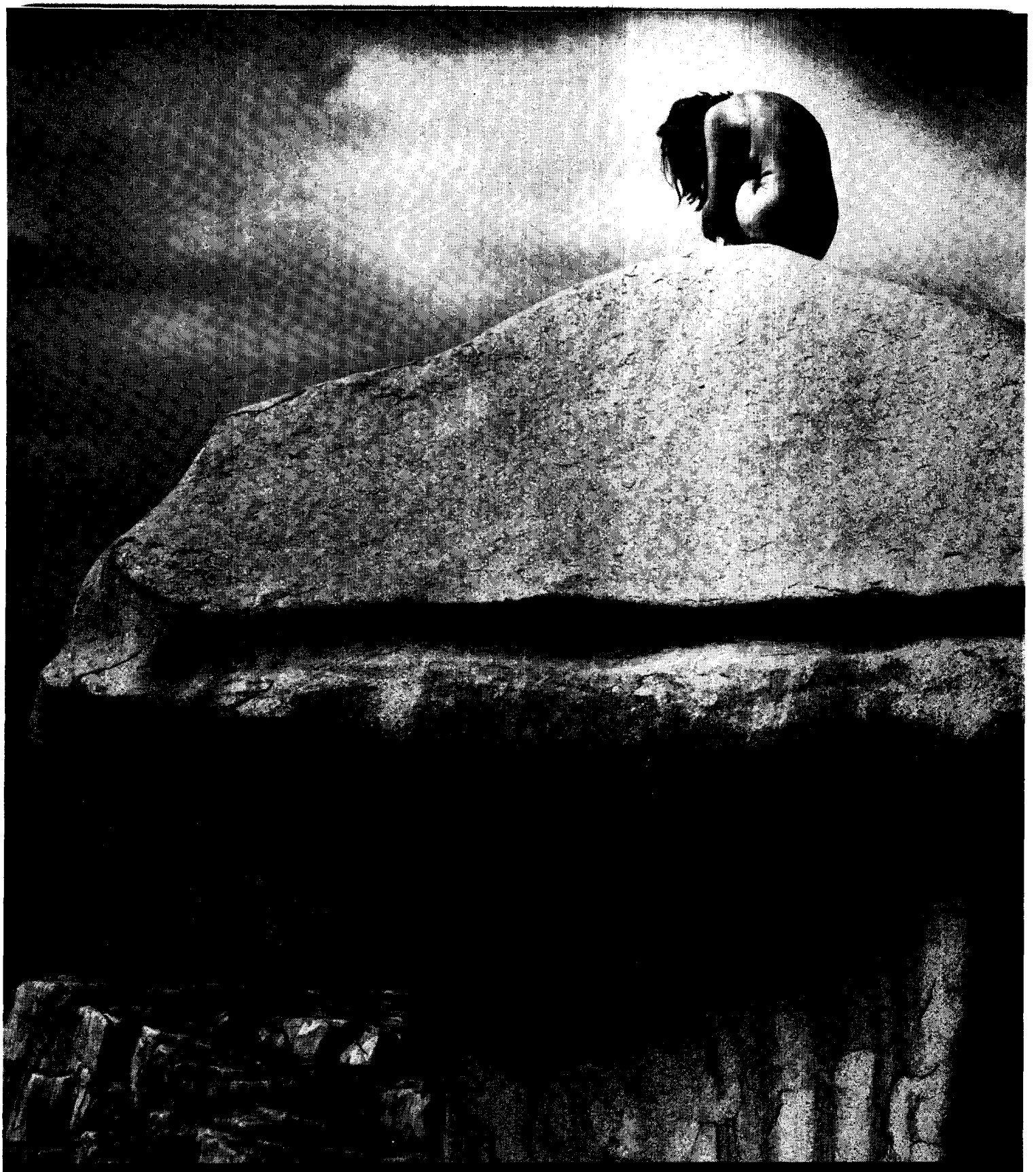

Photo by Kishin Shinoyama

A picture is a poem without words

Horace

A picture can be as eloquent as the most impassioned of poems. In a fraction of the time. To a thousand times more people. But not all pictures are thus endowed, nor are all photographers capable of taking them. On the other hand, a great many cameras are equal to the task. Yet one camera is used almost to the exclusion of all others. Its name is Nikon. Let us tell you more about it. For information write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.
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COMING SOON: A TELEPHONE A DEAF PERSON CAN 'HEAR' OVER.

It will be called the Code-Com™ set, and Western Electric people in Indianapolis will be making it so that the deaf, too, will be able to take full advantage of the world's greatest communications network.

Deaf and deaf-blind people will be able to "talk" by tapping out a code on a small plate built into the phone. Each time the plate is tapped, the phone sends out a tone that travels over the regular telephone lines. And at the other end, the Code-Com phone translates this tone into a blinking light for the deaf who can see, or a vibrating plate that the deaf-blind can feel with their fingers.

A blinking light also tells sighted people they have a phone call; air current from a small electric fan signals a deaf-blind person.

We will be manufacturing the Code-Com set because, as part of the Bell System, we are particularly aware of the profound importance of the need to communicate. It was, in fact, Alexander Graham Bell's early work with the deaf that started him on the road to the invention of the telephone.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. And we'll soon be making them for those people who have never been able to use them before.

Western Electric

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Continued from page 12

Tapp concluded he had no quarrel with this method and that he even had a feeling it was the way the ancient Hebrews operated. "The Word of God," he said, "was the spoken word, not the written word."

For writers, though, however you buttered it, the handtalking seemed to be on the wall.

Book jackets nowadays may promise the world, but take it from Jack Webb—Sergeant Friday himself—they're no worse than the teases for movies you find in the television magazines. Webb sent us a letter, enclosing his nomination for the Tease of the Week—from the Los Angeles *Times*:

> Movie—Comedy (1964) "Pajama Party," Tommy Kirk, Annette Funicello. A Martian invasion occurs during an Indian attack on a pajama party being raided by a motorcycle gang.

These days, we always say, there's trouble enough in our daily lives without turning on our TV at night to get more. One national business newspaper, however, wasn't joking about this sort of thing. It suggested editorially, and apparently seriously, the following:

> When you feel the emotions rise from the riots and burnings on television, turn the blasted thing off, go out in the fresh air and take a walk around your own block. You will make a comforting discovery that you are not personally threatened at all.

Which was good news, all right—except that it was the last edition of that publication for some time. The very next edition was unobtainable at newsstands, because of a strike.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1886)

DR. (Benjamin) SPOCK:
DECENT AND INDECENT

I think . . . that Puritanism is still making us Americans uneasy, even when we are going to extremes of sexual crudity in literature and drama and conversation in order to prove that we have overcome Puritanism at last.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Blowup

WHEN *CBS Evening News*, in a recent broadcast, defended itself against charges that a filmed atrocity incident filed from Vietnam had been faked, one of the devices its news staff employed to substantiate the report was the blowing up of single frames of the film. Two blowups proved that a combat helicopter on the scene had been American and not Australian, as was suggested by Pentagon experts. Another blowup established that it had not been an Australian but an American adviser with a South Vietnamese outfit who observed the cold-blooded stabbing of a wounded North Vietnamese prisoner by a South Vietnamese sergeant.

In Antonioni's film *Blow-up*, the photographic enlargement was the basic metaphor of a story that dealt with fantasy and reality. In the CBS/Pentagon (and White House) episode, fantasy and reality are also the essential ingredients; so, to get to the truth of the matter, let's blow up one phase of the six-month-old story.

After *CBS News* first reported the stabbing early last November, a Pentagon official asked the network to cooperate in an investigation of what might be a war crime by furnishing the Pentagon with film outtakes (discarded footage) of the incident, and with the name of the Vietnamese photographer who had filmed the episode for CBS. The network refused, claiming freedom to protect its news sources and asserting that the life of the photographer would be endangered if his identity were made known.

If (and here is fantasy) the Pentagon had respected the traditional rights of a free press, it would never have made such requests in the first place; it would have conducted its own investigation. After all, the military spend large sums for the activities of an army of intelligence-gatherers in Indochina, whereas CBS, like other broadcast organizations, has only a handful of correspondents there. Had the Pentagon conducted its own investigation properly (it had videotapes of the CBS film and could have made its own blowups), it would have been able to ascertain the report's authenticity.

Then (continuing our fantasy), it ought to have condemned the stabbing and subsequent mutilation of the corpse as a violation of the Geneva conventions.

In reality, the Pentagon chose to explain the report as a "cut and paste job" by CBS. This explanation was not made publicly, or even directly to the network, but instead, according to CBS, was disseminated by way of an "undercover campaign" in which a purported White House memo on the affair was first leaked to the Des Moines *Register-Tribune*, and then to syndicated columnists Richard Wilson (whose column appears in sixty newspapers) and Jack Anderson (in 620 papers). Somewhere along the line, as the campaign to discredit *CBS News* developed, Clark Mollenhoff, Special Counsel to the President, became involved. He is a former Pulitzer Prize reporter for the *Register-Tribune*.

When CBS news broadcaster Walter Cronkite presented the unprecedented rebuttal on the air, he refuted the Pentagon's suggestion that the stabbing had occurred during a training exercise rather than in a battle, and that the prisoner was already dead when the South Vietnamese sergeant (on camera) removed the knife from the prisoner's back, turned him over, and deliberately plunged the knife into the belly of the helpless victim. CBS reporter Don Webster interviewed the sergeant who did the stabbing; the sergeant admitted to his act, asserting that the captive might have reached for a nearby rifle (a patent absurdity, as the camera's eye indisputably revealed). He also stated that the Vietcong had murdered one of his children. Subsequent to the incident, the sergeant was chosen Soldier of the Year by the South Vietnamese military.

In a brief press flurry following the Cronkite broadcast, administration forces neatly side-stepped all responsibility. The White House stated that it had never investigated *CBS News:* Mr. Mollenhoff admitted that he had received a Pentagon report, but had not leaked it selectively to the press. The Defense Department said that it had never questioned the integrity of *CBS News*.

Is this a case of men acting under orders, or of men looking at fantasy and believing that it is reality because that may be what they wish to see?

As long as the grim reality in Washington is a government of the day apparently intent on bending all media to its own selective fantasies, it behooves all supporters of a free press to commend *CBS News* for its willingness to blow up the truth.

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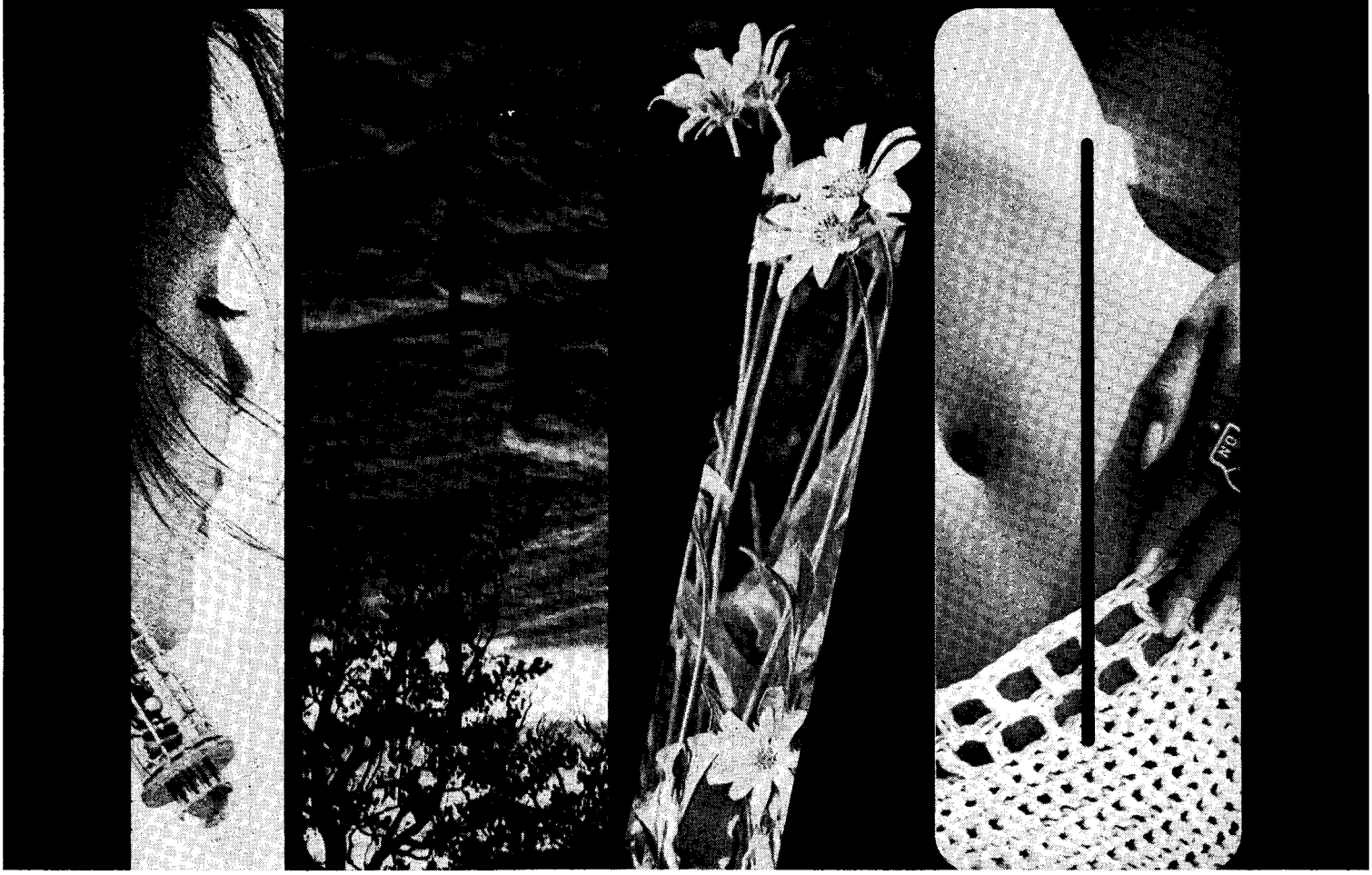

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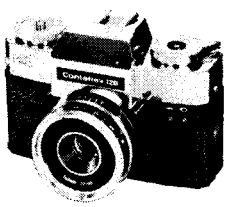

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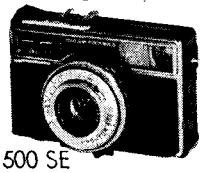

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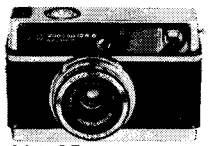

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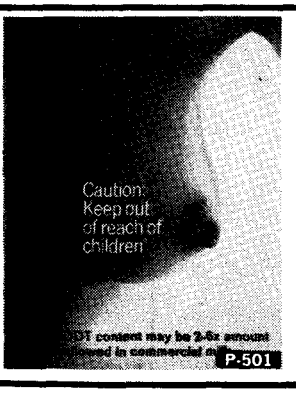

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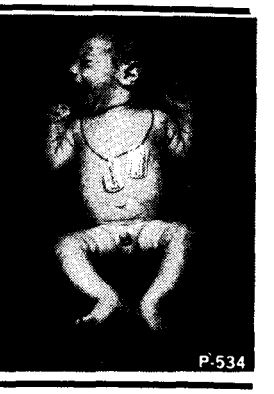

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Penny's Worth

IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, it must have been fairly easy to keep track of books published here, when members of the Stationers' Society, under royal charter, had the exclusive right to do the printing. Then it was easier also, no doubt, for authors to go hungry, since they had neither a friend at court nor society of any kind to represent them. But, if authors face fewer financial problems today, it is not because of any monies they receive from libraries that circulate their works.

It seems likely now, and about time, that municipal lending libraries will impose a nominal charge, perhaps a penny, for each book borrowed, the income to be spread among authors and their publishers. The Minister of Arts here has agreed to introduce the necessary legislation, and in Parliament at the moment there seems to be general approval.

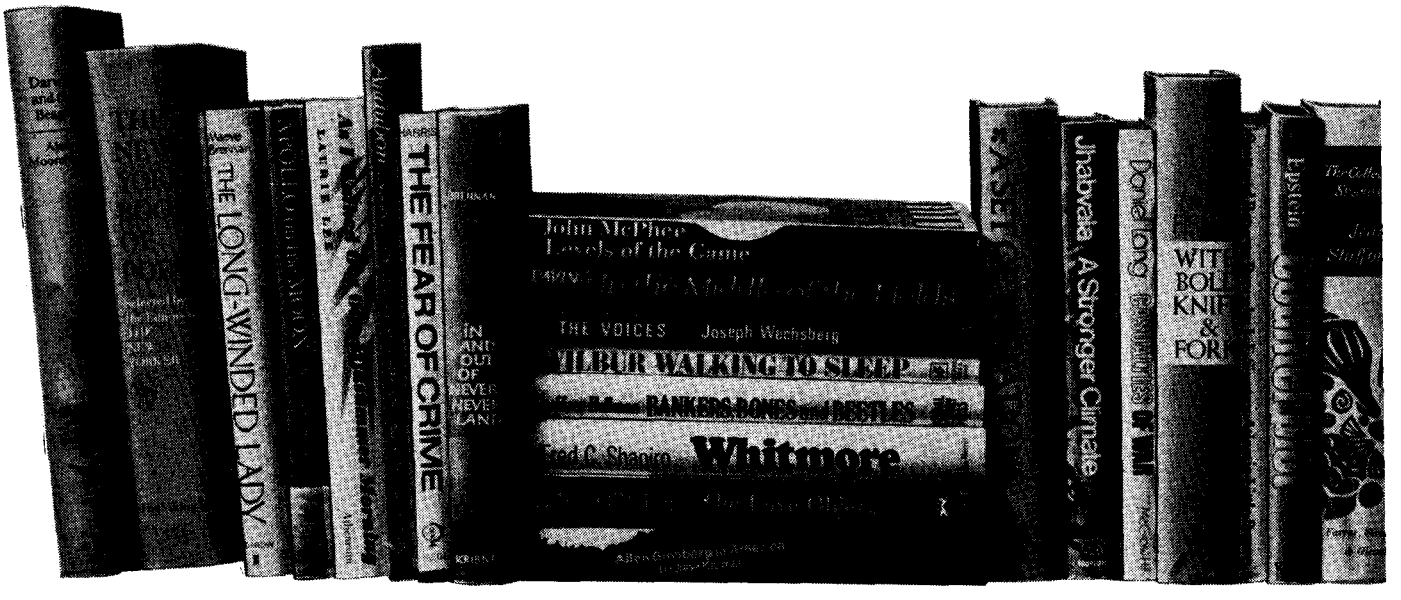
Local librarians, who have been opposing the reform because of the bookkeeping chores that may be entailed, believe that just as many books as ever will be borrowed; but they point out, with justifiable cynicism, that authors still will derive no benefit from books distributed by the numerous *private* libraries, which won't be disposed to annoy members with charges over and above annual membership fees. This, the municipal librarians say, is not cricket; if there is to be any charge at all, let the well to do not be exempt.

Most eminent of the private lending institutions is the London Library, a handsome structure in lovely St. James's Square, conceived in 1841 by Thomas Carlyle, who complained bitterly that England had more jails than libraries, and of the latter too many that never permitted books to leave the premises. With some support from Gladstone, Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, and Tennyson, Carlyle was able to get his project off—or rather onto—the ground. It certainly is the most distinguished of its kind. Any day, and also every day, as many as ten books may be taken out by any member. The personal service available to researchers is instantaneous and extraordinary. No "popular" books are on the shelves, heaven forfend (the presence of a *Portnoy's Complaint* would be sacrilege); only such books as may be useful to scholars and more serious readers. One may plan a full week's work in the gracious reading room, assured always of a chair and ample table space. The annual membership fee is $35, pretty steep in these parts, but there are 5,000 members, the newer ones going goggle-eyed at first over the memorabilia of men who served here, among them such authors as Macaulay, Walter Besant, T. S. Eliot, George Meredith, and Thomas Huxley.

London is not merely the capital of the United Kingdom; it is, one can say, the library capital of the world. For all my inquiries over the past ten months, for all the printed volumes that describe local library history, I have not been able to determine the total number of libraries in this city. There are, to begin with, forty sep-

Some people want to be with it

Some want to be ahead of it.



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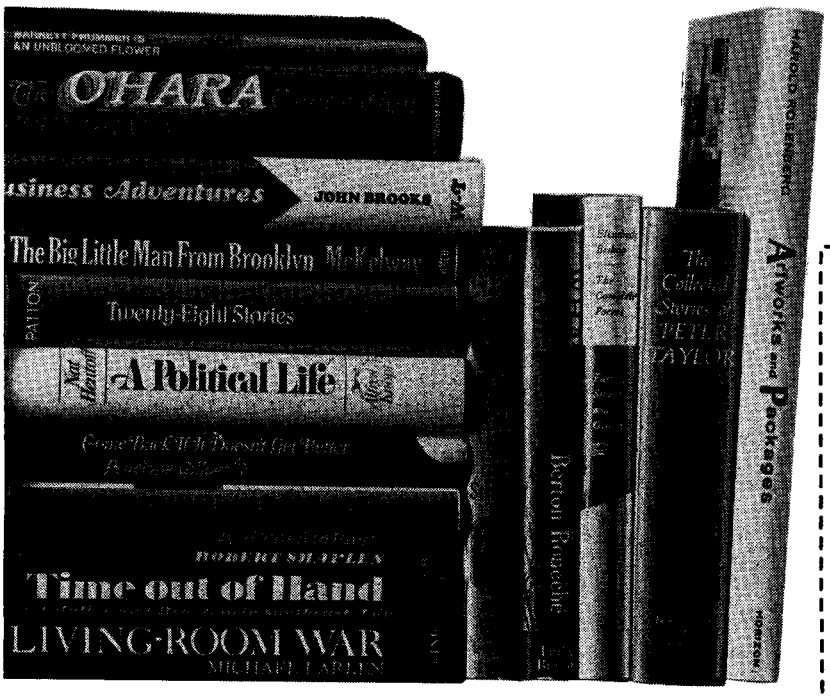
arate libraries attached to government departments. In addition to the college and academy libraries, and the infinite number of clubs—literary, political, and social, from the Athenaeum to the Zambest—that have their own book collections, and the horde of libraries specializing in law, medicine, music, architecture, and philosophy, there are libraries that concentrate on zoology and anthropology; botany and entomology; printing and bookmaking; hotel management; dressmaking and embroidery; nursing; medieval manuscripts; and industrial arts. There are libraries here that specialize almost to the point of absurdity: the library of the Bee Keepers' Association, for example; the library of the Cremation Society, for anyone who yearns to be fully informed on disposal of the dead; the Cruising Association Library, in case you have a yacht or a yen for voyages of discovery; the library of the Anti-Slavery Society, useful to know about if George Wallace tries to repeal the Emancipation Proclamation. If you are mad for madrigals, the Madrigal Society Library is right at hand. There are hundreds of other libraries—perhaps more than a thousand. It seems that people over here like to read; as a matter of fact, in London there are eight daily newspapers, compared to New York's three.

I have visited libraries in the States, from East Coast to West, and in a dozen other countries, and I doubt there is one more impressive than our own Library of Congress in Washington. Which is the greater, the Congressional or the library in the British Museum in London, I do not know—and probably nobody else knows for sure, either. But the latter, which over the next ten years will be moving to even larger quarters in Bloomsbury, is in many ways the more awe-inspiring, its Reading Room the ancestor of all the round reading rooms in the world, the grandest, most dazzling, most *libraryish* of all. The dome of this library is exceeded in size, and then but slightly, only by the Pantheon's in Rome; and it is after the heroic British Museum concept, brought into being by Antonio Panizzi (ultimately Sir Anthony), a political refugee from Italy, that the Reading Room in our Congressional is modeled.

Where the British Museum Library is concerned, the major problem is to get *in*. Fewer than 400 seats are available in the Reading Room. My friends from home insist it would be less difficult to filch a bar of gold from Fort Knox than to find a seat here, which isn't quite true, although the obstacles do seem formidable. The facilities of the Reading Room are for reference and research exclusively, no books may be taken for home use, and access is denied if the books required are to be had anywhere else. To use them, one must have a ticket. To be favored with a ticket, one must be at least twenty-one, and in advance provide in writing the specific reasons for seeking admittance. One must also provide a written recommendation from a person "of recognized position, not related to the applicant . . . based on *personal* knowledge of the applicant," and certifying that said applicant "is a fit and proper person." In other words, if you are one of Mr. Nixon's campus bums, or are only in the nineteenth year of postgraduate university work, better plan to spend the day at

(*Continued on page* 73)



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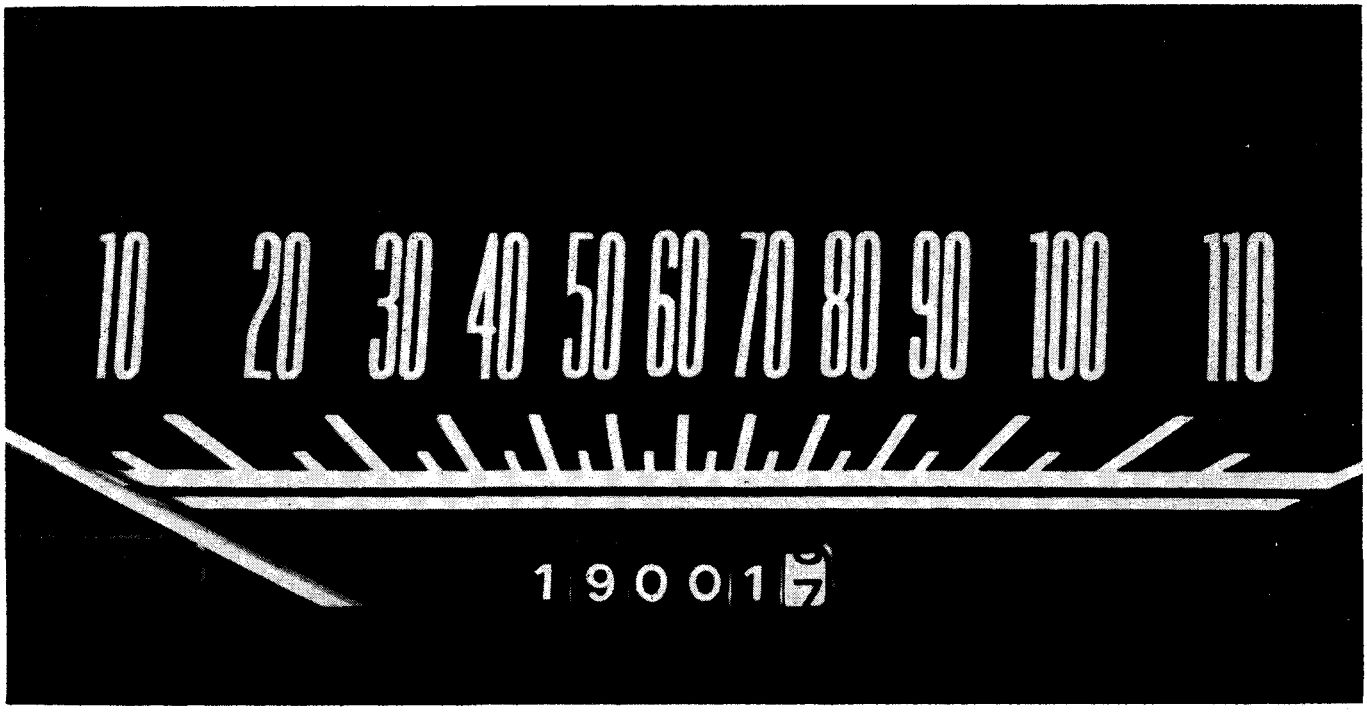

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Saturday Review
June 6, 1970

Undemonizing the Middle East

"Given the agony in the area, it is nothing short of amazing that so little serious attention has been paid to the emergence of a force that must be regarded as decisive in reaching a lasting settlement."

by RICHARD C. HOTTELET

In the three years since the June war of 1967 the search for a stable new order in the Middle East has been carried on with blood and anguish. It continues today in obvious futility because deadlock suits some of the players while it traps the others. In a problem so complex and highly charged, there is no certain—let alone quick—way out. But there surely will not even be movement until those who want an agreed, mutually binding, honorable peace recognize how the events of the past three years have changed the rules and even the field.

Peace has been pursued on two levels. One is the high diplomacy of the Big Four, within the terms of the U.N. Security Council resolution that they drafted. The second is in trial and error by Israel and the Arab states, a contest of wits and will. On both levels the result has been stalemate, with little prospect of anything better and always great danger of considerably worse.

The fatal flaw in the diplomatic game has been, and is, that one of the Four, the Soviet Union, wants not to find a compromise that would liquidate the conflict but to extend its influence in the Arab world by supporting maximum Arab demands (even where they are contradictory) and by maintaining a climate of crisis.

In nearly a year and a half of utterly sterile talks by the Big Four U.N. representatives in New York, the Soviet line has never varied: United States support of Zionist expansionism stands in the way of agreement; Israel must withdraw unconditionally from all occupied territory. When the United States, in the private Sisco-Dobrynin talks in Washington and Moscow and in the Rogers proposals of last December, moved much more toward the middle between Arab and Israeli positions, the Israelis complained bitterly while the Russians remained unmoved. The United States advocated Israeli withdrawal from almost all occupied territory, allowing only insubstantial border corrections for the sake of security. More than land is involved in a lasting settlement, of course. The fate of the Palestine Arab refugees and the nature of the peace are as important. But if this dramatic and controversial American step toward compromise had been matched even in prospect by the Soviets, there would have been hope. Instead, they responded with vituperation before the Arabs themselves had a chance to react.

The matter of weapons deserves serious attention, too. Long before the United States agreed to send Phantoms to Israel, and at a time when Moscow had already largely replenished the enormous Arab losses of the June war, the Soviet Union refused to discuss limiting arms shipments to the Middle East. It has demanded that Israel first be held to total withdrawal. But for all the importance of the armaments question as an element of danger, it probably does not equal the negative effect of Soviet propaganda. So far, and that includes the SAM-3 missiles and Soviet pilots on defensive patrol, the Kremlin has not put strategic offensive weapons in Arab hands. This may be taken as a genuine desire to avoid being drawn into war against its will, even though it certainly does enlarge Egypt's tactical capability and raise the level of violence. Soviet propaganda, on the other hand, has not been reluctant to commit the Kremlin politically without reservation to Arab radicalism in the context of a dubious settlement between the Arab states and the state of Israel or in the replacement of Israel—as the Palestine commando organizations officially demand—by a Palestinian state. And this may be taken as a genuine desire to prevent peace.

Moscow portrays a Zionist Israel as a creature of Western, primarily U.S., imperialism inserted into the region as an alien force to hold the Arab people in subjection while their wealth is drained. The conflict, Moscow insists in the most lurid terms, is between this insatiably expansionist, racist neocolonialism and Arab forces of social progress and national liberation—part of the world-wide conflict also being waged in Indochina, Southern Africa, and Latin America.

Where the only hope for peace lies in normalization and relaxation of tension the Soviet Union systematically fosters crisis and extremism. It radicalizes and polarizes the picture, making it dangerous for voices of moderation to speak out on the Arab side and thereby justifying and encouraging the hard-line maximalists in Israel. Reducing the great human tragedy of the Middle East to the simple terms of patriotism and national survival leaves little room for the cool reason and warm compassion needed to resolve it. Radicalism begets radicalism.

It would be absurd to think of Soviet policy as the product of misunderstanding, correctable by good will and persuasion. The Kremlin has been drawn into this region by an attraction that is centuries old. The U.S.S.R. is not above taking risks but will seldom do so frivolously or haphazardly. The strategic prize in the Middle East—exclusion of Western influence and es-

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tablishment of Soviet power at a vital continental crossroads—obviously seems worth the enormous investment in treasure and prestige. Trouble is the key that has brought this prize within reach and has already given the Kremlin greater standing in the area than it has ever had.

What then is the point of Big Four diplomacy? The original assumption that peace could not be made without the Soviet Union has, in the light of events, at least been matched by the realization that peace cannot be made with it. The idea of the Big Four imposing a peace on the parties is ludicrous in the face of their inability even to define it. False hopes, wild expectations, and considerable confusion are all these talks have produced. The cause of peaceful settlement would be better off without them.

The same may, unhappily, apply to the only thing the Big Four, in their capacity as permanent members of the Security Council, have so far done about the problem. In arranging adoption of Resolution 242 in November 1967, they laid out the principles of a solution: withdrawal and the end of belligerency, leaving each state inviolable in secure and recognized boundaries. They also seemed to provide a practical starting point by asking Secretary General U Thant to designate a special representative to promote agreement between the states concerned.

Perhaps Resolution 242's greatest weakness is that it is couched in terms of a peace between states. "Weakness?" one might ask. What other terms are possible in international law for an organization like the U.N., which is composed of nation-states? How else can the peace agreement be given the legal weight it must have? However, as things now stand, most of the states directly involved either repudiate 242 or have become irrelevant to it.

It is of no great consequence that Kuwait, Algeria, and Iraq refuse to accept the resolution. They have no border with Israel. But Syria, one of the four states which do, also rejects it outright together with its basic assumption of a political settlement. Of the others, King Hussein's Jordan has been hollowed out by the Palestine Arab commando organizations. They too officially consider 242 null and void, and, in open confrontation with the regime, such as in preventing Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco's visit to Amman, they have demonstrated that King Hussein cannot act against their will. Lebanon is in serious danger of being Jordanized. That country, living in a delicate social and political balance, has been forced to give the commandos a degree of tactical freedom which more than stretches the limits of sovereignty.

But the fourth and largest of the Arab states, Egypt, most clearly illustrates the tangle of false assumption, ritual action, and dead habit in which the search for peace is caught. A central premise for some time, and especially since the notion was abandoned that King Hussein had any freedom of maneuver, has been that Egypt is the key to peace. It seems reasonable that if Nasser came to terms with Israel the others would fall into line. The fact is, though, that Nasser never assumed the role in which Israel and the West cast him. For his own reasons, whether ambitions of leadership in the Arab world or domestic considerations, he chose to contest and not to negotiate Israel's occupation of Sinai. He proclaimed a war of attrition, and Israel responded in kind. They chased each other in an ascending spiral of military commitment, culminating in the humiliating loss of radar stations and deep penetrations of the Egyptian heartland. American experts calculated that the Israelis, having by then written off Nasser as a partner for peace, were trying to destroy him politically (possibly even emotionally) by mocking his military impotence, reckoning that anyone would be better than he and the likely confusion of the transfer of power best of all.

Each side has been trying to push the other to the breaking point and, preoccupied if not hypnotized by the effort, has failed to see that it most probably cannot succeed. Israel, for all its economic and other difficulties, is almost certainly able to endure even the present enormous strain for years to come—all the more so, perhaps, for having an open war on the canal. Egypt, as the visitor sees it, is also far from cracking. The gray normality of life is even somewhat improved by greater export earnings and subsidies from the Arab states. War justifies austerity and stimulates the patriotic feeling that absorbs discontent. The Egyptian people are not volatile but go their way as they have for 6,000 years. Nasser is in undisputed control, and the Soviet Union has shown that it supports him all the way, at least for the proximate future.

Looked at from any angle, the war across the Suez Canal has taken on a life of its own. Peace in the Middle East, if it is to be anything but total victory or defeat, will not be won there.

Given the agony in the area, it is nothing short of amazing that so little serious attention has been paid to the emergence of a force that must be re-

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garded as decisive in reaching a lasting settlement: the Palestinian Arabs. To be sure, when Resolution 242 was adopted they did not exist as a political entity. Discredited under the leadership of Ahmed Shukairy, they appeared to go into oblivion after the June war and did not even figure in the resolution except anonymously as "the refugee problem," for which a "just settlement" was necessary. There was not the slightest suggestion that they should take part in the search for peace. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring's mandate was to "establish and maintain contact with the states concerned," not with the ragtag Palestinians. The organization of the commando groups in the year that followed attracted wide attention, but the absence of quick or impressive results in the "national liberation struggle" in Israeli-occupied territory made Palestinian influence seem unimportant. Terror bombing and hijacking of airplanes made it seem undesirable.

Today, three years after the war, the fact must be faced that peace is no longer so much a matter of agreement among the "states concerned" as it is a question of understanding between two groups who must live together amicably if there is ever to be peace—the Jews of Israel and the Palestinian Arabs. That is to say, there will be no peace until they agree; and conversely, if they agree, none of the other "states concerned"—be they Syria, Egypt, Jordan, or Lebanon, or the Soviet Union, for that matter—will be able to block it.

One might have expected Israel to be the first to recognize this change in the game. Some Israelis have, but official policy continues to be that there is no one on the Palestinian side to deal with, although the government does confer with worthy but unrepresentative leaders in the occupied West Bank. Yasser Arafat, head of the revived Palestinian Liberation Organization and of Al Fatah, the largest of the commando groups, is dismissed as a terrorist together with all the others in his camp. Prime Minister Golda Meir has been quoted as saying there was no such thing as a Palestinian people. These attitudes, which only add to the general deep freeze, deserve careful reexamination.

The Palestinian Arabs are a people and are accepted—or rejected—as such throughout the Arab world. Their communal experience is uncannily analogous to that of the Jews themselves. A talented, industrious folk with a growing middle class equipped to operate in the twentieth century, they too are struggling to find themselves after great tragedy. Most of them live in the diaspora, where they have been unwilling or unable to assimilate. Highly regarded as technicians and administrators in their host countries, they are nevertheless there on a temporary basis—people without a homeland even in Jordan, the only state to have given them nationality. They are, in many ways, the Jews of the Arab world.

"You and Mr. Booth just have a lot in common. Mr. Booth's just been ordered to cease and desist, too."

Whatever the personal virtues of the Palestinians, they have also emerged as a political factor of major importance. Traveling across the Arab world from Morocco to Kuwait, one finds the only cause with unanimous support is that of the Palestinians. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, Libya, Syria, and Iraq (which subsidize their own Palestinian commandos), even Egypt, have compelling reasons—sentiment, calculation, guilt, or reinsurance—to acknowledge the new force. They and the dispersed Palestinians themselves provide, furthermore, enough money and services to give it a large degree of independence.

This recognition has been reflected internationally. The last General Assembly adopted a resolution reaffirming "the inalienable rights of the people of Palestine," albeit in the old context of the refugee problem. The Palestinians have recently found mention in American official statements. But the Soviet Union, peculiarly able to work both sides of the street, has gone further than anyone outside the Arab world (except for Communist China, which committed itself years ago) to recognize the commando movement. Brezhnev could receive Arafat in Moscow last February, and Kosygin could pledge support to this "just national liberation and anti-imperialist" struggle while the Soviet Union continued to espouse the formula of peace between states, which is the core of Resolution 242.

The gradual development of this political power creates a major problem that did not exist two years ago, when the Palestinians were little more than talkers and incipient Fedayeen fighters. It raises the questions: Who are their leaders, what do they want, what can they deliver? If peace is to be made with them, the Palestinians must provide the answers. So far they have shied away from doing so. Embracing, as they do, the most diverse and contradictory elements, they concentrate on the struggle. Their spectrum ranges from Maoists and Marxist-Leninists, who see it in terms of a

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Need for Democratization

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two years ago, Andrei Sakharov's "Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom" was published in Europe and the United States. Coming from one of the Soviet Union's most distinguished scientists, its frank and outspoken tone was as surprising as it was important. Addressing himself to the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R., Sakharov pointed up the futility of the arms race and called for world cooperation and controls in those matters concerned with common global dangers. His book grew out of a letter addressed to the leadership and citizens of the Soviet Union.*

Recently, SR*'s editors learned of a new letter by Andrei Sakharov and two of his colleagues, dealing with the internal situation in the Soviet Union. The letter, addressed to the leaders of the U.S.S.R., is fascinating for the light it throws on that country's domestic problems. Excerpts from this recent letter follow.*

IN THE COURSE of the past decade menacing signs of breakdown and stagnation have been discovered in the economy of our country. The roots of these difficulties originate from an earlier period and go very deep. The growth rate of the national income is steadily dropping. The gap is growing between the actual commissioning of new production capacity and that necessary for normal development.

There are patently many cases of error in the determination of technical and economic policy in industry and agriculture and intolerable red tape in the solution of pressing problems. Defects in the system of planning, accounting, and incentives often lead to a contradiction between local and departmental interests, on the one hand, and popular and state nationwide interests on the other. As a result, production-development reserves are not uncovered as they should be and are not used. Technical progress is sharply reduced.

By virtue of these reasons the natural wealth of the country is destroyed without control or punishment: Forests are cut down, water reservoirs are polluted, valuable farming lands are trampled, soil is eroded and turned salt-ridden.

It is common knowledge that there is a chronically grave situation in agriculture, especially in cattle breeding. Real income of the population in recent years has hardly risen at all. Nutrition, medical service, and everyday services have improved very slowly and geographically unequally.

The number of goods in short supply grows; there are obvious signs of inflation. Especially alarming for the future of the country is the slowdown in the development of education. In fact our general expenditures on education of all types are less than those of the United States and are growing at a slower rate.

Alcoholism is growing tragically, and narcotics addiction is beginning to make itself felt. In many regions of the country crime is rising steadily, even among teenagers and youth. Bureaucracy, a formalistic attitude toward the job, and lack of initiative are growing in the work of scientific and science-technological organizations.

A decisive factor in the comparison of economic systems is labor productivity, and here the situation is worst of all. Our productivity of labor, as before, remains many times lower than in the developed capitalist countries, and its growth has drastically slowed. Our situation is seen to be especially serious when compared with leading capitalist countries, in particular the United States.

By introducing into the national economy elements of state regulation and planning, these countries have rid themselves of the destructive crises that earlier plagued capitalist economies. The widespread introduction into the economy of automation and computer technology assures a rapid growth in the productivity of labor, which in turn enables certain social difficulties and contradictions to be partially overcome (as for example establishing unemployment benefits, shortening the working day).

Comparing our economy with the economy of the United States, we see that our economy lags not only in quantitative but also—which is saddest of all—in qualitative respects.

The newer and more revolutionary an aspect of an economy is, the greater is the gap between the United States and ourselves. We surpass America in the mining of coal, but we lag behind in oil drilling, lag very much behind in gas drilling and in the production of electric power, hopelessly behind in chemistry, and infinitely behind in computer technology.

The last is particularly pertinent, for the introduction of computers in the national economy is of crucial importance for fundamentally changing the entire face of the production system and of the whole culture. This phenomenon has deservedly been called the second industrial revolution. Incidentally, our total inventory of computers is hundreds of times smaller than that of the United States, and as regards the use of computers in the economy, the gap is so wide that it is impossible to measure it.

We simply live in another epoch.

Things are no better in the field of scientific and engineering discoveries. No one feels that the importance of our role is growing. On the contrary. At the end of the 1950s our country was the first to launch a sputnik, and it sent a man into space. But at the end of the 1960s we lost our lead, and the first men to land on the moon were American.

This fact is just one of many that shows the fundamental and growing scientific and technological gap between our country and the developed countries of the West.

In the 1920s and 1930s the capitalist world was hit by crises and depressions. At that time, using the enthusiasm of the nation released by the revolution, we were creating industry at an unprecedented pace. The slogan "Catch up with and surpass America" was launched, and we really were catching up for several decades. Then the situation changed. The second industrial revolution began, and now at the beginning of the 1970s we can see that rather than catching up with America we are falling ever further behind.

What is the matter? Why was it that our country not only did not take the lead in the second industrial revolution but failed even to move ahead at par with the most developed capitalist countries? Does the socialist system really provide no better possibilities than the capitalist one for the development of productive forces? In the economic competition between capitalism and socialism is capitalism actually winning?

No, it is not so. The source of our difficulties is not the socialist system. But on the contrary it lies in those peculiarities and conditions of our life that run contrary to socialism and are hostile to it. This source is the antidemocratic traditions and norms of public life that appeared during Stalin's period and have not been completely liquidated up to the present time. Suppression of and limitations on the exchange of information in fields outside economics, restriction of intellectual freedom, and other manifestations of antidemocratic distortions of socialism which took place in Stalin's time are still looked upon here as costs of the industrialization process. These are deemed not to have seriously affected the country's economy, even though they had extremely serious consequences in the political and military fields and for the fate of wide strata of the population and even entire nationality groups. We leave aside the question of whether this view is justified regarding the early stages of the development of the socialist economy, although the reduced rate of industrial development in the prewar years testifies that it is not. There is no doubt, however, that with the beginning of the second industrial revolution these phenomena have become a decisive economic factor and a major obstacle to the development of productive forces of the country.

The increase in size, volume, and complexity of economic systems has brought to the fore problems of organization and management. These problems cannot be solved merely by one or several individuals who have power and who "know everything." They require rather the creative participation of millions of people on all levels of the economic system.

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They require a wide exchange of information and ideas. This is what distinguishes the present-day economy from the economy, say, of the countries of the Ancient East.

But in the process of exchange of information and ideas in our country we come up against insurmountable difficulties. Truthful information about our shortcomings and negative phenomena is kept secret lest it be "used by hostile propaganda." Exchange of information with foreign countries is restricted out of fear of "penetration of hostile ideology." Theoretical conceptions and practical proposals, which may seem to be too bold to some, are suppressed immediately without any discussion because of fear that they may "undermine the foundations." There is obvious distrust of active persons who think critically and creatively.

Under these conditions, those who verbally profess dedication to the party but in fact are concerned with only their narrow personal interests and blind obedience move upward, while those who show high professional qualities and the strength of their convictions cannot. Restrictions on the exchange of information not only hamper control over managers and sap popular initiative but also deprive middle-level administrators of rights and information and transform them into mere executors or petty functionaries. High-ranking administrators receive incomplete or falsified information and thus cannot fully exercise their powers.

Our economy can be compared with traffic entering a crossroads. When cars were few, the police could easily cope with their task, and traffic ran smoothly. But as the number of cars continually increased, traffic jams occurred. What can be done in this situation? The drivers can be fined or the policemen changed. But this will not be the way out.

The only way out is to make the crossroads wider. The obstacles that prevent the development of our economy can be found outside it, in the field of public politics, and any measure that cannot eliminate these obstacles inevitably will be ineffective. The vestiges of the Stalin period still negatively affect the economy, and not only directly because of the lack of a scientific approach to the problems of organization and management, but in no less degree indirectly, through the general reduction of the creative potential of those representing all the professions. But it is creative work that is becoming progressively more important for the national economy under the conditions of the second industrial revolution.

In this connection one must also speak about the problems of the relationship between the state and the intelligentsia. Freedom of information and creativity is necessary for the intelligentsia because of the nature of its activity and of its social function. The desire of the intelligentsia to have greater freedom is legal and natural. But the state suppresses this desire by introducing various restrictions, administrative pressures, dismissals from employment, and even the holding of trials. This brings about a gap, mutual distrust, and profound lack of understanding that make fruitful cooperation difficult between the party-state strata and the most active (most useful to society) strata of the intelligentsia. Under conditions of present-day industrial society, where the role of the intelligentsia is growing continuously, this gap can only be termed suicidal.

The greater part of the intelligentsia and youth realizes the necessity of democratization and of a cautious and gradual approach to this problem. But it can neither understand nor justify actions of an obviously antidemocratic nature. How can one justify keeping in prisons, camps, and mental asylums persons whose opposition is nevertheless quite legal in the realm of ideas and convictions? In fact, many cases involve no opposition whatever but simply a desire to have information and an impartial discussion of public questions.

It is intolerable to keep writers in prison for their work. One cannot understand or justify such foolish and extremely harmful steps as the expulsion from the Union of Writers of the greatest and most popular Soviet writer, a man deeply patriotic and humane in his every activity [*]; or the crushing of the editorial staff of *Novy Mir*, around which had united the most progressive forces of the Marxist-Leninist socialist orientation.

One has to come back again to ideological problems. Democratization, with its competitiveness and fullness of information, must bring back to our ideological life (social sciences, art, propaganda) its dynamic and creative nature; it must liquidate the bureaucratic, ritualistic, dogmatic, officious, hypocritical, untalented style which currently is such a prominent feature.

Democratization would eliminate the gap between the party-state apparatus and the intelligentsia. Mutual lack of understanding would give way to close cooperation. Democratization would summon a tide of enthusiasm comparable to that of the 1920s. The best intellectual forces of the country would be mobilized for the solution of social and economic problems.

Democratization is not an easy process. Its normal course will be threatened on the one hand by individualist and anti-socialist forces, and on the other hand by those who advocate "strong power," fascist-style demagogues who may try to use for their own purpose the country's economic difficulties, the lack of mutual trust and understanding of the intelligentsia and the party-government apparatus, and the existence of a petty bourgeois and nationalist mood in certain sections of society.

But we must realize that for our country there is no other way out and that this difficult problem has to be solved. Democratization at the initiative and under the control of the highest authorities can allow this process to proceed according to plan, insuring that all the links of the party-state apparatus change to the new style of work that will involve more publicity, openness, and broader discussion of all problems than the old style.

There is no doubt that the majority of officials trained in a modern, highly developed country can adapt themselves to the new style and will soon sense all its advantages. Weeding out the small number of incompetents will only benefit the apparatus.

We propose the following program of measures which may be taken within the next four or five years.

1) A statement from the highest party and government authorities on the necessity of future democratization and on its rate and methods.

2) Restricted distribution . . . of information on the state of the country. . . . Later, access to this type of material should be gradually broadened and restrictions finally abolished altogether.

3) An end to the jamming of foreign broadcasts. Free sale of foreign books and periodicals. Entry of our country into the international copyright system. Gradual (three to four years) expansion of international tourism in both directions. Unrestricted international correspondence. . . .

4) Establishment of an institute for the study of public opinion. . . .

5) Amnesty for political prisoners. . . .

6) Other measures to facilitate the operation of courts and procurators' offices and to insure their independence from the executive power. . . .

7) Elimination of the nationality designation in passports. A single system of passports for urban and rural areas. Gradual elimination of passport registration. . . .

8) Thoroughgoing organization of industrial associations (firms) with a high degree of independence in the problems of industrial planning and production processes, in sales and supplies, finances, and personnel. . . .

9) Reforms in the field of education. Greater allocation for primary and high schools, improvement of the material situation of teachers, with greater independence and the right to experiment.

10) A law on the press and information, facilitating the establishment of new press organs by public organizations and groups of citizens.

11) Improved training of leading cadres versed in the art of management. . . .

12) Gradual introduction of the nomination of several candidates for a single post in elections to party and Soviet organs at all levels. . . .

13) Extension of the rights of Soviet organs. Extension of the rights and responsibilities of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet [Parliament].

14) Restoration of the rights of all nationalities forcibly resettled under Stalin.

Of course, this plan must be regarded as approximate. It is also clear that it must be complemented by a plan for economic and social measures worked out by specialists. We emphasize that democratization in itself does not solve economic problems; it merely creates the prerequisites for solutions. But without the prerequisites there cannot be solutions.

A. D. SAKHAROV
V. F. TURCHIN
R. A. MEDVEDEV
March 19, 1970

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference presumably is to Alexander Solzhenitsyn.*

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The Leaves Fall, the Blood Flows

The name of George Wald, Harvard biology professor and Nobel Laureate in physiology and medicine, became nationally known following a talk he gave at Massachusetts Institute of Technology on March 4, 1969. The "Boston Globe" published the transcript of the talk, and the "New Yorker" magazine devoted its entire Talk of the Town department to excerpts. The speech has also been reprinted fully or in part in seven foreign languages. George Wald speaks to today's youth with special understanding and effectiveness. SR is pleased to make this page available to Professor Wald for a guest editorial.

During World War I, all Americans learned the German word *Schrecklichkeit* — frightfulness. We were told that *Schrecklichkeit* was a deliberate aspect of German military policy. Its point was to direct military operations in large part against civilians—to terrorize and starve civilian populations in the theater of war. All Americans felt that civilization needed to be defended against such practices.

It is hard for Americans to realize that our own Armed Forces now pursue such policies. It is now we who practice frightfulness. In our present methods of warfare, civilians are among the principal victims. Our operations are not intended to spare them, and the civilians, of course, most often lack the means of self-defense.

If our Department of Defense or our Armed Forces at present exercise any restraints in the procedures and weapons they have prepared for use, on the grounds of humanity or sparing non-combatants, I would be happy to know of them. There still seems to be some compunction about shooting civilians while looking at them; a number of soldiers and ex-soldiers are about to be court-martialed for allegedly having done that. But if noncombatants are killed from the air, or with artillery, or by some indirect means so that they are not visibly and individually identifiable as civilians, that seems altogether acceptable.

However, the military mustn't be blamed for all of this. Much of it was started and is fostered by civilians.

Our use of defoliation and herbicides in Vietnam is a case in point. A major change in U. S. policy occurred in November 1955, when Secretary of the Army Wilbur M. Brucker approved the report of a civilian advisory committee that urged the development of instruments of chemical, biological, and radiological warfare "to the fullest extent the human mind can encompass" (*The New York Times*, November 7, 1955). That decision marked the beginning of our modern CBW establishment. In the fifteen years since, the CBW community seems to have been engaged in fulfilling this program to the letter.

At the heart of the American system is civilian control of the military. Among the major instruments of that control should be the House Armed Services Committee and the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Those committees, however, rather than restraining the military, goad them on, particularly in the expenditure of military equipment and funds, and in the expansion of defense contracts. As the whole world looks with hope to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) in Vienna, Representative L. Mendel Rivers (D-S.C.), Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, calls those talks a meaningless exercise (the *Times*, April 29, 1970). So, it wouldn't be fair to blame these things entirely on the military.

Always the excuse made for acts of atrocity, such as in the Mylai massacre, is that our men are fighting for their lives in a war in which civilians do take part. Often I am asked: What would you do? I think the point is that, if one finds oneself fighting old men, and mothers, and five-year-old children, then one is in the wrong war, and had better get out of it.

Students in Santa Barbara recently burned down a bank, and here and there other students are breaking up ROTC offices. I abhor violence in all its forms, wherever it happens. Student violence, like black violence, is a symptom of despair, of hopelessness. Give the students and black people, and red and yellow and brown people, some grounds for hope, and they will turn from violence to working to fulfill that hope.

But, of course, the big violence in the world occurs under official auspices. Student violence usually stops at breaking windows; but "law and order" begins with breaking heads.

In the case of our intervention in Cambodia, we are told that the internal conflict there is in no sense a civil war, but a matter of foreign aggression. The penetration by American troops twenty miles into the country is "not an invasion." It took only twenty-four hours for that noninvasion to turn from a South Vietnamese force accompanied by American advisers to an American force accompanied by South Vietnamese auxiliaries.

Every killing that we know about anywhere in the world we share in, we well-behaved civilians trying to live decent lives. We share responsibility for every maiming, burning, and starving out of civilians, of innocent and helpless persons, and for every child who is hurt, orphaned, sick, or hungry. That is true if only because, knowing of these things, one grows used to them, one ceases to respond.

Our country took the lead in drafting the Geneva Protocol of 1925, which banned the use in war of all "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases" and of "bacteriological methods of war-

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fare," but the Protocol was never ratified by the Senate.

Why have we not even now ratified the Geneva Protocol? A curious consideration keeps this from happening. Virtually all the rest of the civilized world includes among the gases mentioned the so-called incapacitating gases—tear gas and CS, really a lung rather than a tear gas—as well as herbicides and defoliants. Our government from the beginning has wanted the "incapacitating gases" excluded from the Protocol on the curious ground that we should not refuse to use on an enemy what we use on our own people. We speak of the tear gases and CS as "riot control agents." There are two major difficulties with this view. As riot control agents, these materials are used in the open, and their purpose is to make people move away from the area of application. In Vietnam, however, they have frequently been used on underground shelters, where their concentration rises to such levels as to become lethal, particularly to children. The main object of their use in underground shelters is to drive persons out from under cover so as to expose them to attack by other means, by bombing or artillery fire. So what are "riot control agents" here become lethal weapons under combat conditions, as in Vietnam.

It is much the same with the use of defoliants and herbicides. Our government stands almost alone in insisting on exempting these agents from the terms of the Geneva Protocol. Apparently, at the Geneva Conference in 1925, everyone else agreed that the Protocol included among the chemical weapons it intended to ban both tear gases and herbicides.

Defoliation and herbicides kill not only plants but men. The most widely used agent of defoliation in Vietnam has been a 50-50 mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. The latter has been shown to cause a high incidence of birth deformities—teratogenic effects—in pregnant rats and mice, when fed in extraordinarily small amounts, such as might easily be reached by drinking water in the sprayed areas. We have as yet no definite information of its effects on man. Yet, at least four newspapers in South Vietnam reported last summer a remarkable rise in the incidence of deformed babies in areas that had been sprayed with 2,4,5-T. The newspapers were promptly closed by the Thieu government for "interfering with the war effort" (*New York Post*, November 4, 1969). Further, 2,4-D has been reported to cause a significant rise in birth abnormalities in experimental animals. These chemicals have been in common use in the United States for weed control, but under carefully restricted conditions. They have been sprayed in Vietnam without those restrictions, and at more than ten times the concentrations employed here.

Herbicides also, as used in Vietnam, are lethal weapons. In that poor country, where most of the population is never far above the subsistence level, they are used to destroy food crops. Our food destruction programs in Vietnam—and now also in Cambodia—are almost exclusively directed against civilians. The point is simple enough. When food is scarce, soldiers take what they want. It is the weak and defenseless who do without: the aged, infirm, the women, and most of all the children.

Why do we do such things? One major objective of our herbicide and defoliation programs in Indochina is to make large sections of the countryside uninhabitable, and so to drive the farmers and peasants into the cities. Wars of national liberation have their principal base in the peasantry. Destroy the peasantry by destroying the countryside, and the base has been removed.

The major villain in the piece is, of course, the concept of total war. War itself is an atrocity, and by now has become so dangerous that we cannot live with it much longer. Total war is altogether depraved and brutalizing. It leaves one nothing with which to continue. The vanquished are hardly more injured than the victors. Even the spectators are maimed irretrievably. For they grow used to the atrocities and cease to respond, and so forgo their common humanity.

All the chickens are coming home to roost. A few months ago, CS was sprayed by helicopter upon a penned-in crowd of students and faculty on the Berkeley campus. Within the space of a few days, four unarmed white students have been shot dead at Kent, Ohio; two black students at Jackson, Mississippi; and six alleged black looters in Augusta, Georgia. The Bill of Rights is under fire, the news media are harassed by the administration, and construction workers beat up peace demonstrators while members of the financial community and the police look on. Having been stopped by the Senate from degrading the Supreme Court, the President seems bent on subverting and humiliating the Senate. We have supported military dictatorships in so many places—Spain, Greece, Brazil, South Vietnam, now Cambodia, to name a few—is dictatorship also coming home to roost?

That is now our problem.

—GEORGE WALD.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, a longtime contributor and editor-at-large of *SR*, died in Tucson, Arizona, on May 22 at the age of seventy-six. He was an enlightened critic of the human situation with a boundless appreciation for man's creative bent. Krutch never separated man from his natural setting, and he devoted all his efforts to the cause of a world congenial to the human spirit.

Reptile in October

by Alexander Laing

Chinking on hardpan, my long shovel
levels to hoist deep topsoil to the barrow—
and with it, an oddity, bump-skinned.
A truffle, maybe?
Small, black brightness glints. I kneel
as my truffle opens a wart that becomes an eye,
lifts a minutely-fingered
outraged hand against the light's intrusion.
What have I done? What am I to do?
As I cup the sodden limpness of your sleep
in this blood-raveled hand, I give you
quick April. Your galvanic leap
returns you to October.
What are we to do?
Stumbling, I drive the blade
in rumpled soil,
place you as far as you were below the surface.
You lunge, you scrabble at the crumbling walls.
As I sift well-meant earth
you leap, and leap more wildly, shaking it off.
Now you are hidden, but the fresh earth trembles.
Now you are wholly buried.
What have I done?

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Letters to the Editor

Universal Language

MARIO PEI'S "Prospects for a Global Language" [*SR*, May 2] might have been useful had he advocated not Esperanto but James Cooke Brown's Loglan.

Dr. Zamenhof invented Esperanto in 1887, before linguists knew how dubious are those assumptions in European languages on which Aristotle built his logic. Loglan uses instead the propositional logic Boole, Russell, Peirce, and others began. As a result, Loglan's simple yet searching grammar provides all the distinctions that European languages do and many more besides, without their ambiguities and the often banal, bigoted, or overly simple classifications of Aristotelian logic.

In vocabulary as in grammar, Esperanto is only European. But Loglan's vocabulary is in part already familiar to speakers of Japanese, Hindu, and Mandarin Chinese, as well as to speakers of French, Spanish, Russian, German, and English—in all, more than three-quarters of mankind—making Loglan culturally neutral and universal in a way Esperanto is not, and more apt to bridge the widening gap between speakers of European languages and the "Third World."

ROBERT IAN SCOTT,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

I Am Curious (Greenbacks)

RE: "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," by Hollis Alpert [SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, May 16]. May I remind Mr. Alpert that the promoters of the controversial "sex education" films are not the educational but the entertainment media? Their sole concern is profit, not the enlightenment of the public.

VERA BAILEY,
Massillon, O.

Seek and Ye Shall Find

THE PERIPATETIC David Butwin, in his otherwise accurate "Israel Diary" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Apr. 25], seems to have found it necessary to harp on the supposed prevalence of prostitution in that country, something likely to endear him to King Hussein and President Nasser, by showing the inherent immorality of the Israeli "usurpers."

What I find strange is that I traveled the length and breadth of Israel two years ago without finding any evidence of the oldest profession. And, may I add, I have never been able to pass any street in Paris, London, or Berlin without being accosted by purveyors of feminine charm.

I am reminded of an old Jewish story about the two residents of a small village who journeyed to Warsaw for the first time. Each came back with a different description of the great city. One said it was the seat of the Devil; that everyone there was perpetually drunk, and that naked women paraded shamelessly on the streets. The other said that Warsaw was the abode of wisdom and righteousness, and that the spirit of the Holy Bible was always present within the precincts of that city.

These contrary opinions naturally caused immeasurable excitement among the villagers; the matter was finally taken to the local rabbi for adjudication. One of these stories could patently not be true.

"Both of you are right," the rabbi ruled. "The one who found Warsaw a nest of sin found it because he looked for sin. The one who found Warsaw the abode of virtue and learning found it because he looked for virtue and learning."

PHILIP EIBEL, M.D.
Montreal, Quebec.

Cataloguing Libraries

MRS. BERTHA EPSTEIN'S thesis, "a library is a library, and a book is a book" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, May 16], conjures miraculous images: Karl Marx laboring over *Das Kapital* in a Christian Science Reading Room; Bibliothèque Nationale being crowbarred into a bookmobile; Alexander Portnoy poling a raft down the Mississippi River.

Sadly, Mrs. Epstein's thesis is prevalent; most of our libraries are still mausoleums. Indeed, there is a kind of grand symbolism in ill-educated, semiliterate ghetto residents joyfully living among their books, while the rest of us creep and whisper through our stacks lest we disturb yesterday's dust.

Mrs. Epstein asserts that "a book can be beautiful even if it is in a library." I submit that it is ideas, not books, that are beautiful, and that an idea unfulfilled is no idea at all. Surely ideas are better celebrated in a library than debased in the streets.

A. PETER HOLLIS,
Wilson, N.C.

Hitler Through Other Eyes

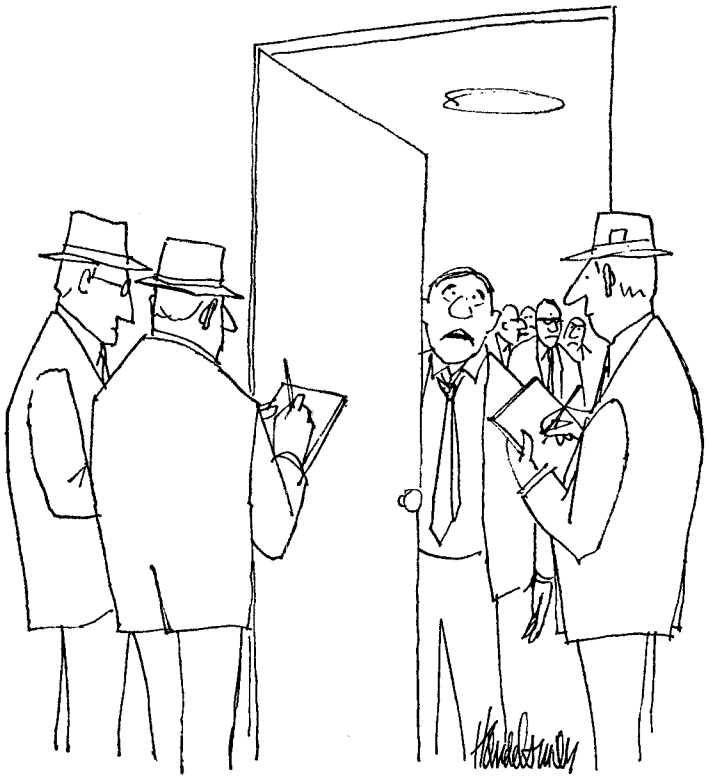
I MUST take exception to the letter from Jerome Minot [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, May 23] on Stefan Lorant's article "The Hitler I Knew" [*SR*, May 2]. Mr. Minot feels that it is "all too easy" to hate Hitler. Well, it is rather easy for me, whose parents were gassed at Auschwitz, and who lost my livelihood as a lawyer and was forced to emigrate from a country where my ancestors had been living for generations.

I am not aware of Hitler's being used as a scapegoat for our failures. Minot was evidently thinking of Hitler's having used the Jews as scapegoats for the deplorable economic situation in Germany in the early Thirties.

Finally, to view "with compassion" a man who died with the deaths of untold millions on his conscience is asking for the impossible. If there is any compassion left, it should be saved for the victims of this unfortunate period.

I cannot imagine that there are "intelligent" Germans who are annoyed by the attitude of this country toward Hitler. However, if there are such people, they can easily avoid further annoyance by going back to where they came from.

ERWIN SILBER,
Cleveland, O.



"Efforts to break the deadlock have been successful, but attempts to issue a joint communiqué describing the agreement have broken down."

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The Masculine Malaise

by HERBERT GOLD

THE MALE IN CRISIS

by Karl Bednarik, translated from the German by Helen Sebba

Knopf, 188 pp., $5.95

There is a story told about a rehearsal of a Tennessee Williams play in which a blowtorch was to be used on the private parts of the hero. Williams said, "We have to remove this episode."

Why? Too shocking?

"No," said the distinguished dramatist. "I need it for my next play."

Emasculation is usually interesting, but even emasculation needs intelligent treatment these days in order not to be cut off at the start by distracted and anxious communicants in the ceremony. Karl Bednarik, in *The Male in Crisis*, takes a sophisticated, Olympian, and yet passionate view of the problem of being a man today. He seems to absolve both women and blowtorches of blame for the demasculinization of men, and in fact is sensibly not in the business of assigning local blame at all. Rather, like an empirical Schopenhauer, he distributes his blame so generously that it becomes a form of metaphysics, and his evidence and argument have the personal and felt quality of a work of fiction. The troubles of men become a universe of discourse and, for the author and at least temporarily for the reader, a way of life. It's easy to be facetious about monomania, but when the monomania is as intelligent as this one, we must examine the argument beyond the level of a first reaction to such Germanic "three main headings" as "The Crisis of Eros," "The Crisis of Activism and Aggression," and "The Crisis of Authority."

Count Ciano, or maybe it was some Nazi, is reputed to have said, "When I hear the word 'culture' I want to shoot my pistol." Alas, some of us have this response to Freudian jargon. Nevertheless, Bednarik's discussion of the false expressions of libido (put that pistol back, Charlie) is sound, infuriating, and perceptive.

The war between the sexes is a displaced war, he asserts, with the "brutalized lust for power and domination [shifted] from the social realm into the sexual." The cult of the young girl—remember Swinging London?—masks a complicated evasion of women as equals. Surely it is true that many homosexuals are really pseudo-homosexuals—not lovers of men at all; rather, they are in panicked flight from masculinity. Drugs and sexual combativeness are twisted forms of erotic expression.

Although some men seek anachronistic modes of being "real men," Bednarik fears for most the likelihood of increasing feminization, a possibility which many deep today-thinkers seem to welcome or at least accept as inevitable. Bednarik does not. He argues for a new distribution of authority and responsibility within the inevitable technological complexity. A traditional masculinity can be imagined, he thinks, if the problems of love and aggression are met. And he seems to suggest that anything else is finally a denial of the natural and instinctive in men.

Bednarik is refreshingly unself-conscious, and un-American, about declaring that men are the shapers of history—the popes, prophets, philosophers, and discoverers—and that therefore it is men who are the prime cause of disaster for both men and women. "Every man is the son of his actions," Cervantes said, and, if it weren't so obvious, he might have added that every woman is the daughter of some man's action. When a matriarchy develops, and *if* it develops in a demasculinized technological society, it will be because men have made a choice. Choosing wrongly, or not choosing at all, is a form of tyranny, too. American literature, of course, is full of the prob-

HERBERT GOLD has written a number of volumes of fiction and essays, the latest of which is the novel *The Great American Jackpot*, published earlier this year.

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lem of the mother—the mother blamed for many sins, including the masturbation of the son—but clearly this is not so much because the mother is the keeper of the oil as because the father has failed to light and guard the lamp. The Pill, like the Bomb, bids fair to become a cultural cliché, assimilated under Dire Predictions as one of many. It does, of course, add significantly to the woman's power to make choices, the choice of initiating sexual play, or a family, and the choice of competing with men in the arenas once largely reserved to men. Naturally, men are in retreat. The competition for men's roles includes suddenly many who are not men. A whole population—not just blacks or Jews or foreigners, but women, too—is clamoring for its claim on the traditional claim to run things and define the way things are.

Not long ago I met a young lady who had at last found the solution to all of life's problems. She is the friend of a friend and looked me up so I could hear the truth. (What good is the Truth until Communicated? A mere sound in a forest without ears.) Her Truth is a commune, she and another girl sharing the board and beds of five men, and the Truth is communal peace, brotherhood, love, trust, and devotion.

"Is it working?"

"Perfectly. We groove together."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since last Thursday," she said.

Sex made into a game would seem to mean liberation, but instead it means that the man turns from ticklish play toward what promises a deeper seriousness, risk, or involvement—cars, drugs, causes, wars. That some of these commitments are trivial ("No, Madame, quadrivial") only puts him further into pessimistic questing. Not radical search, but a desperate longing for meaning. His nerves seek the privacy of limits and tests. And women follow him into war or fanaticism, separated only by the present state of physical evolution from new careers as rapists. Women can be big-business operators and Don Juans, too. But it doesn't mean that women are becoming stronger, only that men are becoming weaker and the rules of the old games looser.

The author urges his conviction upon us: men are different from women, and therefore the cultural stylization has a basis in biology. But he also allows that this stylization is insecure at the level of instinct and can be changed. The fee for sexual role-changing, however, is an increment of psychic unease—illness, in fact. The male urge to domination and expansion in space ("because of the phallic nature of his sex") leads to active capturing and defending, and therefore to alliance-making and friendship, striving for status, order, abstract organization, communication, metaphysical meaning. Does that thought give you a stuffed feeling? So much for so little, Mr. Bednarik? A woman might be enraged at such extreme power ascribed to phallus, while she is assigned to "conservation and administration"—like Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and Cleopatra. An argument could be made that Cleopatra's nose was an aggressive weapon, too, and, in fact, that these ladies are odd choices to prove woman's innate conservatism. There is surely some theoretical innocence in the argument.

Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan, among many others, have noted that the emphasis on leisure and education becomes trivialized to a kind of game-playing in a world where decisions are made by the few and their machines. Love itself becomes a game when sensuality is the principal prize sought. Male "images" are still projected through violence and sport; the image of decision is projected through marginal choices among love objects; the image of culture replaces freedom. Who, then, is the man who controls his own destiny? He is Clint Eastwood, star of spaghetti Westerns, who looks tough, or James Bond, hero of spaghetti urbanity, who looks forceful. These are the men who define their problems simply and resolve them with style, either absurdly brutal or absurdly graceful. And, of course, they are not really makers of decision and shapers of destiny.

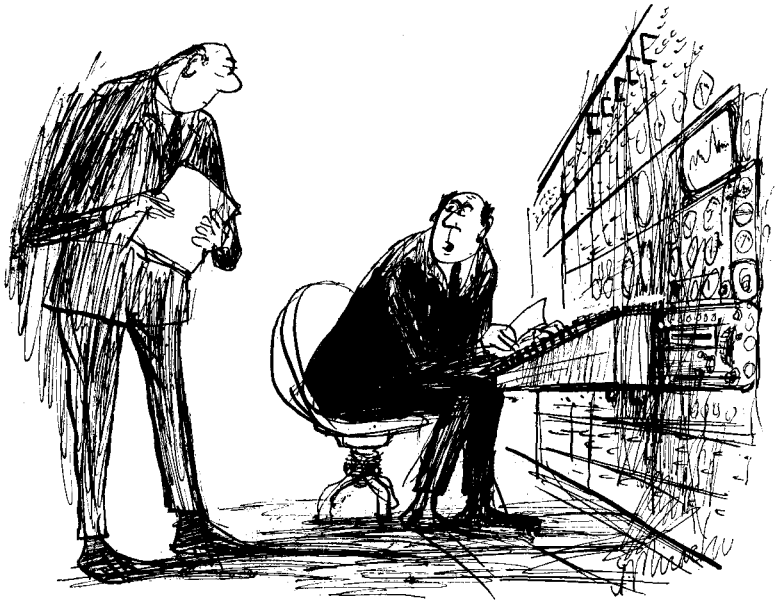
In the sight of such degradation of masculinity, even if it's to be called evolution, we are nostalgic for the great line of Russian plays and novels. You know, that moment when the old philosopher lifts an arthritic finger and cries out in the night: "Man? What is Man?"

And comes the answer from the dark: "I'm all right, Jack."

Bednarik, a Viennese, has an unfortunate Germanic style of totalthink, with instances from life and art that often seem banal or merely culled. It takes some patience to find the moments of shrewd observation, as when he contrasts the presentation of sexuality in women—the playgirl is pictured just being a girl, spread out and enticing—and its inhibited form in male pin-ups. An attractive man still must be shown doing something: boxing, weight-lifting, or just telephoning. Male underwear is hardly yet an object of sexual delight except for very special tastes. A man's role still takes precedence over his body.

Nevertheless, Bednarik's caution doesn't mean he is always correct in detail. "In the visual arts no woman has ever used pornography as an artistic medium: there are no obscene drawings by women of men's or boy's bodies," he says. Well, it's a small point, but untrue. Perhaps San Francisco is singular, though I think not; I know of an enthusiastic lady artist-pornographer out here, Mr. Bednarik.

Heavy and errant as he may sometimes seem, the author is also shrewd when he speaks of the dangers of the new sense of play that has entered the realm of love. Both the romantic love and conjugal love described by Denis de Rougement in *Love in the Western World* are slipping away. Romance is not total, abandoned, deathly; marriage is not Christian and till-death-us-do-part. The new playful eros means that impulses and modes from other spheres enter the relations between men and women. Work is less significant? Power



"It made a mistake last week that cost us a million bucks, and it says it's sorry."

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to love. Aggression is repressed? Bring aggression to love. Adventure, risk, and creativity are inhibited by the ratsink megalopolis? Put it all in bed.

And lately, after romantic and conjugal love, the kids have discovered a new consumer product which de Rougement never nightmared of—Groovy Love, plus biodegradable marriage, leaving no residue on the land.

Love thus becomes a means of expressing impulse, a tranquilizer and pastime, rather than a means to produce and guard a miniature new nuclear society of two. Eldridge Cleaver, planning his rapes, practicing on black women first, was self-consciously performing a political act; and, as he remarked in an interview in *Evergreen Review*, his falling in love with his lawyer was a means of paying her for getting him out of prison. Love is power, money, amusement, and politics. Love carries too much of a burden, and men grow weary of it. When sex is the last frontier, men want to move beyond sex. The sexual boom leads inevitably to a sexual depression.

Clearly, *The Male in Crisis* is a reactionary work from the point of view of Women's Lib. The author doubts that women will enjoy space voyages, nation-ruling, or Himalaya-climbing, though they can be trained to perform these labors. Let them, he says somewhat vindictively. But he feels that the stardom of women still lies in their adaptation to men, and he uses the Sung sisters as examples. The eldest married Sun Yat-sen, the second Chiang Kai-shek, and the third an American millionaire. The obvious objection to this choice is: But they are Chinese, and from a reactionary culture! What about Golda Meir, Mary Wells, La Pasionaria?

If women become generals, says Bednarik, that is true subjection. They are taking a field created by men—warfare—and submitting to conditions and strivings defined by men. Is that freedom? No, it is bondage defined as liberation, and the name doesn't change the condition.

Probably no American writer of Bednarik's sobriety would feel easy in his delineation of male and female roles. In a bar or in a campus bull session, perhaps; but writing cold sober, Bednarik makes cool biological assessments that run counter to the times. They need to be considered.

The strident Women's Lib sit-inners as well as the smug male Don Juans or stand-patters are missing the point of the masculine crisis. It's not a matter of defending or attacking womankind, or defending or attacking male privilege. The issue of the new, over-

(*Continued on page* 47)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Why the Outburst

SERGIO BARBOSA [BOOK FORUM, Apr. 25] neglected to tell the readers just why the Mexican-American youth he speaks of got such a raking-over from the judge who presided at the boy's trial.

In the first place, Mr. Barbosa was careless with his facts. The crime did not take place in Palo Alto but in Gilroy, California. I was living there at the time, and passed the family's home almost daily, as I lived a block and a half from it. Also, Mr. Barbosa has the time wrong, but that is of no great importance.

He would have us believe this poor Mexican-American youth was much put upon. Granted, the judge used harsh and unlovely language, which he later apologized for, but, considering the case before him, his outburst was understandable.

That great, hulking seventeen-year-old was charged with—and admitted—getting his fifteen-year-old retarded sister pregnant. The act would have been just as reprehensible whatever his national origin. An account of the trial and the judge's regretted outburst appeared in the San José *Mercury*, also the *News*.

MARGARET L. PAGE,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Getting to Know Agnon

MY ACQUAINTANCE with S. Y. Agnon was only through the two books *The Bridal Canopy* and *A Guest for the Night*. But they made me wish I could meet him and know him better.

Curt Leviant's essay [*SR*, May 18] has fulfilled part of that wish. I now have more of Agnon than, within the limits of time and space, I could really have hoped for.

FRANK INNES,
Coronado, Calif.

A Place for Emotionalism

IN REVIEWING MY BOOK, *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut* [*SR*, May 16], John Lear may be correct in saying that a scientist without jet training aboard *Apollo 13* probably wouldn't have handled the crisis as well. The topic is debatable (I happen to be on the other side) but we will never find out because: 1) scientist-astronauts *are* jet pilots, and 2) they are not going into space anyway. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to know that Captain James Lovell, in the press conference following *Apollo 13*, said that a scientist-astronaut could have performed as well in the emergency. It is also gratifying that Lear and I agree on most other major issues raised in my book.

Where Lear and I seem to part ways is in my motivation for writing *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut*. He referred to my scientific work as "logical and persuasive" in contrast to my description of the astronaut life, which Lear described as follows: " . . . he allowed his emotions to overrule his intelligence, with a result that tended to produce a caricature of a rebellious hippie rather than a prose portrait of the serious scientist I believe O'Leary to be."

Lear's advice is well taken to a degree, and his comments did in fact help in muting my emotionalism between first and second drafts. But I told him I had two purposes for writing the book: to informally write about what it is like to be an astronaut, and to urge NASA to put more science into the space program.

He wanted me to write a serious, scholarly work. I never intended that. Must we always be serious? Is there not a place for humor and emotion?

BRIAN O'LEARY,
Ithaca, N.Y.

I TAKE ISSUE with Mr. Lear's choice of words when he described Brian O'Leary as a "caricature of a rebellious hippie."

In the epilogue of his book Mr. O'Leary stressed the point that his book was autobiographical in scope as he reacted to a situation he found untenable. Actually, ex-astronaut Brian O'Leary possessed great courage in attacking such a sacrosanct organization as NASA. He tried to pinpoint glaring deficiencies in the space program that many intelligent citizens (not only scientists) have questioned for some time. Mr. Lear claims the author's main thesis—that scientists should be a part of the space program without the dangerous T-38 jet training—has been washed away by the ill-fated *Apollo 13* mission. Jack Swigert, astronaut No. 3, ended up being, in his own words, chief cook for much of the trip home for lack of something better to do, while Haise and Lovell took over. Isn't it possible the third astronaut could have been a courageous, fast-thinking scientist and still have had a successful return to earth?

MARY A. BENNETT,
La Mesa, Calif.

The Examined Life

AS A LONG-STANDING ADMIRER of James K. Feibleman's work, I was glad to see Bertrand P. Helm's perceptive review of Mr. Feibleman's excellent autobiography, *The Way of a Man* [*SR*, May 2]. I am puzzled, however, that Mr. Helm regards the Delphic maxim "Know thyself" and the corollary task of "hunting for one's true nature" as particularly appropriate characterizations of Mr. Feibleman's life and work. I believe that Socrates's "The unexamined life is not worth living," with its broader sweep and less subjective orientation, is more in keeping with Mr. Feibleman's autobiography as well as with his philosophy.

STANLEY FELDMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

In the game of reviving lost literary reputations from the past, a game France plays more seriously than other countries, a fruitful period has been the Baroque-Mannerist overlap (1580-1660). Jean de Sponde (1557-1595) and Jean de Rotrou (1609-1650) come quickly to mind. From this same period the English have in our century rediscovered some of their astonishing Metaphysical poets, including John Donne (1572-1631).

Now it is Siméon La Roque (1550-1615), subject of a new book by Jeanne-Georgette Perkins (Nizet), who makes the difficult trip back across the river Lethe. Fleeting sentences about La Roque's *Amours* and his religious verse are found in the more complete literary histories, and two anthologies of Baroque poetry (Olivier and Rousset) have dutifully included a few selections; but the last edition of La Roque's poetry was published in 1619. Admitting that his name has merely "ricocheted" to our time, the editor asks at the outset: "Is he only an indefatigable rhymer toying with Petrarchist clichés, losing himself in the niceties of pastoral, or are there not in La Roque a meaningful continuum and privileged moments?" Her 237-page explication clarifies his elegies, sonnets, and chansons. This lucid, pure poetry is closer to Mannerism's courtly esthetics and even to the Metaphysical poets' intellectualized sensuality than it is to Baroque's flaming, divided hearts.

La Roque was not a Sponde or Donne, however, any more than the rediscovered painter Georges de la Tour (1593-1652) was another Giorgione or Rubens. Mme. Perkins does not overstate his importance, but makes us see why he stands apart from his contemporaries: "The glance of La Roque scans and skims the curvature of an earth from which he feels detached. Others, who suffered no less than he from the monstrous universal chaos that man's conscience illuminates and condemns, tried to sort it out and attach themselves to it. La Roque shrugs off this effort, encloses the earth in the absolute of an irrevocable condemnation that excuses his refusal. His opaque despair, stirred by empty forms without color or consistency but which still arrest his hypnotized eye, becomes the blossoms of his poetry."

The challenge is subtly presented. The debate will now follow.

Pursuing the subject of literary reputations that fall outside the normal cycle, we turn to Italy's Beppe Fenoglio. Having published a short-story collection and two novels, Fenoglio had by 1963 established a reputation that was satisfactory but not outstanding. On February 8 of that year the young author died of an incurable disease. Nevertheless, his prose narratives have continued to appear: *A Private Matter* (Garzanti, 1963), *A Day of Fire* (Garzanti, 1963), the popular *Partisan Johnny* (Einaudi, 1968), and now *La Paga del Sabato* (Saturday's Pay, again with Einaudi). The popular and critical esteem he enjoys today places him in the top rank of contemporary novelists.

Born in Alba in 1922, Fenoglio immersed himself in American and British authors, and perfected his fluency in English to the point of making an important translation of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* (Einaudi, 1964). Like the older Vittorini and Pavese, he records in his works the guerrilla warfare of the partisans in the early 1940s. His best novel, *Partisan Johnny*, was found in a drawer, like Pavese's *Ciau Masino. Saturday's Pay* will not undermine his reputation, thanks to its excitement and calculated styling. After the war, ex-partisan Ettore cannot adjust to the routine village life and family oppression to which he feels condemned. Having been a leader of the *guerriglieri*, he cannot work under an employer. So he joins forces with a local mafioso type, Bianco, and has soon participated in his first murder. Money accumulates so quickly that Ettore thinks of retiring, living honestly, and marrying his pregnant mistress, Vanda. On his last hijacking job he is crushed accidentally by one of his own drivers outside a railway yard. His concluding words: "You're a cretin, Palmo. Just my luck to die for a cretin like you."

A book of a different nature is the definitive edition of *Sei Giornate* (Six Days), by Pietro Aretino (whose fame —as a scoundrel—has resisted the erosions of time). In this classic of obscenity, edited with philological meticulousness by Giovanni Aquilecchia and published by Laterza, the famous Nanna spends three days telling of her lives as nun, bride, and whore, and another three discoursing on the training of a perfect whore. These *Ragionamenti* (Reasonings, an alternate title) were Aretino's answer to Castiglione's *Courtier* (1528), a manual for courtly ladies and gentlemen.

On my desk lie two green and white paperback copies of No. 632, devoted to works by José Ruibal, in the Colección Teatro published by Escelicer in Madrid. Each carries the same copyright number. But the full-length play contained in one is *Los Mendigos* (The Beggars) and in the other *Mono Piadoso* (Pious Ape). This apparent blooper results from the vagaries of Spanish censorship. The first version was abruptly withdrawn from bookstores, and *Mono Piadoso* was substituted for *Los Mendigos*. A conversation with Ruibal in Madrid reveals why. This forceful play of socio-political protest is largely a confrontation between starving beggars (Spaniards?) and opulent tourists (Americans) who take the form of animals. The contrast is harsh and often unsubtle. A beggar woman asks the zebra-lady for bread for her hungry children:

> ZEBRA-LADY: . . . Please, señora, sell me a little of that hunger of your children. My own need it so badly. Take pity on my own unfortunate children, always without appetite. . . (*She tenders a ten-dollar bill, which is declined.*) Be generous. My little children have as much right to be hungry as anybody else's.

Ruibal resorts often to such brutal irony—unexpectedly, for this gracious and quiet dramatist resembles a bearded, resigned Christ. Another play of his, *The Begging Machine*, is ready for staging, but as of last month the censors were holding back. Spain is obviously embarrassed by the growing international reputation of its dramatists Ruibal, Bellido, and Ballesteros. England invited Ruibal to lecture there, and his passport was withheld. Spain would like to consign *The Beggars* to oblivion, but the play has already appeared in English in *Modern International Drama* and been performed successfully at Pennsylvania State University and the University of Maryland.

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THE STATES AND THE URBAN CRISIS

edited by Alan K. Campbell

Prentice-Hall, 224 pp., $5.95; paperback, $2.45

Reviewed by Jeanne R. Lowe

■ Of all American institutions that the urban crisis has challenged and found wanting, none are more culpable than the states.

These "keystones of the American governmental system" are responsible for our local governments—the Constitution did not even mention cities—and have the powers and ability to relieve the cities' plight. Yet they have generally failed to exercise these powers equitably or face up to their urban responsibilities. Rather, they have obstructed urban progress. They deny big cities necessary funds and powers, allow dozens of little suburbs to strangle them, and exacerbate the growing fiscal disparities between the hard-pressed urban cores and the rest of metropolis.

Why? Before the Supreme Court forced reapportionment on them in the mid-1960s, the state legislatures were illegally and ideologically weighted towards rural interests and against cities. Since reapportionment, they have been legally weighted towards the suburbs, where the majority of urban America now lives, and still against cities.

Thus we come to the central paradox and problem of the states and their cities: how to make a government representing a majority respond to the urgent needs of a statistical minority.

Such is the underlying theme of an exceptionally useful collection of papers, *The States and the Urban Crisis*. Especially prepared by eight authorities for the thirty-sixth American Assembly on this topic, held at Arden House last fall, they have now been published in a paperback as well as hardcover edition. The book is a basic guide for those who want to move from the rhetoric to the reality of the "New Federalism."

Editor Alan K. Campbell, dean of the Maxwell School at Syracuse University, and the other contributors have performed a signal service. They cut through the empty platitudes about federalism and the underbrush of tired traditional postures about reforming states through structural and legal changes, and go to the substantive and political realities. Accepting the shared-power basis of our intergovernmental system, and granting the significance of constitutional and other mechanical inhibitions in the states, they ask and try to answer the question of what would happen if we eliminated these inhibitions. Will the states, to use Paul Ylvisaker's expression, cut the mustard?

The answers in this volume, which examines various aspects of the state governments' response or lack of it to the urban crisis, give little ground for optimism. But at least they tell us where we are, and that we will probably have to throw away some of our textbook answers if we are to get on with the problems. This is particularly urgent in view of the Nixon Administration's declared intention to give the states increased responsibility for urban matters.

For example, Frank Grad, author of an enlightening essay on those bewildering obstacles, our state constitutions, early declares that "constitutional limitations may themselves be regarded as a symptom of the problem and removing them doesn't necessarily mean a release of states' energies."

Nor should we consider reorganization of government in our metropolitan areas as "the answer," warns Daniel Grant, who estimates that local government fragmentation represents about 10 per cent of the urban problem. Eliminating it would clear the way to doing things now impossible, he admits, but "Government structure per se guarantees nothing."

As to so-called federal intervention, John DeGrove, in his paper on the mushrooming federal grants-in-aid, indicates that far from undermining states, these essential programs have strengthened them and their ability to serve modern needs. Similarly, the states' pleas of inadequate fiscal resources to help cities are viewed as somewhat specious—a reflection of lack of political support for urban aid. Failure of some states to adopt a graduated income tax, and the discriminatory nature of state-local aid formulas —school financing being the most notorious case in point—are evidence.

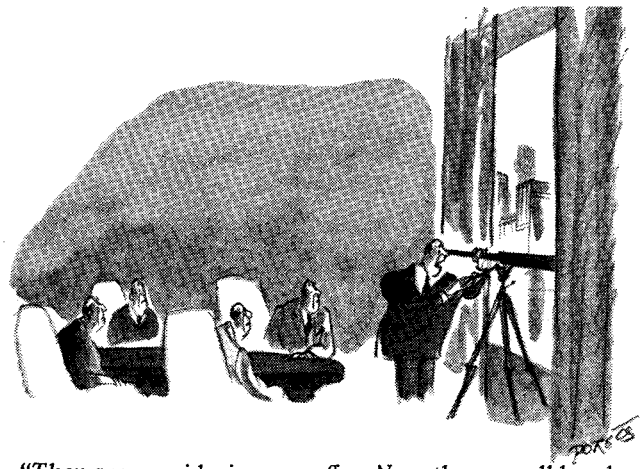
Some states have recently begun to play an activist role in such areas as land use. New York's remarkable Urban Development Corporation is most frequently cited. But this new role, observes John Kolesar, is carried out by circumventing the current inhibiting ground rules.

The state legislatures, which write the rules and are probably the core of the problem, are constantly alluded to in these papers; yet, curiously, they and the set of widely touted proposals for their reform do not receive special attention and analysis. Perhaps that is because this undoctrinaire inquiry accepts it as given that the legislatures do represent the majority view: a combination of lingering rural values and the growing suburban retreat from city problems. Thus they are unlikely to come to grips with the urban crisis.

What hope do states offer cities? The mathematics of population alone are against city-based control of the legislatures, points out James Reichley, who notes the fundamental antagonisms that exist in most states even within the urban forces—smaller cities against the great metropolises.

Despite their basically pessimistic findings, the papers do point out some positive directions. One is the need of the governors, particularly Republican governors, to garner more urban votes, thus strengthening their ability to negotiate urban aid programs with a Republican legislature. The other is additional federal aid for the cities, which might goad states into taking fuller responsibility. If not, one suspects, it will be the inexorably increasing pressures of urbanization itself that will catch up with the majority.

Jeanne R. Lowe, author of "Cities in a Race with Time," is currently consultant on urban affairs to a number of public and private organizations, among them the national Urban Coalition, the New York Urban Coalition, and Saturday Review.



"They are considering our offer. Now they are all laughing and jumping and slapping each other on the back."

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MANAGING MAILER

by Joe Flaherty

Coward-McCann, 222 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ In his novels Norman Mailer has searched for the way modern man ought to live to combat his alienation, loss of identity, and the twin torments of technology and bureaucracy, beyond which lies certain apocalypse. His protagonists see with painful clarity that the only antidote to spiritual suffocation is growth, making themselves and their society more alive.

Mailer, in a sense, has earnestly sought a hero. And his hippest heroic creation is—well, Norman Mailer. The politics of absurdity practiced by President Lyndon Johnson forced him from his esthetic concerns (he was then editing his film *Beyond the Law*) to participate in the 1967 March on the Pentagon. He recounted the event brilliantly in *Armies of the Night*, which elevated journalism to art and won him the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize. The volume contained his blithe observation that "novelists like movie stars like to keep their politics in their pocket rather than wear them as ashes on the brow."

Mailer's brow was clearly smudged. His infatuation with politics is long-standing; he briefly flirted with the notion of running for mayor of New York City in 1961. And from *journaliste engagé* to political candidate is a small existential step, so last year Mailer decided to take his apocalyptic vision to the people by entering the Democratic primary for mayor. The maddening task of managing the campaign fell to Joe Flaherty, a young writer for the *Village Voice*. Now Flaherty has written a witty, unfettered, immensely readable insider's account of what was at once the most colorfully improbable and seriously inventive campaign in the city's history.

Mailer, like most intellectuals, prefers to explore ideas rather than ideologies. Thus, he eschewed ideological tags and called his platform "a hip Left-Right coalition"—Left, because he was suggesting radical solutions to the city's social problems; Right, because he had no faith in centralized government. The campaign hummed with provocative ideas. For openers, there was the proposal to make New York City the fifty-first state of the Union. Mailer felt our birthright could be regained only by recovering the sense of small-town identity, so he proposed dividing the city into many autonomous neighborhoods. There would be one Sweet Sunday each month when all mechanical traffic would be banned in the city—one can imagine with what relish anti-technologue Mailer would pull the plug. And Coney Island would become a Las Vegas-East.

The theme of Mailer's novels was really the leitmotif of his campaign. To the employees of Time Inc. Mailer declaimed:

> So the notion that we're running on finally is that everybody in this city suffers from the same disease that everyone in America suffers from—that we suffer from it doubly, triply, and in exaggerated form—which is, we do not have a proper sense of our identity. . . . At any rate, the powerful notion in it, which I think is appealing to all people in degree, is that if each group of people, each interest, each force in this city can begin to think in terms of neighborhoods, then it can begin to think in terms of discovering whether its own ideas have validity, have savor, give energy to others, give energy to oneself—or don't.

And again, in a speech to police graduates of the John Jay College of Criminal Justice:

> . . . my idea is that a good society doesn't depend upon having a great police force or having a great criminal element in society, which certain revolutionaries would believe, you guys would say, but rather that a good society depends upon the cops *and* the crooks getting better. Think about it. It's an unusual notion, but the idea behind it is if they both get better, everybody is doing more every day, which means you've got a richer society in terms of the real life that people are living.

Books like this tend either to deify or crucify their subject. Flaherty wisely does neither. For all Mailer's visionary ideas and seductive rhetoric, Flaherty felt his boss to be less than credible as a politician. "The damaging part," he says, "was not his occasional bad manners but his missed opportunities: the crowds that could have been his, the volunteers who could have been inspired—if he had mastered the little touches instead of relying on the magnetism of his name and reputation." No ordinary pol, Mailer. With the election near, he sent to Coventry the "beards and leftists" who were his chief supporters (including the Van Dyked Flaherty) and began dictating his own campaign. Flaherty then realized that "the things I cherished in Mailer as a writer—his daring, his unpredictability, his gambling and his bluffing—were the very things that made me want to strangle him as a politician."

Where Flaherty is at his amusing best as a writer is deflating the thunderous egos of the candidates and the Manhattan movers and cocktail shakers who campaigned for them. With obvious glee he recounts Mailer's bleary-eyed Village Gate performance, during which he lambasted assembled socialites and acolytes, most often lashing them with his favorite all-purpose expletive "f*** you!"

Jimmy Breslin, the celebrated columnist and habitué of saloons who was Mailer's running mate, is seen as a thin, sensitive writer struggling to free himself from the rotund Runyonesque façade of his own creation. Adam Walinsky, former aide to Senator Robert Kennedy and now Democratic candidate for state attorney general, is much less an enigma to Flaherty: "Walinsky's reputation promised a new canvas with bold lines taking uncharted and unexplored directions in our landscape; but when you unwrapped him, he was as predictable as a politician's paint-by-the-numbers set."

The one thing Mailer and Breslin failed to do was convince enough people they were really serious. The news media, having found sufficient substantive politics in the campaigns of Mario Proccacino, Robert Wagner, and Herman Badillo, afforded themselves the luxury of treating the "statehood" candidates as a joke. Two men whose livelihood is selecting words were not amused by the words chosen to describe their campaign. Mailer was particularly outraged by repeated references to him and Breslin as the "odd couple," a description he interpreted as an attack on his virility.

Many putative liberals still haven't forgiven Mailer for making the race, claiming that without him Badillo surely would have won the primary and ultimately been elected the city's first Puerto Rican mayor. But Flaherty argues persuasively that if Badillo had won the primary he would have split the liberal vote with John Lindsay—who was elected with only 42 per cent of the vote anyway—thereby assuring the election of conservative John Marchi.

Well, just what was the significance of the Mailer-Breslin campaign? For one thing, as Flaherty points out, they took to the streets of "a sad city with a grimace of despair carved into its face and managed, for a short season, to turn that grimace into a grin." Moreover, some politicians of a more conventional pin stripe (including John Lindsay) have requested copies of their brilliantly conceived position papers that adumbrate a brave new urban world. Beyond that, the Norman and Jimmy show revealed that brave indeed are novelists who choose to wear their politics on their brow.

Arthur Cooper is associate editor of Newsweek magazine.

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THE FIRST TO FLY:

Aviation's Pioneer Days
by Sherwood Harris

Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Allen R. Dodd

■ This is the age of mass air transportation, fast, efficient, usually overcrowded, dull. Today's jet commuter does not look down on the earth with an angel's eye; he pulls the shade and watches a Doris Day movie. In his mind the unsolved problems of aviation center mainly around inadequate leg room, slow luggage retrieval, and a shortage of taxis at the airport.

Having reached this plateau, however, aviation has discovered its own history. More precisely, it has discovered that it *has* a history by formal definition—something beyond mere chronology, something that can be divided into eras and studied with the perspective of nearly three-quarters of a century. The word "antique" now applies to airplanes, carefully preserved and lovingly restored, and aviation albums rank with impressionist painters on the coffee table.

This process of formalization has reestablished in their rightful place an oddly neglected group of men and women, the original air pioneers. Many of them, as individuals, have been the subjects of biographies and magazine articles, but their epoch has dropped through some hole in time. For most people—aviation buffs apart—there is a twelve-year gap between the Wright brothers' first flight and the embryonic air fleets of World War I.

And yet, as Sherwood Harris notes in his new book, *The First to Fly*, it was a period that "demanded at least as much of the human spirit as the leap from Sputnik I to the moon." It saw the first air passengers, the first air races, the first transcontinental flight, the first over-water flights, the first aerial acrobatics, the first speed and altitude records, and so on and on. *The First to Fly* is a well-researched, well-organized reconstruction of this brief, inventive era. It ties together the contributions of a parade of personalities: the brothers Wright, brilliant, methodical, conservative; Louis Blériot, first man to fly the English Channel; Glenn Curtiss, rival of the Wrights; Alberto Santos-Dumont, wealthy, volatile, Brazilian-born experimenter; Cal Rodgers, first to fly coast-to-coast; Lincoln Beachey, first American to loop an airplane, and many others.

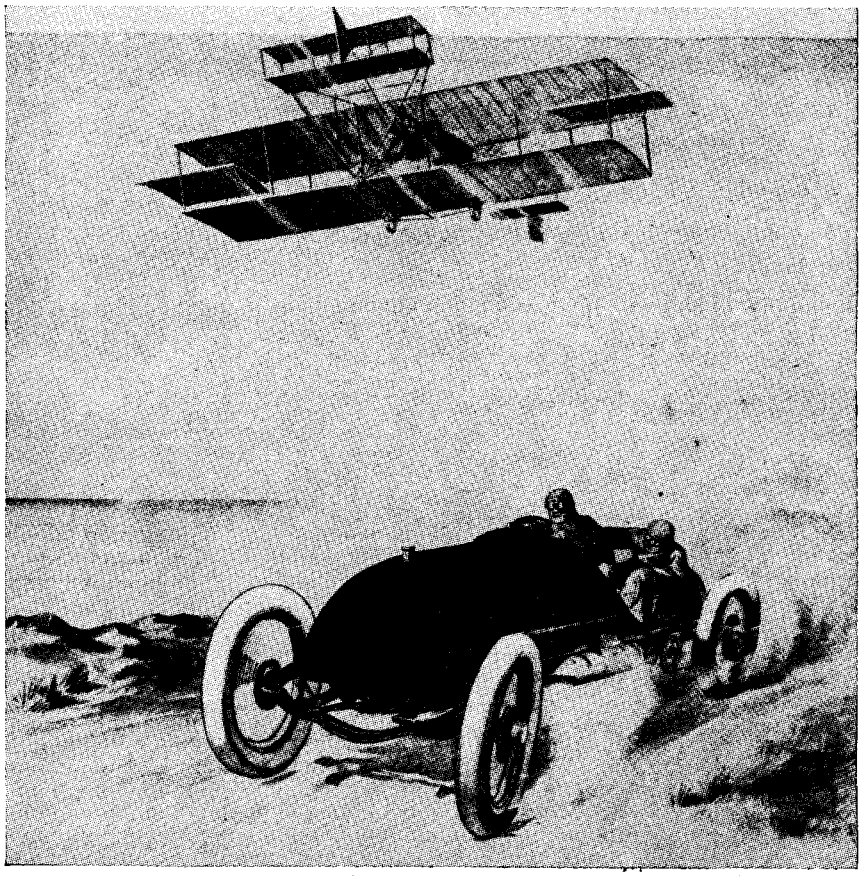
These were individualists, larger than their time, wedded to the spectacular. They invite spectacular description, but Harris wisely limits his own use of adjectives and lets them speak directly through letters, diaries, and recorded interviews. As a result, the flavor of flying in the early 1900s comes through vividly. Blériot takes off on his cross-Channel flight: "The moment is supreme and yet I surprise myself by feeling no exultation." Curtiss wins a trophy: "I might have gone a good deal farther . . . [but it] would have meant a turn in the air. . . ." Lincoln Beachey flies attired in a tailored pinstripe suit, a high starched collar, and a diamond stickpin. Eighty-one-year-old Bishop Wright, father of the famed brothers, takes his first flight; all he says is, "Higher, Orville, higher!" And, as a journalistic footnote, the first eye-witness account of manned, heavier-than-air flight is published not in a newspaper or scientific journal but in a magazine called *Gleanings in Bee Culture*.

A separate and fascinating chapter is devoted to a minority within a minority: the first women to fly. "It is difficult for us to comprehend now," Harris states, "just how much the news of America's first women pilots must have meant to a generation of women trapped in . . . sweatshops . . . or suffocated by the respectability of a middle-class life. . . ."

Well, not so difficult, perhaps; women still face an uphill battle in aviation. For the female air pioneer, however, even dress was a problem; she had to find flying clothes that fitted the conventions of the day. "The accepted toggery," wrote one fashion reporter, "is a two-piece suit consisting of a blouse and knickerbockers and trouserettes. . . ." Mlle. Hélène Dutrieu daringly flew without corsets, Matilde Moisant was almost arrested for flying on a Sunday, Harriet Quimby was shielded from public gaze by girl friends while she clambered into her plane. The conservative Wrights refused to take women students, and Blanche Scott, the first American aviatrix, was trained by Glenn Curtiss. Miss Quimby became the first woman to fly the English Channel, and was killed less than three months later when her Blériot monoplane crashed in Boston. These pioneering women blazed the trail that was followed by such better-known aviatrixes as Amelia Earhart and Jacqueline Cochrane.

For the jet commuter *The First to Fly* should be a revealing book. It might interest him to know that men and women once risked their lives merely to learn how an airplane could be turned.

A former foreign correspondent, Allen R. Dodd is a magazine writer with an interest in marine and aviation history.



—From "See Them Flying," by Houston Peterson (Richard W. Baron).

Airplane-Automobile Race—"individualists wedded to the spectacular."

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THE SOUND OF THE MOUNTAIN

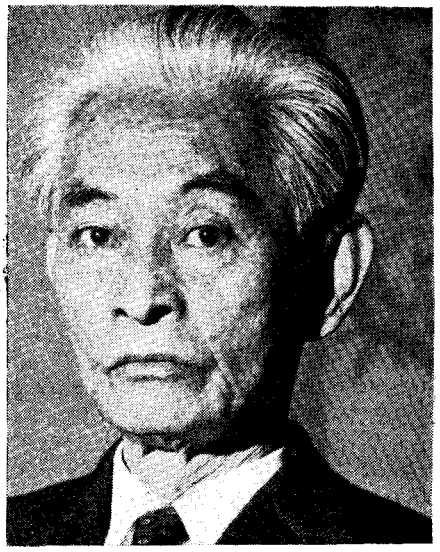
by Yasunari Kawabata, translated from the Japanese by Edward G. Seidensticker

Knopf, 276 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Howard Hibbett

■ Ever since Yasunari Kawabata received the 1968 Nobel Prize for Literature his countrymen have been puzzling over the motives of the inscrutable Occident. Only a few of his works had been translated, even into English; and it seemed unthinkable that this quintessentially Japanese master could be properly appreciated abroad, if indeed the subtleties of his fiction had survived translation. Many darkly suspected that the award was given for the wrong reasons—the lure of the exotic perhaps? After all, *Snow Country* has a geisha as its heroine, and *Thousand Cranes* evokes the esoteric pleasures of the tea ceremony, no less, lavishing symbolic attention on a connoisseur's choice of Raku, Karatsu, and Shino bowls.

Yet Kawabata's fictional world is a troubled, highly idiosyncratic one, far from the comfortable exoticism so readily recreated in glorious Technicolor. Now the quality of his poetic vision is further revealed in a superb translation of *The Sound of the Mountain,* a major postwar work and one of the finest of all his novels. On the surface this is an unhurried account



Yasunari Kawabata—"idiosyncratic."

of a critical period in the life of the Ogata family of Kamakura during the last years of the American occupation. Shingo and his wife, both in their early sixties, have long since sunk into the "swamp" of a marriage. ("Only when she snored did he reach out to touch her. The fact seemed to him infinitely saddening.") Their son Shuichi neglects his young wife Kikuko in favor of a mistress in Tokyo; their daughter Fusako has left her husband to come home with her two children.

Tensions increase as Shuichi's wife and mistress both become pregnant, only the former choosing to have an abortion, while Fusako's absent husband succumbs to spectacular forms of degradation. These dramatic changes are sensitively registered on Shingo's consciousness, along with slight but meaningful changes in the emotional climate of the household and in the natural world that so often mirrors human feelings. Shingo's sense of failure as a parent deepens; at the same time his one consolation, the rare affinity between him and his beautiful daughter-in-law, only leads to a more profound frustration and guilt.

From the beginning of the novel subterranean forces give it a remarkable intensity. The book opens with one of Shingo's lapses of memory—he forgets the name of their recent maid, and feels that a life is being lost—to which his son responds unsympathetically. That night he hears the ominous rumblings of the mountain behind their house:

> It was a windless night. The moon was near full, but in the moist, sultry air the fringe of trees that outlined the mountain was blurred. They were motionless, however.
>
> Not a leaf on the fern by the veranda was stirring.
>
> In these mountain recesses of Kamakura the sea could sometimes be heard at night. Shingo wondered if he might have heard the sound of the sea. But no—it was the mountain.
>
> It was like wind, far away, but with a depth like a rumbling of the earth. Thinking that it might be in himself, a ringing in his ears, Shingo shook his head.
>
> The sound stopped, and he was suddenly afraid. A chill passed over him, as if he had been notified that death was approaching. . . .
>
> The steep slope, wrapped in the damp shades of night, was like a dark wall.

Later Shingo thinks he hears the roar of a distant train entering a tunnel, or, as he fears he may be having a hemorrhage, a sound like the roar of an avalanche he had seen in his boyhood.

It is Kikuko who reminds him that he had once told of hearing the mountain rumble just before the death of his wife's sister. Slowly Shingo comes to realize that his yearning for this girl who died more than thirty years ago has flowed into his feelings toward Kikuko. As he tries to break up his son's affair, he becomes increasingly preoccupied by sexual awareness: he is disturbingly conscious of Kikuko's lovely skin, the scent of her hair; the report that Shuichi's mistress has a seductively husky voice echoes in his mind; he takes his secretary dancing, notices that she has small breasts, barely enough to fill his cupped hands, and is reminded of an erotic print by Harunobu. Most of all, his dreams are invaded by nameless young girls: fears of impotence and death are strangely mingled with idyllic youthful love, and with shameful sensual encounters. He begins to suspect that his dream lovers are all incarnations of Kikuko. From about this time their intimacy deepens, and their excursions together have the atmosphere of a rendezvous.

The Sound of the Mountain leaves no doubt as to the strength that underlies Kawabata's notoriously elliptical methods of characterization and narrative construction. Even the seemingly tenuous links between people are reinforced by the powerful continuities of the traditional Japanese family, or by the obsessive memories that haunt his characters. Linked images join anxiety, desire, memory, and fantasy with the trivialities of daily life in a deceptively delicate web of associations. As always in Kawabata's work, vital insights may be yielded by a sudden perception or a chance remark.

In *The Sound of the Mountain,* however, these flashes of illumination compose an even richer design than those of *Snow Country* or *Thousand Cranes.* The apparently fixed constellations of family relationships, the recurrent beauties of nature, the flaming or flickering patterns of love and lust—all the

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1400

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1400 will be found in the next issue.

RBG UEYBN Y HYPG YC HRBN

VJHPC — GCIGOYJHHW VEGB

UEGW'SG XJFG QW IGRIHG

VER JBBRW XG.

—ZSGF JHHGB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1399

The only reason that some people have a secret sorrow is that the rest of us won't listen to him.

—JAMES FORRESTAL.

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elements of Kawabata's fictional world are combined in an engrossing novel that rises to the incantatory fascination of a No drama. Some readers may unfortunately be immune to this magic. But for the rest, thanks to the fidelity and sensitivity of Edward Seidensticker's translation, *The Sound of the Mountain* will offer the rewarding experience of Kawabata's unique art.

Howard Hibbett, professor of Japanese literature at Harvard, has translated Japanese fiction from the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, including works by Junichiro Tanizaki.

MAX JAMISON

by Wilfrid Sheed

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 260 pp., $6.50

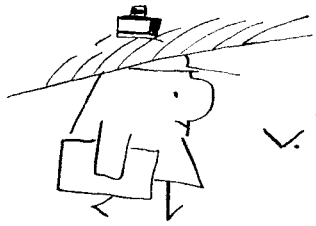
Reviewed by Robert Cromie

■ Max Jamison is a man of considerable talent but notable lack of self-confidence, a theater critic who can't quite give himself the kind of notices he would like to deserve. A "son of a bitch in an imperfect world," he has seen his two marriages grow brittle and break to pieces. He has become weary of the sophomoric search for new and if possible lovelier partners with whom to carry on the ancient tumble. It is the last of the ninth, and the score is too lopsided for Max Jamison to have much of a chance to pull the game out.

Wilfrid Sheed, a gifted phrase-maker and a thoroughly professional writer who not only knows what he is doing but does it extremely well, has created in Max Jamison, down-at-the-heart critic, playboy, lecturer, celebrity-about-town, and perennial poseur, a character who could be Everyman in these gloomy days. In fact, the same thought occurs to Max after a typically acrid encounter with his second wife: ". . . although to be sure a thousand maggots were eating away his brains and liver, and the bamboo shoots under his toenails were pressing a bit, he was probably no more beset with troubles than the next man. He was just about in the American mainstream."

But Jamison has been a critic for a long time when first we meet him. If you were somehow to make him just another member of the mob, he would be through:

> Hah. No exhaustion, no heat of day or shock of battle could keep Max Jamison from remembering his own name. That was the whole point. He could spot "Max Jamison" in a forest of words, hear it in the roar of the crowd. He *was* his name, in a way that nonwriters could never understand. Its appearance above an article meant that he was about to read something dazzling. A reference to it in someone else's writing meant an automatic quickening of interest, the invasion of a marvelous fresh point of view. A slur on it was like an insult to Helen of Troy, never to be forgotten.



His second wife, mother of his two sons, goes to live with a ne'er-do-well painter. She ignores the passionate and threatening letters some curious compulsion forces him to send. He has begun to believe those who say he sold out when he moved from *Rearview*, a small but prestige-laden magazine, to *Now*, one of the bright but shallow giants of the publishing world, and the prognosis for Max Jamison, while not necessarily fatal, is far from something to cheer about.

Max has even taken to looking be-

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hind, remembering how it used to be, an occupation only those who are about to give up can afford. He recalls his developing years:

> He doggedly went on reviewing, getting better and better, he thought, in a field where improvement is seldom noticed. He had been doing it since college and felt that he was only just getting on top of it, moving in rhythm with the work instead of against it. Looking back, he saw that as a rather freakish period when things went naturally that aren't supposed to go naturally: a brainless, athletic period. People talked of old Max mellowing. He praised a few more dogs than usual out of an excess of responsiveness. His motto for that brief spell was: Better to err on the side of indulgence than to miss a masterpiece.

Max has begun to rationalize his defeat: "A critic doesn't have to be happy, that isn't one of his categories." He tries desperately to shift direction: "Saturday night was a good time to start changing your life. If you did it with the speed of Scrooge, you could be all straightened out by Monday and no one the wiser."

Like Thurber's loner in "One Is a Wanderer"—although no hint of imitation is intended—Jamison can find no permanent solace in friends, conversation, drinks, women, or sleep. Nothing helps. Not visiting Helen weekends, or recreating the skirmishes they used to have: "By that time they both knew he couldn't win. They had reached the exhausted level of flat sarcasm and contempt, where the insults didn't have to be precise or logically airtight. Picture two shell-shocked snipers in a burned-out town, firing randomly."

He finds only temporary satisfaction in taking his older son, Justin, to the movies, or trying to buy his affection with expensive toys or sick-making candy, or in maneuvering new and adoring young things into his bed with the bitter knowledge that if it were the bed of someone engaged in virtually any pedestrian occupation you can name, the girls would be somewhere else.

Jamison is painfully introspective, with few moments of genuine action. It comes as a surprise, for instance, when he swings on a fellow critic, largely out of ennui. There is a certain agony in his hunt for contentment, or at least some permanent opiate to induce forgetfulness, if never a momentary sampling of the rare and bubbling happiness people sometimes find. For no matter what corners Max Jamison turns, what heights he climbs, what water he crosses, he will always confront himself: unchanged, unhappy, without hope.

This is too dismal a view of a darkly engaging book, which may be read purely as entertainment, or, as I am sure Sheed intended it should, as a sympathetic, occasionally ribald, always engrossing portrait of a tragicomic man, mired in a profession he no longer respects or truly enjoys, a man doomed to boredom and despair, with only an occasional slight flash of pleasure in prospect to keep him alive until the fall of the final curtain.

Robert Cromie is a daily columnist for The Chicago Tribune and host of Book Beat, nationally televised over N.E.T.

ENOUGH OF THIS LOVEMAKING

by David Rubin

Simon & Schuster, 239 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Adele Z. Silver

■ David Rubin's first novel, *The Greater Darkness*, was an intelligently sympathetic story of Europeans, Americans, and Indians in various states of response to the vastnesses of India. Its clear, warm tone, measured pace, and discriminating prose marked him unmistakably as a talented writer. Rubin has continued to write (short stories and one other novel) about India and the hopes and revulsions it arouses in Westerners, but he has not yet recaptured the rich texture of that fine first novel.

His new book is a disappointment. It contains two short, tenuously connected novels: "Love in the Melon Season" and "Enough of This Lovemaking." The Indian setting, which played a crucial role in *The Greater Darkness*, provides vivid background but has little relation to the development of plot. Both short novels, like the Indian ragas sung and played by the characters, describe varieties of love in different seasons and moods.

In the first story Mabel Screwwalla's boarding house in Delhi is home one summer for Johnny, a Canadian studying Indian music on a foundation grant; Barbara, a gorgeous American anthropologist whose matter-of-fact love affair with Johnny dates back to Berkeley days; and an assortment of minor characters. These include a Brahman girl who refuses to marry Johnny because her family and the astrologers have already selected a husband for her, a German archeologist and a British economist who swap beds with two scheming Indian airline stewardesses, a melancholy lady from Uruguay, and a pair of American homosexuals. It is a slight story that sets easy standards for itself and easily meets them.

The title story is longer and more ambitious. It takes place the following spring, and finds Barbara and Johnny vacationing—unmarried and untroubled, in the fashion of the liberated young—on a houseboat on a cold, clear, mountain-ringed lake in Kashmir. Anchored next to them are four refugees from American success: Whitney, a malicious writer; his wife, Page, a yearning opera singer whose voice has dimmed; Jill, an elegant movie starlet totally without talent, and Mel, a pop hero with two suicide attempts to his credit. They are waiting for a holy man to descend from the Himalayas. He will teach them to meditate, will restore serenity to their souls—or so his representative promised at a mass meditation in Beverly Hills.

There are plenty of nice comic touches. Jill's latest movie is a musical based on *The Scarlet Letter*; the holy man comes unrecognized to Whitney's

(*Continued on page* 45)

"Don't you just love the smell of pine?"

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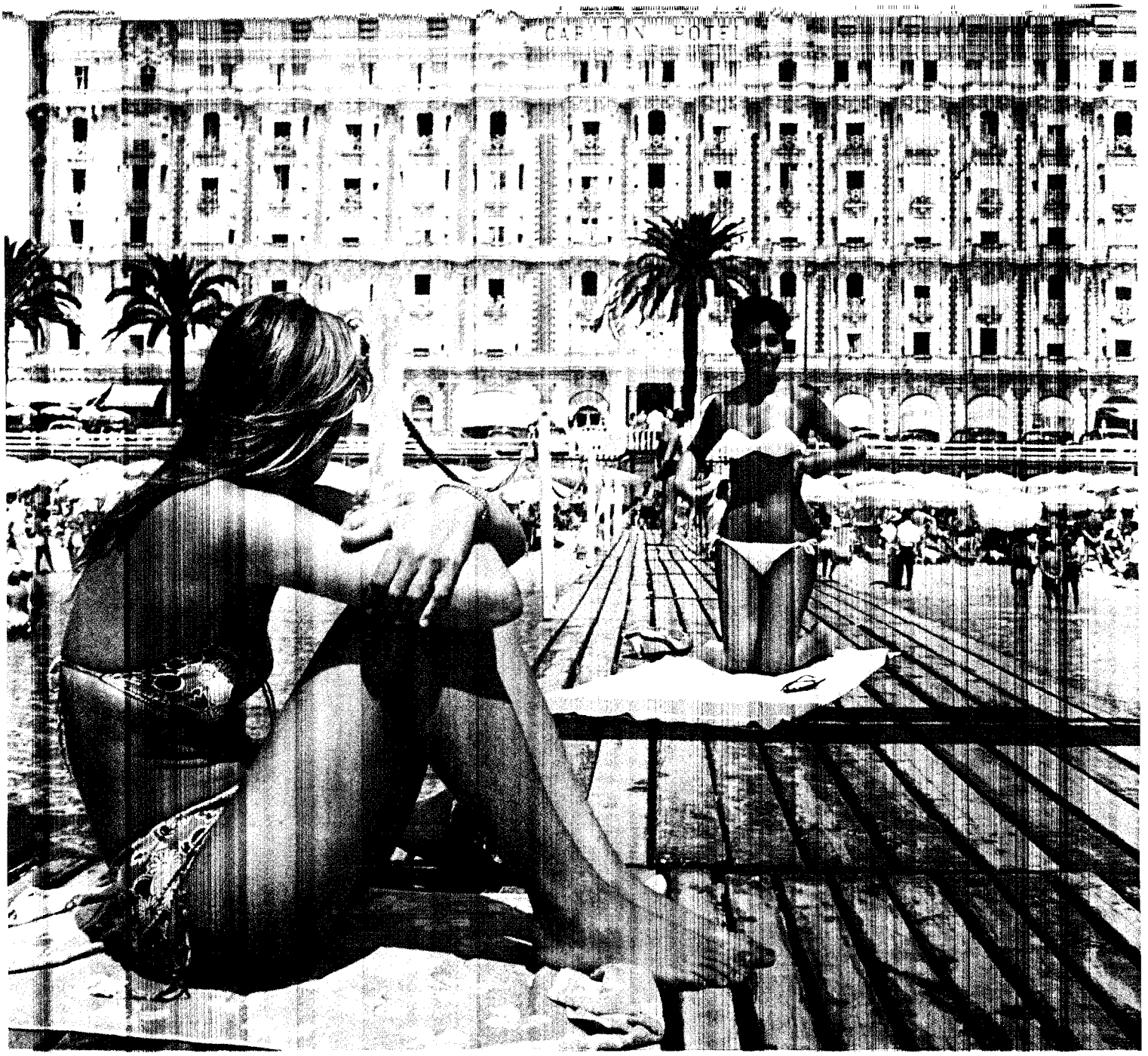

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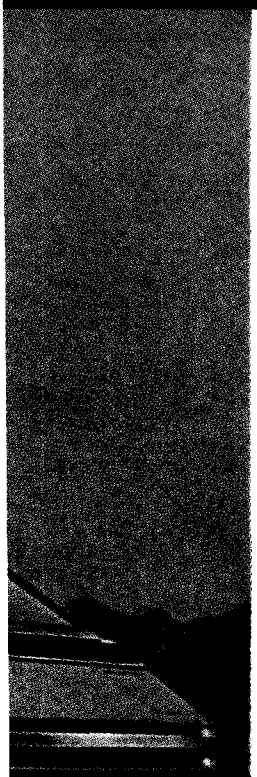

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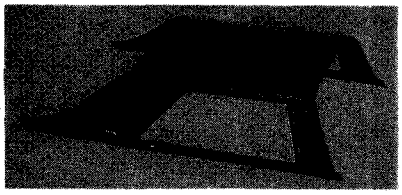

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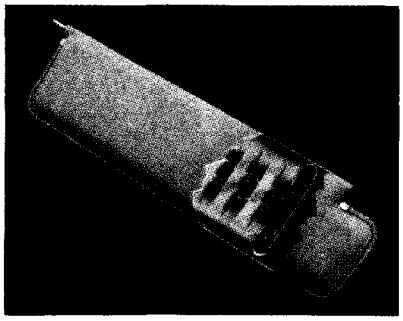

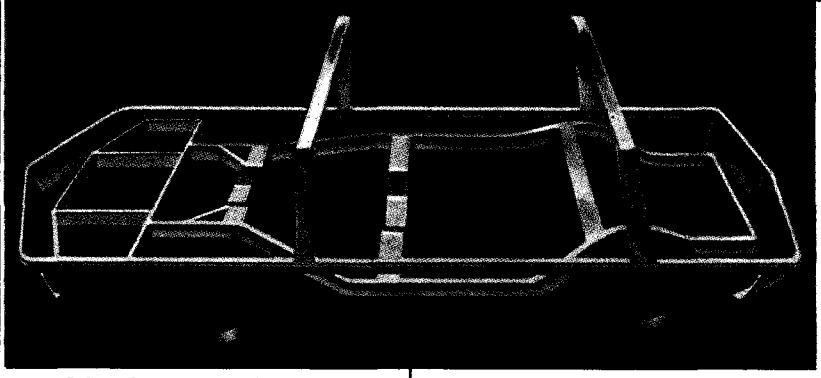

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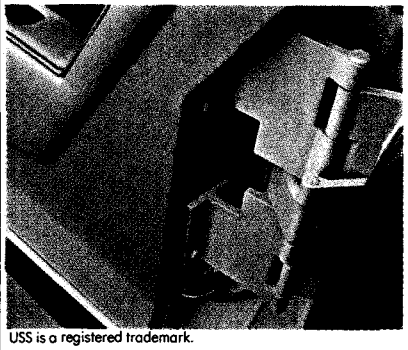

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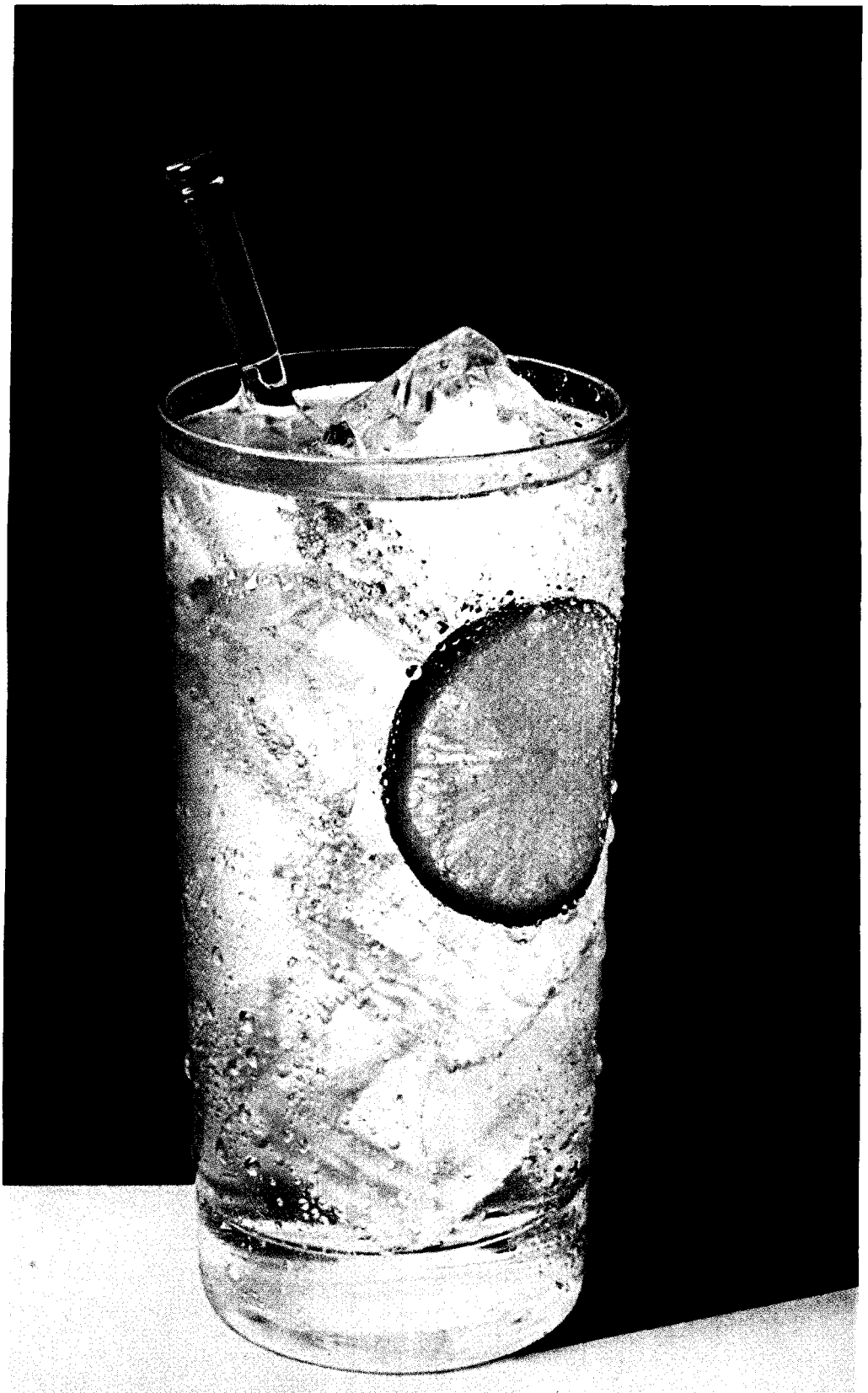

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(*Continued from page* 40)
boat and is promptly hired as a cook; a jet-set crowd swoops in from Rome and behaves with predictable idiocy. But a brittle, sour tone pervades the story, spoiling its humor. I suspect this is made up in equal parts of the author's itch to be clever (he is moderately successful) and his impatience with the phony reverence for India now fashionable in the West.

So Mr. Rubin focuses on the nasty neurotic foursome acting out their ugly impulses in this beautiful vale, while the characters the reader attends to are those two young creatures of the Indian deep, Johnny and Barbara. They make hearty love, speak fluent Urdu, appreciate Indian music and food, and generally are so thoroughly splendid as to make the reader feel irritated, admiring, envious, and curious. The curiosity goes unsatisfied because the two remain unrealized, creations of an author who respects but does not explore them. Mr. Rubin switches easily from third-person narrative to first-person revelations for every character except Johnny and Barbara. A novelist even of his gifts makes a serious miscalculation when he keeps his most attractive characters to himself and doesn't let them out to live a life of their own.

Like Johnny, Mr. Rubin has spent much time in India, is a serious student of its music, and combines his sympathetic understanding of Indian life with a detached, ironic view of its effects on Westerners. He has Johnny describe the foreigners who come "skipping over the surface of India, waterbugs over a quicksand, safe, while the others, the Indians, vanish one after the other by the millions down the endless funnel." It is a brilliant image of the separation a Westerner in India feels between himself and the vivid, surging mass of life around him. As one of the few contemporary Western writers who have overcome this separateness, Mr. Rubin cheats himself and his readers by concentrating on the waterbugs.

Adele Z. Silver, a columnist for the Cleveland Plain Dealer, recently returned from India.

ALBERT CAMUS OF EUROPE AND AFRICA

by Conor Cruise O'Brien

Viking, 150 pp., $4.95

FRANTZ FANON

by David Caute

Viking, 150 pp., $4.95

HERBERT MARCUSE: An Exposition and a Polemic

by Alasdair MacIntyre

Viking, 114 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

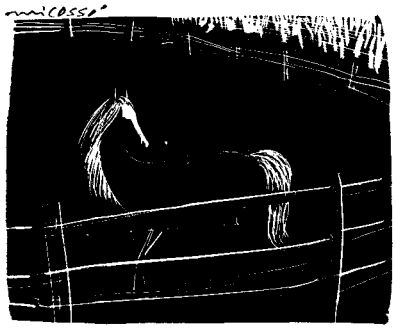
■ The series "Modern Masters" originated in England under the general editorship of the excellent critic Frank Kermode, and these are the first three of its offerings to appear in this country. Its purpose is to provide hungry students and curious citizens with concise but comprehensive presentations of the life, thought, and significance of certain leading twentieth-century men of thought and action. (Will there be any women?) These are to be the work of writers who, although they may have rapport with their subjects, are also capable of a sharply critical point of view and are willing to take the risks of a strong personal assessment.

Right away, there are aspects of academic and publishing gimmickry about the enterprise. "Modern Masters" is disputable, after all—masters of what? For whom? The term itself is a kind of contradiction. As we do not want any slaves, so we do not want any masters. And there are already too many digests and secondhand summaries of important writers for lazy students or readers with ready cash. However, and it is a big nevertheless, good books of this kind can serve a variety of useful and pleasant purposes. From the evidence at hand, this series promises to be one of the best of its sort, an enjoyable and instructive guide to its subjects. So far, the contributors have succeeded admirably.

Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose book is the most skillfully and agreeably written of the three, gives as the full title of his study *Albert Camus of Europe and Africa.* His approach is sympathetic, particularly to the artist and moralist in Camus: "No other writer, not even Conrad, is more representative of the Western consciousness and conscience, in relation to the non-Western world. The inner drama of his work is the development of this relation, under increasing pressure and in increasing anguish."

The drama Mr. O'Brien refers to had as its historical occasion the Algerian revolutionary war, in which Camus tried to remain neutral but ultimately supported a strong French presence. To Mr. O'Brien this was the result of Camus's having absorbed "the myth of French Algeria" along with his French classical education in that country. "Politically, Camus and his tribe, the Europeans of Algeria, were casualties of the postwar period. Imaginatively, Camus both flinched from the realities of his position as a Frenchman of Algeria, and also explored with increasing subtlety and honesty the nature and consequences of his flinching." The chief product of this exploration, Mr. O'Brien finds, was Camus's last novel, *The Fall,* which he thinks was possibly the author's best work and for which he provides a masterly commentary.

For the most part Mr. O'Brien's essay, like the others, is a critical exposition of the writings of its subject, taken more or less in chronological order. However, he has both paid more attention to Camus's life and integrated it better with his works than have the other two critics. And, while there are a number of able and useful general introductions to the *oeuvre* of



Camus (though as yet no full biography), none, to my knowledge, examines Camus's politics in relation to his writing so clearly and helpfully. Of course, one might expect this from a left-liberal member of the Irish Dáil who is the author of *The Writer and Politics.* What is most unusual is to find such sensitivity both to Camus's "blindness" to or "suppression" of the Arab and African Algerian's position and to his moral and esthetic perception of everyman's modern situation.

Camus is the only one of the three subjects of these books who could without any hesitancy be called a "master," at least of prose literature. And although Mr. O'Brien properly discredits the myth of Camus as a "secular saint" or "the just man," his whole essay tends to support the view that Camus is one of a small band of modern writers from whom one can derive all but unfailing nourishment. "He was above all an artist," Mr. O'Brien notes, "and his primary and most enduring concern was not with justice but with artistic truth. Yet the artistic truth of

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the novelist, dramatist, and essayist has social and political implications and is a form of justice."

If the Algerian War, through Mr. O'Brien's lenses, made Camus less of a moralist and more of an ironist, the same war turned Frantz Fanon from an analytical psychiatrist into a revolutionary advocate and, at times, actor. "You'd better get this book. Every brother on a rooftop can quote Fanon," an American leftist remarked after the Newark and Chicago riots of 1967. He was talking about *The Wretched of the Earth*, which David Caute rightly calls "one of the great political documents of our time." It is, among other things, a tract in justification of and a sermon in praise of bloody violence by oppressed people, from the pen of a man whose strongest inclinations were toward nonviolence.

Fanon died of leukemia in Washington, D.C., in 1961 at the age of thirty-six, so he was not given the time to see through all the implications of his writings, or to re-examine them. Indeed, he did not write extensively, though one could justly say he wrote much. His only other major work was his first, *Black Skin White Masks*, which this reviewer has found the more impressive and interesting of the two, the more nearly universal in its bearing—and the sounder.

Naturally, Mr. Caute, who is a former Oxford don, a novelist, and a student of French intellectual history, is mainly concerned with these two books and, to a lesser extent, with the transitional writings on Algeria, Fanon's native Antilles, and "a dying colonialism." Of the three works at hand Mr. Caute's is the most needed, in the sense that we have at present very little by way of an overview of Fanon's career. It is a pity that Mr. Caute could not have told us more about Fanon's life and character, since I feel certain that a psycho-biography would help us to understand the extremes of Fanon's public positions.

The "early" Fanon had written: "I do not trust fervor. Every time it has burst out somewhere, it has brought fire, famine, misery. . . . And contempt for man." The later Fanon wrote: "Violence alone, violence committed by the people, violence organized and educated by its leaders, makes it possible for the masses to understand social truths and gives the key to them."

How did such a change come about? Mr. Caute strongly suggests it was caused by Fanon's experiences of the brutality on both sides in the Algerian War, but he does not really satisfy the reader on this account. I suspect it had a great deal to do with Fanon's own unresolved alienation and self-hatred, as well as with certain fixed ideas he held about human nature and conduct. Whatever it was, I remain unconvinced by many of Fanon's arguments, and although Mr. Caute is not as critical as I would have him, he does raise the one essential point: "No man, no peasant, is purely a social being, a member of a particular class or race. When he kills a class enemy or an oppressor, he also kills *another man*. All killing is by definition dehumanizing." The saving fact about Fanon is that one can learn that from him, too.

We turn from a black revolutionary to a white. Until the appearance of *One-Dimensional Man* (1964), his pessimistic critique of the omnivorousness of advanced industrial society, Herbert Marcuse was known to only a few academic intellectuals, as an interpreter of Hegel and for his *Eros and Civilization*, a still valuable application of Freudianism that goes beyond the original orthodoxy. Since then Marcuse, in his seventies a living refutation of "the gap," has become something of a hero-mentor to the radical young who have mounted the attack on "the System."

"It ought therefore to be of great concern to anyone committed to a radical critique of the existing social order to ask simply: Is what Marcuse says true? It will be my crucial contention in this book that almost all of Marcuse's key positions are false." Thus Alasdair MacIntyre's admirably succinct program. And the author, an English philosopher and sociologist of an analytic persuasion, is an ideal David to this Hegelian Goliath. The critic's most solid rock, which he hurls again and again, is the charge that Marcuse's position depends upon a complex of very general and very vague assertions about history, reality, man, and other such ideas without sufficient empirical grounding or validation.

Fundamentally, Marcuse's writings lack a theory of meaning, Professor MacIntyre holds. "The result is that Marcuse's assertions remain free-floating, suggestive rather than fully intelligible, although it is impossible to say with any precision even what is suggested. The effect is incantatory and antirational, a magical rather than a philosophical use of language." He finds Marcuse a pre-Marxist rather than, as Marcuse would claim himself, a post-Marxist thinker, more to be aligned with the "young Hegelians of the left" whom Marx himself criticized. That is a fairly devastating judgment on one who poses as a critic of contemporary thought and society.

To this reviewer Alasdair MacIntyre is largely right in his conclusions about Marcuse. But not entirely right. The issue of truth is obviously essential and is usually not pressed enough, but it is a deceptively simple one. Professor MacIntyre too easily supposes that he surveys Marcuse's universe of discourse without himself inhabiting one, that he has a "minimal theoretical commitment." But analytic philosophy is not without ideological inclinations, however modest. I for one find Marcuse's indictment of analytic reductionism very cogent.

However, MacIntyre's critique of Marcuse's vaunted "critique of pure tolerance" is thoroughly justified. While MacIntyre is inclined to assert the autonomy of the university too easily, it is impossible to fault him when he says: "One cannot liberate people from above; one cannot re-educate them at this fundamental level. As the young Marx saw, men must liberate themselves. The only education that liberates is self-education." All in all, his essay is a welcome counterstatement, a perfect example of what Marcuse proclaims, the utility of "negative thinking."

Walter Arnold has taught philosophy at Hunter College in New York.

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Masculine Malaise

Continued from page 33

populated, supertechnological, cybernetic global village (now there's a symptomatic mixture of referents for you) is an increasing passivity of both male and female. What Bednarik calls a "superpatriarchy" takes over the process of decision-making. Experts, power-holders, money-manipulators, the inertia of the machine: these are the rulers, and the great mass of men and women sit sleepily or anxiously plugged in, like replaceable transistors in a giant computer. Since the machine seems to work, it is already obsolete. What is needed is an org called "Person Liberation" to make the magic will, that ill-understood gift of our imaginations, once more the primary means of defining a human being. To be human is not to be a featherless biped; it is to measure the past and make choices about the present and future.

The concept of the hero—a tragic example of what is best in men—has been replaced by the monument to the Unknown Soldier, first erected after World War I. In fact, technology has replaced the devotion, guile, and sacrifice of the hero in war. This anonymity has been carried a step further by the San Francisco poet Bob Kaufman in a satirical poem, "Notes Found at the Tomb of the Unknown Draft Dodger." Losers and escapers are not only men; they may be modern heroes, too. The great military commanders are managers, safe at their desks; the deserters and evaders take cunning and risky individual action. The manliness of a war against civilians, as in Vietnam, brings recollections of chivalry to few proud hearts any younger than that of John Wayne.

"The crisis of aggression" is Bednarik's term for this branch of man's troubles. Fighting and work are done by machines; the dying is done by everyone. The traditional dueling forms are irrelevant, surviving as anachronistic hobbies. When a President sticks out his chin at a dictator, they are both bluffing. In any case, the fighting will be handled by missiles and the risks borne by all, including the unborn generations.

Women, however, can still do what they used to do: become mothers, in much the way of the past. The new element of choice gives an additional dignity to the process. A woman must really make up her mind now. The sportsman or playboy model doesn't suffice for the traditional male desire for enterprise. A few pacifist aggressors, innovative artists or thinkers, and patriarchal businessmen have solved

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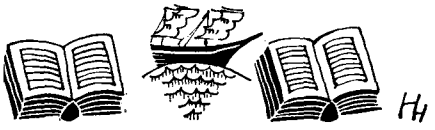
the problem for themselves. But what of the rest of men? The battle of the highways—super sports cars racing super sedans—, murders of jealousy and rage, drugs or alcohol, spasms of hatred for blacks or hippies or radicals seem to be left for them. These expressions will not suffice, of course, nor are they possible to bear smugly even in a guided economy.

Bednarik offers education, enlightenment, insight, responsibility as solutions to the problem. He hesitates to suggest the condition his examples make necessary: a controlled population in which this civilized awareness can take place. He talks about "perception," "a deeper common insight," and says that "we have no option; there is no alternative to this course." But the pessimistic rhythm of his conclusion tells us that such mere labels as "perception" and "insight" are feeble candles in the darkness. And when he turns to the political sphere and speaks of small groups in which resolute and masculine leaders can range freely,



eventually influencing the multigroups, he seems, alas, to be speaking of men's clubs rather than genuine community endeavor.

The solution is not yet. Boys toasting methedrine marshmallows over ritual campfires are not to be defined as men. Perhaps, for those looking for guidance, the lesson of such a book as this is the ancient one of stoicism. But when those of us who seek to cultivate our own gardens become angry and anxious, even *our* gardens suffer: the stoic is not supposed to be bored, much less angry. Perhaps we must consider the possibility of building civilization again on a more human scale.

On the seventh day, when God rests, does Man start anew?

THE PRICE OF DEPENDENCY: Civil Liberties in the Welfare State

by Robert M. O'Neil
Dutton, 351 pp., $8.95

THE ENEMIES OF THE POOR

by James Graham
Random House, 308 pp., $7.95

THE FUTURE OF INEQUALITY

by S. M. Miller and Pamela Roby
Basic Books, 272 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Leonard M. Ross

■ The debate on the welfare state throughout the middle third of this century casually assumed that statism would act in the service of welfare. But America has never really understood or accepted either tenet—government provision of basic services, or social concern for the poor. Linking the two meant challenging the root principles of competitive society. Thus most "welfare state" programs have actually aided the middle class or a relatively prosperous segment of the working class, while continuing to provide liberals with a reassuring fantasy life. When government programs have been directed at the poor—for example, public housing or direct welfare assistance—they have been punished with bureaucratic mean-spiritedness for their twofold heresy.

Robert O'Neil's *The Price of Dependency* is a lucid and careful analysis of one aspect of our national ambivalence about the public sector. O'Neil, a law professor at Berkeley, is concerned with the strings attached to the public purse—loyalty oaths for scholarship recipients, chastity rules for FBI agents, Hatch Act restrictions on civil servants, "no-man-in-the-house" checks for welfare mothers.

Until quite recently, the law assumed that government jobs and grants were mere "privileges" which could be conditioned or withdrawn as the benefactor saw fit. Gradually the courts have come to insist on procedural safeguards and some semblance of reasonable grounds for firing, and in most state universities tenure now means tenure. Even welfare recipients are entitled to what are technically known as "fair hearings" before losing their checks.

But courts can do little to abate the basic pressure for arbitrariness in the welfare system. So long as too little must be divided among too many, welfare administrators will feel compelled to ration their largesse according to rough considerations of administrative ease and individual equity. When ten times as many people apply for a housing project as can be accepted, it is not surprising that the housing authority turns away unwed mothers or applicants with misdemeanor records. A "no-man-in-the-house" rule makes some sense in a world where Peter must be robbed to pay Paul.

Welfare bureaucrats have a starring role in James Graham's book *The Enemies of the Poor,* along with law-

(*Continued on page* 73)

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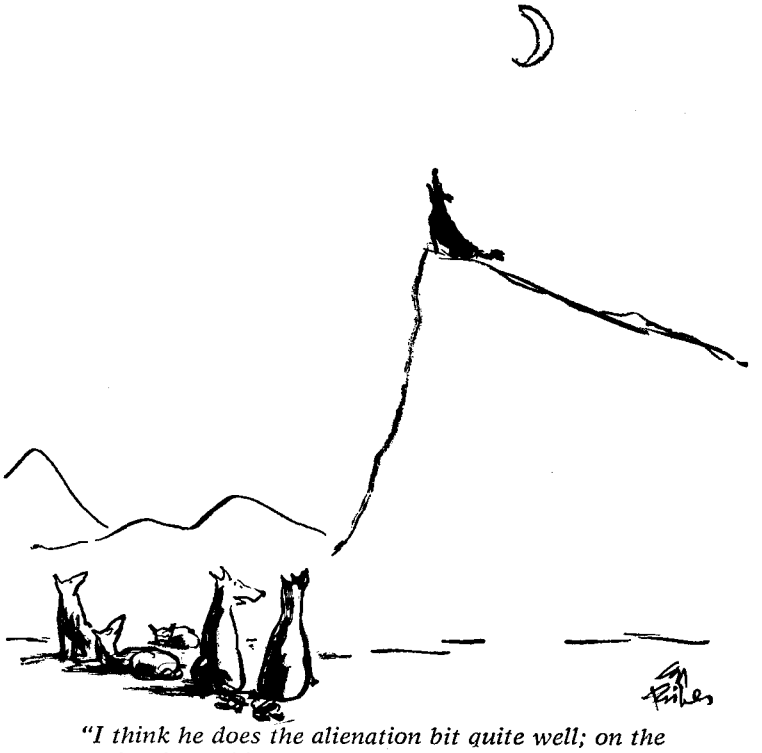

"I think he does the alienation bit quite well; on the other hand, his approach to the defiance theme . . ."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Peking on $5 a Day?

IS THE AMERICAN TRAVELER turning into a political animal? In a grossly informal survey conducted over drinks, between innings, and after midnight, I found all but a few subjects reluctant to visit countries whose political climates might prove uncomfortable or repugnant. Most of them named Greece and South Africa, others singled out Germany, Spain, and the Arab countries, but what surprised me were the more off-beat selections. A sampling:

An enlightened New York public relations man who handles several travel accounts: "Taiwan beats the drums for tourism but still has remnants of the old China lobby, which I find repulsive."

An editor of a natural science magazine: "I wouldn't go to Australia. I see a great parallel between it and South Africa. Not only for its all-white racial policy but for a reactionary frontier spirit. Of course, you could take this one step further: If you had a choice, would you be a tourist in America right now?"

A young film critic, a Jew: "I have no desire at all to visit Israel. A lot of young people will tell you the same thing. I can't stomach Israel's militaristic and imperialistic actions. They're going much too far."

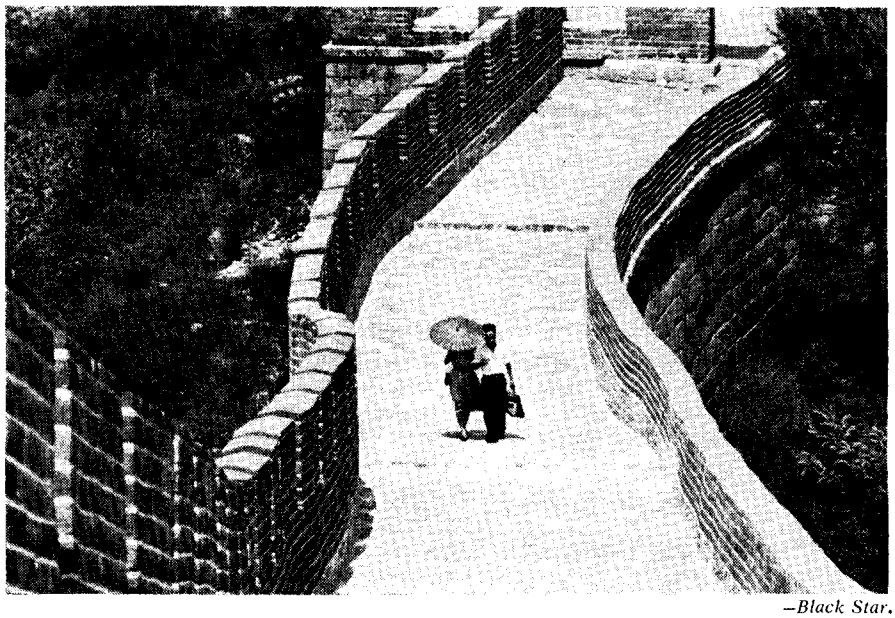
One could, I suppose, make a case against visiting every country on earth. Love-it-or-leave-it Americans might boycott Sweden for harboring AWOL U.S. soldiers, and for recognizing the Hanoi government. Vast, open-armed Canada, a haven for American draft dodgers and a customer of China, could also lose Middle America business. There are probably some colonists yet alive who continue to rue King George and the Union Jack.

Meantime a whole new traveling public is emerging—Americans of all ages who could never afford to go abroad before and who, given wings by this season's lowered airline rates, will be journeying to all corners of Europe and the world. The slumping economy and tight money conditions may put a crimp in Benjamin's graduation party this year but won't keep him from flying to London on a $195 student charter. At summer's peak, a round-trip bulk air ticket from New York to London will run $220, less than a New York-Los Angeles excursion flight. This new transatlantic bulk fare, which has backed the charter airlines to the hangar wall, requires that a minimum of $100 be spent on hotels, meals, and ground transportation, and that the passenger make both crossings with a tour group of forty.

"From the comments we've been getting," an operative in the U.S. Passport Office told me, "people are raring to go to Europe no matter what the financial bind at home. I talked to a lady in Boston the other day who said she was renewing her passport because it was cheaper to go to Europe than to Cape Cod."

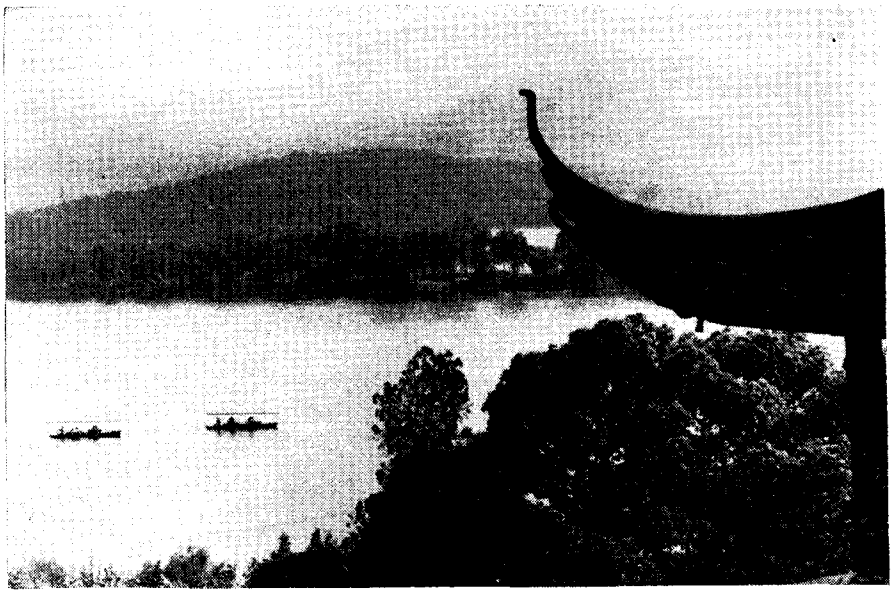
By his reckoning, applications for passports are running up to 49 per cent ahead of the 1969 pace. The annual crush comes in May and June, and this year applicants are being stalled for as long as two weeks while Frances Knight, the matriarch of the Passport Office, pleads for a bigger staff.

France customarily leads the list of European countries most frequently visited by Americans, according to that part of the passport form which asks tourists to outline their itineraries. Certain of de Gaulle's activities had lost France the lead to Italy, and more recently Germany had moved to the top, but the latest figures show France again in first. As Peter Brunswick, an El Al Israel Airlines executive in New York, explains it: "There are countries I wouldn't visit on a million bucks, but



—*Black Star.*

The Great Wall of China (above) and Hangchow's West Lake—"The U.S. State Department has further relaxed its restrictions on travel to China—and now it remains for Mao to open the gates, closed for more than two decades."



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I could not repress my love for Paris even when de Gaulle was there."

This is the Passport Office's Top Ten for 1969, based on the countries preferred by travelers applying for passports, measured against 1968's figures:

	1969	1968
France	533,890	510,310
Germany	529,320	441,460
Ireland	481,320	373,840
Netherlands	437,150	381,060
Italy	388,710	549,920
Austria	307,340	212,100
United Kingdom	284,650	368,320
Sweden	236,060	372,330
Greece	233,460	111,730
Switzerland	208,430	372,330

Italy's and the United Kingdom's drop-offs in 1969 probably resulted from an abnormally high yield the year before, when the May riots in France forced tourists to visit second and third choices. Germany's increasing popularity may surprise the person conditioned by echoing anti-German sentiment, but obviously a wide segment of the American traveling public has forgiven, and a perhaps larger group does not remember. Generally the young, regardless of ethnic involvement, tend to go anywhere the spirit takes them; the old still carry the grudges, the wounds.

My optometrist, a middle-aged Jew, recently was relating the glories of a trip through Eastern Europe. I told him I was soon bound for West Germany and asked if he had been there. "No," he said, his features hardening. "It's not my cup of tea." Another Jew, a cosmopolitan New Yorker who served in the Air Force during the war and was shot down and imprisoned by the Nazis, says he retains a distaste for Germany but finds Hamburg delightful and Berlin intriguing. "For years," he adds, "I wouldn't go to Spain. I guess Casals and I were the last holdouts. Finally, I figured Franco was too well entrenched to wait for him to be budged; so I went. And enjoyed it." When I mentioned my German trip to a young and not untraveled New York woman, she gave out a long, envious sigh.

One might think that travel motivation turned on a political/ethnic axis, but my offhand survey has produced at least one *engagé* young man, a magazine writer, who said he would go anywhere in the world he hadn't been. "The only thing that might keep me out," he said, "would be some sort of danger to my life—a civil war or a riot. I wouldn't boycott a country ideologically. I'd be more interested in seeing, firsthand, what was happening, how the people were doing."

The question arises as to whether a travel boycott would necessarily benefit the people living under an oppressive regime and at the same time help to undermine the regime. Greece is the current case in point. Young people in particular, repelled by the chilling scenes of *Z*, no doubt will stay away in record numbers this summer. Some argue that their absence will hurt the small shopkeepers and restaurant owners instead of the junta in power. My friend the cosmopolitan, himself a student of international economics, says Greece depends so heavily on tourist earnings that a travel boycott would do severe damage to the ruling junta.

South Africa's apartheid policies may have hurt that country's chances to increase its tourist income now that roundtrip excursion fares from New York have been lowered to $784 for fourteen to thirty-five days. South African Airways is drawing business from the United States by promoting its circle trips via Rio de Janeiro, through Johannesburg, and on to Athens and London, and its Wallaby Service to Australia by linking up with QANTAS. Most people I know who have that kind of time and money ($1,470, New York-Rio-Johannesburg-

(*Continued on page* 80)

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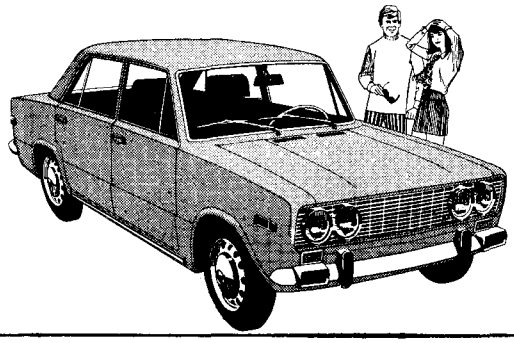

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Comedy Classic

BOSTON, MASS.

Coppélia, the finest and most popular comedy-classic in all ballet, is celebrating its 100th birthday. Appropriately, the chief American celebration was held here, for Boston presided on January 15, 1887, over the U.S. premiere (two months before the first New York presentation) of a three-act masterpiece that is to danced comedy what *Giselle* is to danced tragedy. Giselle had to die in order that the somewhat inconstant Albrecht learn the meaning of true love; Swanilda, on the other hand, teaches her inconstant Franz a lesson by pretending to be the doll, Coppélia, that he has seen from a distance and thinks he has fallen in love with. *Giselle* ends in the catharsis of tragedy; *Coppélia*, in the curativeness of laughter.

Coppélia (*ou La fille aux yeux d'émail*), with choreography by Arthur Saint-Léon; music, Léo Delibes; book, Charles Nuitter and Saint-Léon, suggested by E. T. A. Hoffmann's story *Der Sandmann*; décor and costumes by several designers, was first given at the Opéra in Paris on May 25, 1870. This three-act ballet had been in discussion and rehearsal for almost two years. Selected to play Swanilda, the mischievous heroine, was a child prodigy of fifteen (she was sixteen-and-a-half by the time the ballet opened). Her name was Giuseppina Bozzacchi—there were other spellings of her last name—and for her entire professional career she danced no role other than that of Swanilda. She died, you see, on her seventeenth birthday. Yet she had become, through eighteen performances of *Coppélia*, a star.

Bozzacchi, born in Milan, was imitating the flying angels, hovering over the statue of the Virgin in her church, when she was four. At about the same time, she terrified family and neighbors when she kicked off her shoes and pursued, with sureness of step, her pet canary over the rooftops. At nine, she began her dance studies and attracted the interest of the prima ballerina of La Scala, who urged the Bozzacchi parents to take their remarkably gifted daughter to Paris for further study. In Paris, despite some financial hardships, little Giuseppina progressed swiftly, earned the admiration of not only Saint-Léon but also the director and the ballet master of the Opéra, and, oddly enough in a competitive world, won the affection of the other dancers.

Her contract specified that she would make her debut in *Coppélia*, which two years of advance publicity had made one of the most eagerly awaited art events in Paris. She was an instant success as Swanilda. The press was ecstatic, and one major critic compared her with the ballerina who had made history in the title role of *Giselle* in 1841—"She will be," he asserted, "a Carlotta Grisi." But in a matter of weeks, the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and, during the siege of Paris, the little ballerina died of smallpox.

The U.S. premiere in Boston was presented by the ballet of the National Opera (formerly the American Opera) at the Boston Theater. Marie Giuri was Swanilda, and the Franz, as in Paris, was acted by a female dancer (the male was given short shrift in ballet during these several decades). *The New York Clipper*, in its issue of January 22, 1887, recorded the event as "the first production of Léo Delibes' ballet in this country."

Coppélia has since remained an American (as well as European) favorite. Anna Pavlova, with Mikhail Mordkin as her partner, made her U.S. debut in it at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1910. Swanilda was considered by many to be the late (she died a few weeks ago in her nineties) Dame Adeline Genée's greatest role. For the 1930s, 1940s, and into the 1950s, Alexandra Danilova was unequaled as the sparkling Swanilda, and with the Royal Danish Ballet, until a few years ago, Inge Sand was the definitive Swanilda. We've had great Franz characterizations since the ladies gave up: among them Frederic Franklin and Fredbjorn Bjornsson.

Coppélia, in whole or in part, is in the repertory of most American ballet troupes, not all but most. I can't list them all. The Boston Ballet, at first unknowingly, selected the 100th anniversary for its first staging of *Coppélia* and only later discovered that Boston presided over the U.S. premiere. Still later, it was found out that the Boston Ballet's Savoy Theater was built on the same site as the old Boston Theater. And to make everything fall into place, the Boston ballerina selected for the occasion was Edra Toth, seventeen years old. So Boston had its memorable *Coppélia* celebration. And let me say that the company and its director, E. Virginia Williams, were the deserving hosts. Miss Toth, who, at sixteen, danced her first Giselle brilliantly, did the same for Swanilda on this occasion (Grisi and Bozzacchi researchers, take note!), and David Drummond was a romantic Franz, an ardent and roving swain. Samual Kurkjian, as a mime, was excellent as the irascible and engagingly gullible Dr. Coppelius. (The doll herself, Coppélia, is unimportant as a performer, but without her presence as an automaton, there would be no plot, no pretty dish for the eye of Franz to fall upon as he sees her on a balcony, and no model for Swanilda to pretend to be when she makes fools of the old man and the young male.)

Miss Williams did a first-rate job of staging *Coppélia* on the basis of the later Ivanov and Cecchetti production; Robert deMora's scenery and costumes were appropriately evocative of illustrations for a child's book; and Hugo Fiorato, conducting the Delibes score, made you want to get out of your seat and join the dancers in the rousing mazurka, the infectious czardas. So Happy Birthday, *Coppélia*, from the Hub, Boston.

—Harvard Theatre Collection.

Mlle. Bozzacchi, at sixteen, was Swanilda in the first "Coppélia" in Paris a century ago and was enthusiastically applauded by Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

—Frank Derbas.

Miss Toth, at seventeen, was the Swanilda in the Boston Ballet's 1970 production of "Coppélia"— ". . . at sixteen, danced her first Giselle brilliantly" and has done the "same for Swanilda on this occasion."

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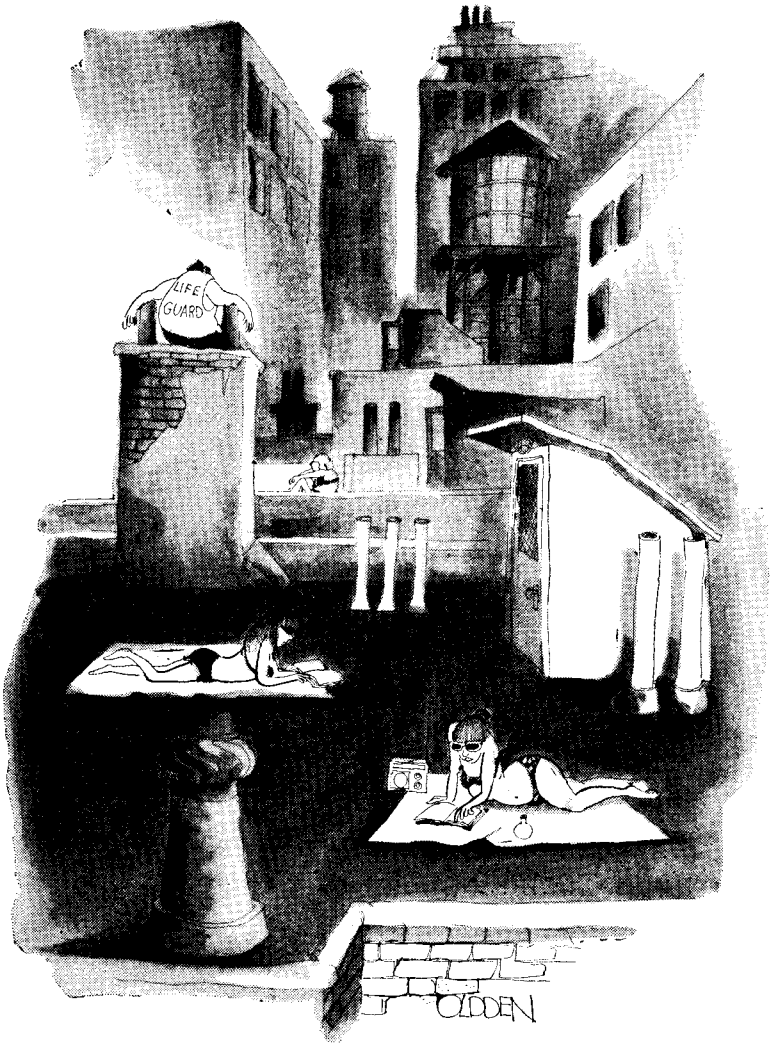
The Middle East

Continued from page 25

social revolution that will revitalize the Arab world by sweeping away the kings and sheiks and the bourgeoisie as well, to the Moslem Brothers, whose Koranic imperative is sweeping away the atheist revolutionaries. Arafat is as welcome in Jidda, Rabat, and Kuwait as he is in Khartoum, Tripoli, and Bagdad. This is possible only because the broad center that he represents makes a point of not interfering in domestic affairs (even in Jordan and Lebanon, where the commandos and the governments find themselves in collision). The Palestinians have so far avoided following the Algerian example of setting up a government in exile. They explain that this would only saddle them with the burdens of administration. More to the point, it would at once and possibly violently end their symbiotic relationship with King Hussein in Jordan; it also might tear their own flimsy unity to shreds under the strain of drafting a definite program.

So, the Palestinians coast along on the widely accepted common denominator: armed struggle as the means of regaining self-respect and world acceptance, a new dynamism rising above the intrigues and failures of the past; then a democratic, secular state of Palestine replacing Israel, with Arabs and Jews living in harmony. The first stage is certainly in keeping with the political climate of today's world; the second is respectable enough, especially by comparison with the earlier slogan of driving the Jews into the sea. Both, however, have serious deficiencies that exert a sobering influence.

One still hears the brave assertion that the struggle will be carried on for generations if need be; and in Amman we saw ten-year-old Ashbal (*Lion Cubs*) carrying big rifles stiffly around a field, their little faces tense, barking, "Thawra, Nasser" (Revolution, Victory), "Assifah-Fateh" (the main commando organization). But one also hears in some sections of the leadership the fear that endless struggle will only radicalize the movement, destroying the liberal, democratic, and social-democratic elements at its center. Some leaders ascribe the new recognition and support of the Soviet Union to a desire not only to keep in touch with a rising star but also to move it left.



The Palestinians who feel this way see armed struggle primarily in Algerian terms, as a means to gain recognition as political equals. They do not exaggerate the damage they have done to Israel and dismiss the likelihood of military victory in foreseeable circumstances. On the other hand, they see themselves becoming stronger and able to inflict greater punishment, with consequent growing bargaining power. To bargain what? They do not for one moment believe that Israel will do the Palestinians the favor of liquidating itself. They advance the thesis of dissolving Israel in a Palestinian state as a negotiating gambit and privately concede their acceptance of coexisting Arab and Israeli states. There is no sign that these men represent a majority in the commando leadership or that they are in a position to deliver any such terms. The Israelis are right; there is as yet no one to negotiate with. But these leaders exist. They say they want to be accepted and to parley.

Here a qualitative difference emerges between the commandos and the Arab states. The latter, as they defined their stand in Khartoum, will not negotiate with Israel. It is widely assumed that any leader who engaged in talks would have his throat cut, literally or figuratively, as a traitor to the Palestinian cause. But for the Palestinians themselves, negotiation would be recognition and a step up. If the suggestion caused convulsions inside their camp, the outcome would depend on the strength of the contending factions. Surely the diplomacy of peace should do everything to strengthen the hand and enhance the stature of the moderates.

The effort of the past three years has failed, trapped in dead formulas and stony positions. It is time for imaginative, not stubborn, diplomacy to turn away from deadlock and try to undemonize a problem that has taken on nightmarish aspects and to create opportunities where none appear to exist. That is the new game in the Middle East.

Given the premise that peace will not be imposed from outside but must be forged by people who must live together, an enormous responsibility falls on Israel. In failing so far to indicate its peace aims except in general and noncommittal terms, Israel has made it very easy for its adversaries to paint a picture of a ruthless, implacably expansionist state whose efficiency makes it able to spread out forever and with which there can be

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no peace. The fact that the Israeli government, while vaguely signaling its intention to return Arab land, has not said how much and, for some unfathomable reason, has never used the word withdrawal obviously does not allay suspicion.

The Israelis ask why they should risk a cabinet crisis in formulating peace terms when there is no one on the other side to discuss them. They ask why they should be called upon to make gestures of conciliation that, they say, will only be taken as signs of weakness. If such steps were to solve the problem, the answer would be easy, but there is no certainty that they would. On the other hand, it does seem certain that without them the problem will not be solved.

The tough, unyielding line Israel has pursued for the past three years may suit the national mood, but it has also solidified the Arab camp. It has turned what would be a much more manageable local contest between Jerusalem and Damascus or Amman or Cairo into a great Arab-Israeli conflict drawing in Arab countries that would much prefer to stay out of it. The projection of modest and realistic goals—an agreed, mutually binding peace within internationally secured boundaries, without blockade and boycott, but also without more than the minor territorial acquisitions needed to rationalize the border—might well de-Arabize, depolarize the struggle. The alternative, the continued pursuit of or the appearance of pursuing undefined maximum goals, is likely only to perpetuate the crisis. Israel, increasingly isolated, even from its friends who will not support the maximum, will be forced more and more into a state of siege.

A de-Arabized conflict would, at least, offer more opportunities to negotiate. The war on the Suez Canal might then appear a local brawl, a fight between Israel and Egypt, with no relevance to the Israeli-Palestinian question. It is at least open to question whether Saudi Arabia and Kuwait would then help to maintain an annual subsidy to Egypt of some $250-million for a closed canal that might well be opened. One may also speculate on how strongly the Soviet Union would indulge its very expensive interest in an Egypt which was no longer the fulcrum of the Middle East. Everywhere, inside and outside the Arab world, the healthy demands of normal life might begin to assert themselves.

Britain, France, and the United States, freed of the Soviet veto that is built into quadripartite diplomacy, might exercise their different talents bilaterally for a settlement. Each has its own influence with the countries in the area and its own self-interest, and each genuinely wants peace in the Mediterranean. The Rogers proposals now have given Washington greater access to the Arab moderates without casting doubt on the U.S. desire to preserve a secure, viable Israel.

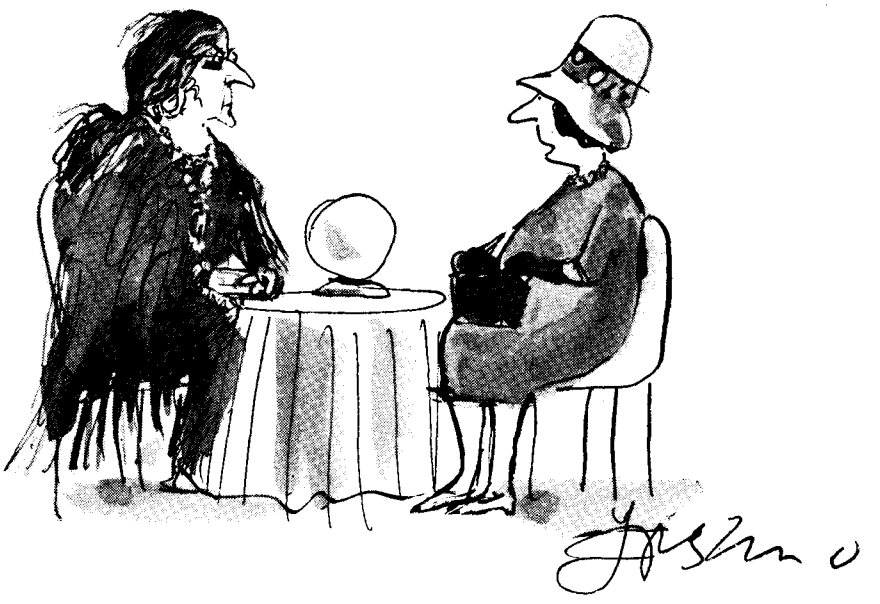
It would be childish to assume that recognition of the possibilities inherent in the new situation opens a door to happy tranquillity. There is no instant peace.

What are these possibilities? A secure Israel, accepted by its neighbors, could help to enrich and stabilize the whole region. One of these neighbors would be a Palestinian Arab state, possibly a liberal constitutional monarchy replacing Jordan and called Palestine, with a government of Palestinians capitalizing on the great personal assets of King Hussein. He would be the link with the strong Bedouin element whose opposition would mean civil strife. As a Hashemite descendant of the Prophet, he might help in time to solve what still appears to be the insoluble problem of Jerusalem. Only a Palestinian state could work with Israel to solve the refugee dilemma—and be assured of enormous international financial help in doing so.

Lebanon, having no territorial problems, would be free to abandon the social fictions that have kept Christians and Moslems suspended in artificial and jittery balance for a dozen years and engage in badly needed social reform. Syria, now holding out as an ultraradical, might not long remain aloof from the profitable regional development that peace would make possible. And Egypt, with Nasser still in charge, secure in its ancient boundaries, could turn the now wasteful effort of war into construction. It remains the largest state in the region, with every chance for growing prosperity and commensurate influence.

Much of the connective tissue of such a peace might be provided by the United Nations, which could maintain demilitarized zones under foolproof inspection and security forces not capriciously removable.

All this is a dream. No part of it need ever come true, but it could. Progress and peace are dreams that people make real. Failure to try could ensure the Hundred Years' War, of which U Thant has warned.



"I don't have time for all the boring details. Just give me the bottom line."

WIT TWISTER #167

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Cain was _ _ _ _ _ _, and his
countenance fell,
For he knew the _ _ _ _ _ _
of his offering well.
Why did the Lord _ _ _ _ _ _
him looks of disdain,
While He made His acceptance
of Abel's gifts plain?

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 73*)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The More Things Change

The Grasshopper is not a documentary study of the well-known insect, but a chronicle of the life and times and misfortunes of a young girl whose name is Christine and who has become bored with school and the small Canadian town in which she lives. So have many stories and novels and plays more or less begun, but now it's 1970, and what befalls such a girl? As director Jerry Paris tells the tale, from a screenplay by Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall, we learn that, as the French say, the more things change, the more they remain the same.

In the very old days of the movies, such a girl might arrive in the big city, run afoul of thieves and white slavers, and eventually wind up ruined and morally besmirched. Christine's pattern is not too dissimilar, but the circumstances are vastly different. For one thing, instead of heading east she heads west, to Los Angeles specifically, where she intends to meet and hopefully to marry her old sweetheart, who is hard at work carving out a career among the Silent Majority. The nineteen-year-old Christine finds this kind of thing dull, and she hasn't exactly come west to watch life going by on the television set. So we next find her in Las Vegas, the girl friend, though not for long, of a stand-up comic.

What does a zesty, busty girl do in Las Vegas? She becomes a show girl. And whom does a pretty, mod girl become attracted to in Las Vegas? Out of the mostly unsavory choices open to her she picks the best—a sincere former football star who looks like Jim Brown, and who is, in fact, played by him. They have an affair, they get married, and, to make it brief, it doesn't work. The grasshopper moves on, to become a high-priced call girl, to become an old man's mistress, eventually to become a prostitute, pretty much finished by age twenty-two. The circle is completed; we're right back, after this moralistic roundabout, to the way things used to be. But with one difference. In a zany finale, the girl persuades a private plane pilot to head upward to do some skywriting. And while much of Los Angeles below watches in amazement and bemusement, the plane's exhaust spells out the girl's final comment on it all. Yes, it actually spells it out.

But, by then I was fairly sure that Mr. Paris and his associates were less interested in making an edifying moral point than in appealing to the young people who make up so much of our movie audiences. He had included sex, drugs, black-white relations, sin, sorrow, and violence. The only thing left was obscenity. Like a good many directors today, Paris has skill but not really very much to say. And the girl, as enacted by Jacqueline Bisset, doesn't really touch us. The old-fashioned role had possibilities, but Miss Bisset simply lacked the range.

The problem of familiarity also besets another skillful director, Robert Aldrich, whose *Too Late the Hero* takes us, for the umpteenth time, to a small Pacific island, inhabited on the one end—in case you haven't guessed it—by the Japanese and on the other by a small British force.

This movie, threaded together from shreds of other movies, employs Cliff Robertson and Michael Caine as unwilling partners in what is obviously a foolish and impossible mission—although one would not know this from the stolid expressions of Henry Fonda (an American colonel who sends Cliff to his doom for patently unpatriotic reasons) and Harry Andrews (the British commander), who has played the same role so often that he no longer questions whether it makes sense. Mr. Aldrich, with the aid of his co-screenwriter, Lukas Heller, includes a few cynical ruminations on the nature of heroism, all in keeping with the nature of the times, of course. Otherwise, the film has the look of one that someone forgot to make twenty years ago.

A successful Twentieth Century-Fox film, *Planet of the Apes*, ended with Charlton Heston, after having escaped a colony of humanoid apes, coming across a beheaded Statue of Liberty and crying out, "They did it!" or words to that effect. Meanwhile, back at Fox, was all that ape costumery, which had cost a pretty penny to design and manufacture. Therefore, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, which begins exactly where the other one left off. Either the ape costumes have become tatty, or producer Arthur P. Jacobs has broken with Fox, for this picture ends with so much finality that no *Son of Beneath the Planet of the Apes* seems possible in ours or a future time. Among the artifacts of a long-lost civilization is one Doomsday bomb, and off it goes, but not before space traveler James Franciscus encounters Charlton Heston and that ape colony. The first of the series wasn't bad. This one very definitely is.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SO THIS IS POETRY!

Poets and essayists have penned these pithy comments on poetry, culled by Gilbert Byron of St. Michaels, Maryland. Simply say which said what, and check your numbers on page 80.

1. "Painting is silent poetry, and poetry painting that speaks." ( )
2. "Language is fossil poetry." ( )
3. "Would you have your songs endure? Build on the human heart." ( )
4. "If a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act." ( )
5. "Poetry . . . the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty." ( )
6. "It has a logic more severe than the logician's." ( )
7. "I, too, dislike it; there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle." ( )
8. "Prose = words in their best order; poetry = the *best* words in their best order." ( )
9. "Lines with nothing in them, musical trifles." ( )
10. "If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that it is poetry." ( )
11. "Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat." ( )
12. "Because prose makes you lazy but poetry makes you bright." ( )

a. Robert Browning
b. S. T. Coleridge
c. Emily Dickinson
d. Richard Eberhart
e. R. W. Emerson
f. Robert Frost
g. Horace
h. A. E. Housman
i. Marianne Moore
j. Edgar Allan Poe
k. Simonides
l. Henry D. Thoreau

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Schumann's "Die Peri" with Janowitz, Brilioth, Engen, Smith

THE EXOTIC LEGEND of La Peri is well known to music lovers from a ballet (Burgmüller), a tone poem (Dukas), and even an operetta (the G and S *Iolanthe*, whose subtitle is "The Peer and the Peri"). It is also famous, if less well known, as the subject of an extensive choral work by Robert Schumann, which had its first New York performance in decades at the final Philharmonic concerts of the indoor season. Lorin Maazel conducted.

If the varied requirements of the work might be construed as a reason for its infrequent performances, what Maazel brought together was almost indecently lavish. Among those assisting (as the phrase used to go) the orchestra were the Westminster Choir and a well-matched quartet of soloists neatly balanced between Europeans Gundula Janowitz, soprano, and Helge Brilioth, tenor, and Americans Carol Smith, mezzo, and Keith Engen, bass-baritone.

Everybody did everything that could be not only reasonably but unreasonably asked of them, particularly conductor Maazel. His was a beautifully organized, nonpressurized, and truly Schumannesque effort on the composer's behalf. It was, on the whole, Maazel's best embodiment to date in his new role of the concerned, but composed, conductor. There was some initial unsteadiness (at the Thursday night performance) from the soloists, especially Janowitz and Brilioth—the latter new to this country—but after a few solo rounds, each commanded the security of sound and the intelligent musicianship their reputations promised. Miss Smith was in full possession of her spacious voice from the outset, and Engen, whose opportunities are fewer, met them convincingly. At an appropriate moment, the choir produced, in sopranos Sharon Dundore and Sue Ellen Page, mezzos Connie Fee and Carol Miller, tenor Philip Raider, and bass Douglas Renfroe, students with the fresh young voices to complement the international performers with whom they were affiliated.

That the outcome of all this excellent effort was less a triumphant success than an interesting excursion into the unknown could be attributed to only one participant: Robert Schumann himself. *Das Paradies und die Peri* is full of Schumannesque invention in the rich vein of the piano pieces and songs he was writing collaterally (in the early 1840s). It is full of beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed (now and then in the afterglow of Schubert and Mendelssohn). However, the steady procession of solos and choruses, choruses and solos, with practically never a concerted interchange resulting in a duo or trio, tended to level off interest and minimize drama in the treatment of the text derived from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

This is, really, not to say more than that *Das Paradies und die Peri* is kin to Schumann's response, in other circumstances, to Goethe's *Faust*, Tieck and Hebbel's *Genoveva*, and Byron's *Manfred*. He was capable, as the excellent overture to *Manfred* demonstrates, of synthesizing a dramatic situation in an orchestral piece. But he was not sufficiently imbued with the theater mystique to achieve a similarly dramatic impulse with voices. The exactly (1843) contemporary *Tannhäuser* of Wagner, if cruder musically and with less esthetic rectitude, nevertheless has precisely the kind of theatrical compulsion whose presence in *Das Paradies und die Peri* would convert sometimes beautiful lethargy into continuously absorbing action.

For all of this, it was enormously worth doing and, on the whole, a well-considered combination of impulse and scholarship. Maazel acted wisely in carrying his part of the total task forward with quiet competence, permitting the soloists the full latitude assigned to them in Schumann's score. One of the principal beneficiaries thereby was Janowitz, who, liberated from her prior New York involvement with such heavy tasks as the soprano voice in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Sieglinde in Wagner's *Die Walküre* (both in conjunction with Herbert von Karajan), showed all kinds of resources for the requirements of the lyric German repertory. And if the Swedish Brilioth demonstrated little of the power for a Siegfried (another von Karajan conceit), he did, eventually, sing out with the clarity of line and the security of purpose to promise well for his part, come fall, in the title role of the Metropolitan's new production of *Parsifal*. Miss Smith was perhaps the most consistently good of all the singers, and Engen's return, after long activity in Germany, was equally long overdue.

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What you should know about this summer's power crisis

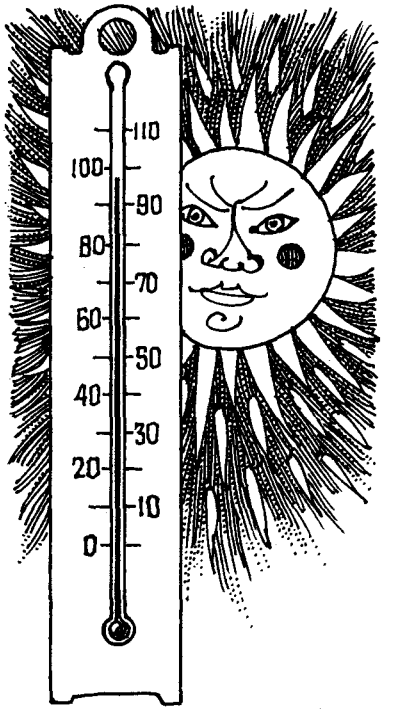
This summer, our nation will face its most critical power shortage since World War II.

Average reserves available nationwide to meet hot weather's demand peaks will be four per cent below the "desirable" level. Any unexpected development, such as a prolonged heat wave, could be catastrophic.

Why is our country in this bind?

The chairman of the Federal Power Commission, John N. Nassikas, has pointed out that one of the most important reasons is that "...increase in demand has outstripped the original forecast upon which utilities planned their system." Other national power experts agree. Until recently, predictions were that power needs would double about every ten years. Now, indications are that this demand may double every 6½ to 7½ years. That means reserves are getting lower and lower.

Industry efforts to catch up are complicated by other factors. Fuel supplies, particularly coal, are short; skilled labor is scarce; equipment delivery dates are delayed; component fabrication is too often faulty; transmission facilities are not adequate. Add to this questions of how to increase power supply without increasing environmental pollution.



While it's useful to know how the present situation came about, our immediate problem is moving ahead with corrective measures.

Consumer-owned rural electric systems...serving less than a tenth of the nation's total population scattered over seven tenths of the country...came into being during the great power crisis of the 1930's—when most of rural America had no electric light and power.

Today, all America faces a power crisis. While large urban centers are facing the worst shortages, the implications of this crisis are national in scope. We of the nation's rural electric systems—systems largely dependent on commercial suppliers for power—are actively seeking to bring about solutions we believe to be workable.

To meet the shortage of power in particular areas, we have long pressed—and will continue to press—for better regional and national planning...regional and national pooling of power resources—a nationwide grid to take advantage of different load-peaking times in different parts of the country. Such a grid would speed one area's surplus to fill another's deficiency.

To meet the shortage of power capacity we have long pressed—and will continue to press—for expanded and additional generation and transmission facilities. Rural electric systems own only 1½ per cent of the nation's total capability. This must be beefed up to help the electric industry as a whole meet our country's needs for power...in keeping with the need for healthy, livable environment.

To bridge the gulf of misunderstanding between the concerned public on one hand and the concerned electric industry on the other, we have urged—and will continue to urge—that environmentalists and conservationists be included in a blue-ribbon planning group of state and Federal regulators, along with representatives of all segments of the power industry. Our national government...our country...needs the guidance that such a group could provide.

We are in a very tight power situation, which could get much worse. We of the country's rural electric systems are determined to do everything we can to avert this crisis. Mobilizing our national will to solve the problems is the first order of business.

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and the Quality of Life

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The Most Precious Resource

It was Thursday night, April 4, 1968. Mrs. Jane Elliott, teacher of the third grade in the public school of Riceville, an Iowa farm town of fewer than 1,000 inhabitants, was ironing a tepee she had made to house her twenty-odd pupils in a class project intended to demonstrate Indian life in Iowa's pioneer days. Her own four children were in bed, and the worn sheets the tepee was made of were spread on the floor of the living room of her home. Before her eyes as she ironed, the TV screen flashed sickening pictures of the assassination of Martin Luther King.

Into the tumult of her mind crept a prayer of the Sioux. It besought the Great Spirit not to allow the suppliant to judge another man without first walking a mile in the other man's moccasins.

Not many white men had walked in the red man's shoes, she reflected. And the day's events had made agonizingly clear that white men weren't yet walking very far in the black man's shoes, either.

As a teacher, Mrs. Elliott felt a deep surge of urgency. The white man had to begin somewhere. It would be easiest if he began in childhood. But how to get him started?

At school next day, one of her pupils, Steven Armstrong, a truck driver's son, asked why King had been shot. How could she explain what seemed to her a senseless act? Several times before she had talked to the children about race. But a lasting impression was hard to make on the eight-year-olds because there were no black people in Riceville. Everyone in town was white. Furthermore, with the exception of one Jew, who long ago had married a Catholic, everyone was Christian. In such a situation, how could a teacher make prejudice real?

Groping for a meaningful answer to young Steven, she ventured: "It might be interesting to judge people by the color of their eyes. Would you like to try this?"

"Yeah!" the children chorused.

She looked at them intently through her own blue eyes and said, "The brown-eyed people are the better people in this room."

"Uh, uh," a blue-eyed boy dissented.

"Oh, yes, they are," she insisted. "Brown-eyed people are smarter than blue-eyed people."

To back up her dictum, she put the brown-eyed children in the preferred front seats of the classroom, made the blue-eyed children drink from paper cups instead of from the drinking fountain that the brown-eyed children used, allowed the brown-eyed children five extra minutes of recess, and refused the blue-eyed children second helpings at lunch.

Long before the day was through, the blue-eyed children were acting like inferior people. They did their lessons poorly. And the brown-eyed children behaved as though they believed they really were superior.

"What had been marvelously cooperative, thoughtful children" turned into "nasty, vicious, discriminating little third graders" before her eyes, Mrs. Elliott said later. "It was ghastly."

When the children returned to school on the following Monday morning, Mrs. Elliott told them she had lied to them on Friday. The truth, she said, was that blue-eyed people were the superior people.

That day the blue-eyed children were the privileged ones. The class performance of the brown-eyed children dropped to half the level of Friday.

At the close of school on Monday, Mrs. Elliott's pupils no longer wondered what it was like to be discriminated against. They knew.

Mrs. Elliott's experiment is one of the most remarkable exercises in manipulation of internal environment that I have heard of. Adult reaction to it has been almost as instructive as the experiment itself.

Within a week the editor of Riceville's local newspaper, *The Recorder*, learned what had happened in Mrs. Elliott's classroom. He published essays her children wrote about the experience. Word of these reached Johnny Carson, who put the teacher on his National Broadcasting Company TV show.

A year and a season later, when race rioting occurred in Waterloo, Iowa, Mrs. Elliott repeated her experiment. This time the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation filmed it for Canada's TV viewers.

Not until 1970 came around and the experiment was again repeated in observance of Brotherhood Week did the performance rate its own TV show for an American audience. Producer William Peters and his wife, Muriel, packaged it into a dramatic half-hour for the American Broadcasting Company, which broadcast it early in May.

The moral of this report from the Iowa cornfields is plain. In focusing our energies on cleanup of our external physical surroundings, we must not neglect the protection of the human spirit, the most precious resource we have.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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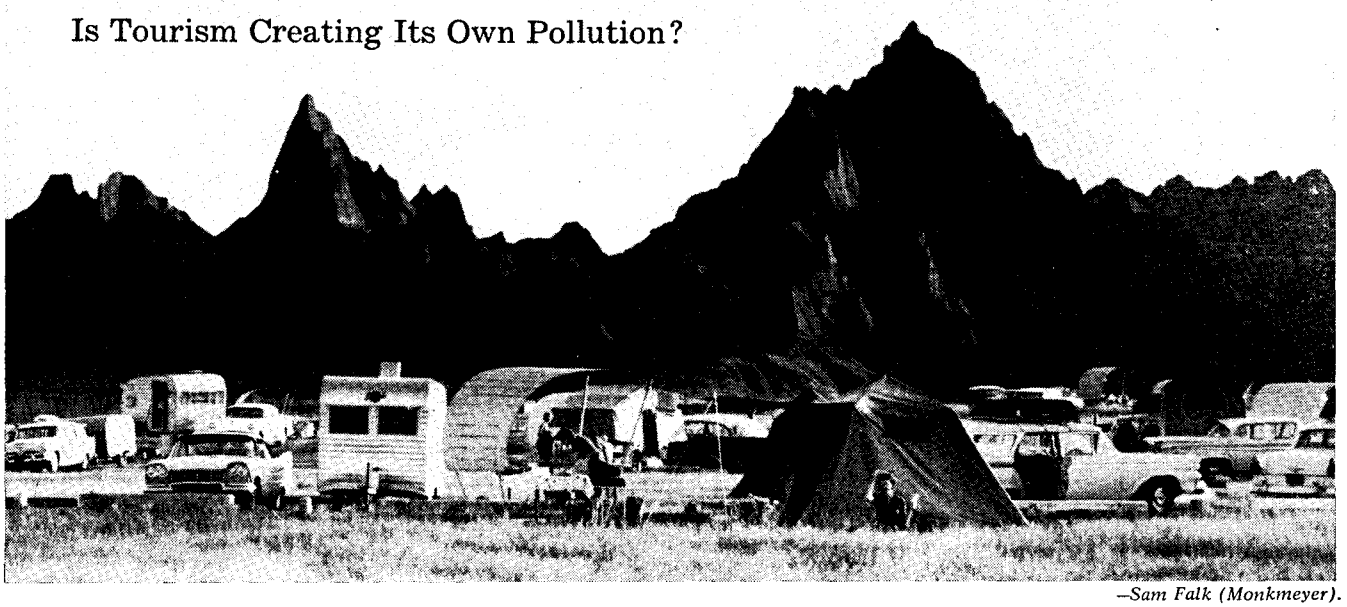
The Erosion of Eden

Is Tourism Creating Its Own Pollution?



—Sam Falk (Monkmeyer).

Badlands National Park, South Dakota—Somebody once proposed using the Grand Canyon for dumping garbage.

by HORACE SUTTON

Let's take a boat to Bermuda;
Let's take a plane to St. Paul.
Let's take a kayak,
To Quincy or Nyack—
Let's get away from it all.*

Back in the Forties, when the big band singers were crooning these lyrics, getting away from it all was easy. Just pick a place and pack a bag. In the three decades that have followed, getting away from it all has turned into tourism, and tourism has turned into industry. Travel in all its ramifications—transport, lodging, and recreation—has become the largest single item in world trade. To provide bigger and faster transport, to construct larger hotels, and to transform pristine greenery into concrete resorts, tourism is creating its own pollution. High-rise, view-screening, breeze-blocking resorts, built balcony to balcony, are destroying the very essence of what man was looking for in his quest for recreative leisure. In places of felicitous climate, filled-in land on which to build new hotels and condominiums and jumbo-sized airports threatens to destroy the ecological balance of surrounding shores. Social conditions are being strained by the need to import foreign labor to staff the resort complexes. Grand examples of period architecture, historic heirlooms of another age, are being sacrificed in the name of progress. Fabled churches begin to crumble, shaken by the sonic boom. The national parks, confusing amusement and recreation with appreciation and conservation, are glutted with cars. Railroad service sags, and broad-banded highways are laid in concrete seams across the greening landscape.

Get away from it all?

Where?

To what unspoiled place?

By what peaceable means that won't gravel the soul and unstring the nerves?

In Nice, on the French Riviera, four enormous apartment buildings rise to block out the view of the Côte d'Azur. In Honolulu, one can ride the freeway and, looking back on Waikiki, count no fewer than twenty-eight cranes at work on new hotels and condominiums.

Waikiki, that once gentle stretch of beach, has become a concrete jungle, a raucous side show. It has attracted half the freaks of California and concentrated them on its tiny patch of acreage. Amplified rock blares out of the International Market Place mixing with the drumbeats and tambourines of shaved-headed *haole* cultists who profess an affiliation with gurus of the East. Rented Japanese cars speed up Kalakaua Avenue bouncing into puddles and splashing the Keokuk couple out for an evening stroll in his-and-hers shirt and *muumuu*.

As the spring wears on, Yosemite waits for 2,500,000 visitors who will jam the traffic, litter the campsites, and fill the valley with fumes of cars and campfires. Gone already is the Wawona Tunnel Tree, where so many families stopped to have their pictures taken. It created too much of a traffic problem. Gone, too, are the fire falls, judged, properly, to have been a contrived spectacle and a traffic snarler as well. Running through the park in buses, with only a few minutes set aside for a look at the natural wonders, is as much a part of the Yosemite scene as it is with other parts of the world. The tour operator reaps the reward; what psychic income accrues to the visitor is questionable.

Paris, that love-poem of cities, is embattled on a dozen fronts. A committee has been fighting since January to save the baroque mansions that edge the green enclave of the Parc Monceau. Last winter, a late and hasty movement was organized to save the Gare d'Orsay, a frilly, ornate keepsake of the Belle Epoque that—at least to travelers of the past seventy years or so—has seemed, on its site on the Left Bank, as much a part of Paris as the Louvre on the Seine's opposite shore. The present plan calls for it to be replaced by a giant hotel run by America's Western International Hotels, a 20-per cent partner in its ownership.

In giving his approval to the Gare d'Orsay project in December, Albin Chalandon, French Minister of Equipment and Housing, scored the conservationists on their "fanaticism about green spaces." A onetime building promoter, M. Chalandon, in the role of government official, pushes free enterprise and thinks of civic conservation

"Let's Get Away from It All" by Tom Adair and Matt Dennis. Copyright reserved, all rights reserved 1940-1941. Used by permission.

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as "sterile urbanism." Guillaume Gillet, one of the architects of the Gare d'Orsay project, also drew the plans for two office buildings that were set to replace the palaces around the Rond Point until an international public outcry stalled that project.

A further French cry has welled up out of the Alps where conservationists are joined in a battle with the would-be developers of Val Thorens. The typical chalet-style hotel, so much a part of the Alpine landscape, is giving way to high-rise ski resorts. Worse yet, the Val Thorens project, which is supposed to provide winter recreation for 40,000 visitors, is to be built on national park land, a wildlife preserve that, under its original charter, is not supposed to be crossed by so much as a road. Besides the despoliation and the ecological upset that the plan implies, turning farmlands into ski slides, the opponents say, contributes to avalanches, which in the French Alps this spring were disastrous. Grazing land means short grass, trimmed by cattle. Short grass holds the snow in place better than long grass, which allows the snow to slide when the first thaws begin. Defoliation of timber lands for ski slopes destroys another deterrent to avalanches.

The proponents of this project point to the economic gain that will be realized by the government. French skiers need not travel to foreign countries and spend French currency when better ski facilities exist at home. In truth, skyscraping ski resorts are also rising in the Swiss Alps. An enormous nineteen-story tower called Super Crans zooms out of an Alpine meadow, complete with rooftop restaurant, glass-walled swimming pool, and air conditioning. Part of Super Crans is a hotel, but it also contains condominium apartments—some of which have been sold to French citizens—thus aiding the Swiss balance of payments while destroying, one would think, the Swiss balance of ecology, to say nothing of the esthetics.

The gold rush is on, too, in lovely Taormina, where, once, the best-known hotel was a converted cloister that blended into the surrounding Sicilian landscape. One could look through the ruins of the Greek theater clear to the snow-capped cone of Etna disgorging plumes of smoke in the distance. Cranes sprout out of the hillsides carrying mortar to a new high-rise hotel to catch the windfall of travelers who come to survey the peaceful beauty. Another hotel is to rise on the shore. Even Corsica has allowed a glut of cheapside hotels to invade the loveliness of Porto, and the old Pisan warning tower stands mute at the invasion of the fat buses, fuming and snorting and full of trippers that snarl the traffic on the forest road down to the harbor every summer's day.

In Sarasota, on Florida's west coast, a civic-minded hotelkeeper named Herbert Field recently surveyed the high-rise condominiums going up on serene Longboat Key and said, "I didn't want anything on this island taller than the tallest palm tree. I was voted down fourteen to one. Perhaps each member of the commission was thinking of what he could sell his land for. When you build a twelve-story building, you have taken away the dream of people who were looking for a quiet island life." Sitting on the same key the same day, the local representative of the Arvida Corporation, a land-developing subsidiary of the Penn Central Railroad, told me with pride, "When we're through, fifteen per cent of this island is going to be golf courses. We plan a fifteen-story condominium, which is the limit, but hell, Florida is all flat anyway, and it might be interesting to look at something other than flatland."

"It is the rare developer who has a sense of style," says Ada Louise Huxtable in *The New York Times*. "In the even rarer instance when he recognizes twentieth-century style, he will not pay for it."

In London, a British M.P. named Christopher Chataway has sensed the beginnings, at least in Britain, of a public distrust of the planner and developer. "There must be more to putting up buildings," he says, "than simply making a profit." In Hawaii, on the other side of the planet, Lieutenant Governor Thomas Gill, an arch-foe of indiscriminate cement-pouring and a cautionary voice in headlong development of the tourist industry, has said, "If someone designed a flag for the state for the 1960s, it would be a speculator on a field of bucks."

But it is more than the builder and the promoter who are at fault. The failure in the end belongs to the materialist concept, no matter at what political pole it is practiced, that urges us to build something that will move faster, stand taller, and make more money.

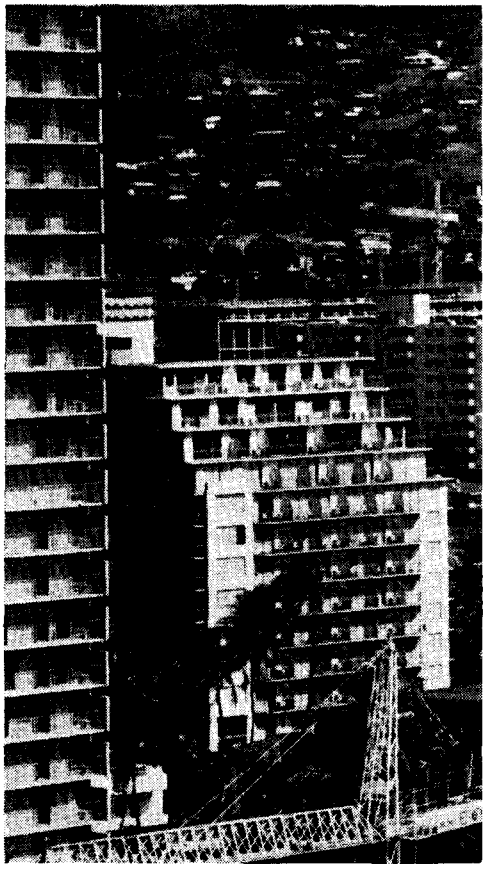
In Strasbourg, the 900-year-old cathedral has begun to crumble, its stones corroded by industrial fumes and smoke, its structure shaken mightily by the shock waves caused by supersonic aircraft.

The disappearance, so dramatic this year, of some of the nation's prized trains is the realization of a railroad plan begun years ago. It is to be rued more than merely as a sentimental passing, for the demise of the train in America brings concomitant woes. A hard case can be made against the railroads for weaving a scheme to eliminate passenger travel altogether. Freight hauling is simply a more popular and profitable mode of business. To hasten the total cessation of passenger train travel, the nation's railroads have done everything short of caning the travelers to induce them to use other locomotion. The stations are incredibly filthy, and so are the cars. Lavatories are unspeakable. On the Burlington-Northern's *Mainstreeter*, dining car passengers (who dine cafeteria-style on clothless tables) drop their own disposable plates into garbage pails on the way out. On the more than 2,000-mile run of the Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited*, which plies daily between Los Angeles and New Orleans, dining cars have been replaced by vending machines, and sleeping cars removed entirely. In New York's newly souped-up Pennsylvania Station there are now only 112 seats in the waiting room, and many of those are occupied by vagrants who harry travelers. A wait on a ticket line takes better than half an hour, and a redcap is as rare a sight as a whooping crane. There are thirty-six porters currently on the rolls compared with 500 in 1945. Penn Station's manager, Kenneth Simpson, states flatly that the station is there for commuters and that, after all, only 5 per cent of the railroad's business is in long-distance travel.

How did it get that way? The rail-

Honolulu on the way up — "Billion-dollar cement mistake"?

—Peter Mackay (Monkmeyer).



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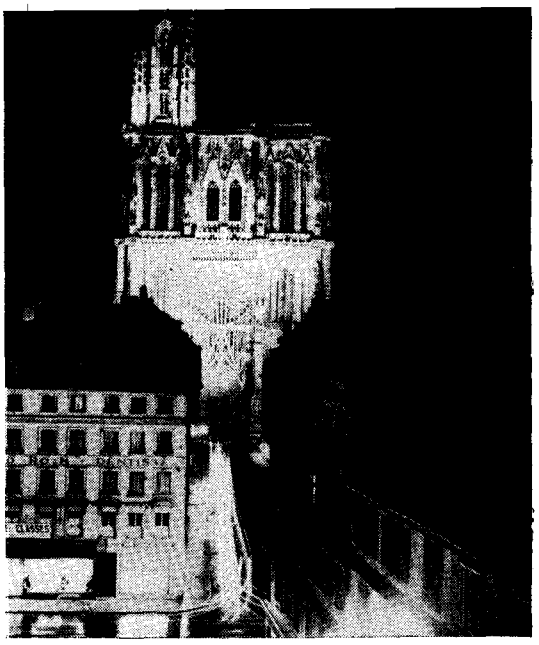

—French Gov't Tourist Office.

Strasbourg Cathedral—corroded by fumes, shocked by the sonic boom.

roads say that the airlines and highways put them out of the passenger business. But the question remains: Did the railroads abet the disaffection of the traveler, and did they, as has been claimed, display plastic accounting systems that made passenger railroading seem less profitable than it really was? As writer Christopher Lydon has pointed out, the railroads, with Interstate Commerce Commission knowledge and compliance, charged much of their real estate taxes, track maintenance, and other standard expenses to the cost of carrying passengers. Finally, the ICC acknowledged it had been hoodwinked. In a revised system of scoring, it has been shown how passenger service did indeed remain profitable all over the nation into the beginning of the Sixties, and remained profitable on Eastern systems until 1966.

Trains have been made to run handsomely, expeditiously, and profitably in other countries. The real sorrow in America is not merely that the whistle will no longer blow, but that railroad track carries infinitely more people than a highway, its narrow right of way scars less of the landscape than an eight-lane freeway, and its engines are less pollutive than those that power automobiles.

The nation's sudden awareness of pollution in its many forms has been dismissed in some quarters as a convenient political issue, an available cause for aching liberals in hungry need of one, a band wagon with room on the running boards for all politicians. But there are others who see the signs and shudder at the portent. Stephen Halsey, senior vice president of American Express, sounding the travel industry's first loud call in the fight against the despoliation of the Great Outdoors, has said, "I'm talking about fighting to save the very things we sell to make our living. The proper preservation and exploitation of natural resources are what keep us in business."

It may not be the loftiest motivation yet expressed, but the goal is the same. As Halsey has reminded us, "Somebody once proposed using the Grand Canyon for dumping garbage." Not only that, but a Texas politician, since removed from the burdens of office, once suggested that San Antonio's river, now that city's handsomest attraction, be used as a sewer and paved over for a parking lot.

Perhaps nowhere else is the parking-lot syndrome, together with developer virus, in more flagrant contest with the conservationists and the local social-consciousness cadre than in Hawaii. Here the lines are drawn, the overreachings obvious, the plums to be plucked fat and abundant. Here the social ramifications of overbuilding and overpromoting are being felt. Here the people, despite their alleged Polynesian torpor, are beginning to stir. Here the legislature, reacting to public pressures, is beginning to act. Here the forces of reform are beginning to win. And here, despite it all, the developer remains unchastened.

"Progress is something you cannot stop," says Chinn Ho, prominent Hawaiian businessman; second generation Chinese, self-made multimillionaire; winner of a wallful of awards; builder of the thirty-story Ilikai Hotel; builder of a fifteen-story condominium, golf course, and hotel in suburban Makaha; thwarted would-be developer of high-rise buildings on Diamond Head; chairman of Hawaii's largest newspaper; father of six college-trained children, one of whom is in the legislature; subject of a *Reader's Digest* Jim Bishop story. "Progress will be a good thing for the people inasmuch as it will bring about an increased standard of living. Naturally, there will be some inconvenience, but the tourist business will bring considerable invisible dollars.

"The swing throughout the country is towards conservation and ecology, and it's easy for the politicians who are seeking votes to go along with that thinking. That's why they're so vocal. It's more, in my estimation, climbing on the band wagon to get votes. If they are really concerned about the community, they should step in with constructive ideas and appropriations to improve the outward appearance of Waikiki."

The trouble with Waikiki, as Dr. Thomas Hale Hamilton, now head of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, has pointed out, is that it is a poor precinct. In its relatively minuscule acreage, it produces more tax money than the entire Hawaiian pineapple industry and the sugar industry, but that circumstance of economics cuts no political ice. There are no significant voters whom a politician must heed. The bulk of the Waikiki-generated tax money goes to the state; yet improvements to Waikiki are the responsibility of the city and the county. It has been the inclination of the councilmen and legislators to fill the civic needs in the districts where there are powerful voting blocs. Says Dr. Hamilton, "I don't think anyone in public finance has ever bought the idea that expenditures ought to be related to source of income."

Waikiki is a billion-dollar cement mistake. It got that way because of need, greed, and neglect. Save for some conservation groups it had been the public style among residents of Hawaii, at least until this year, to avoid Waikiki except as a fountainhead of money. That beachside strip was the tourists' turf, and, if public policy allowed building two adjacent hotels so close that people on the terraces of one could hold hands with those on the same floor of the other, what matter?

The first major hotel opened on Waikiki in 1894. The steamship service between the West Coast and Honolulu was comfortable and frequent, and before the outbreak of World War II more than 30,000 people a year went to Hawaii. Pan American began air service in 1936, but the old Clippers were slow and the fare was $710. Until the 1950s, Honolulu was content with its prewar hotels; they had hardly changed since 1931. The new building began in earnest in the Fifties, and it accelerated as air service became swifter and cheaper. It is hard to believe that ten years ago there was a great effort to build more hotels. The legislature passed a resolution demanding that private enterprise build more hotels. The fast jets arrived in the late Fifties, and so did low-cost travel. The jackhammers ripped into Waikiki, and the cement trucks rumbled.

By 1962 there seemed to be enough public concern on the part of some of Hawaii's leading companies to set up the Oahu Development Conference and to bring in Aaron Levine, direct from his success in Philadelphia's huge civic planning scheme, to run it. Says Levine now, "It is obvious they were concerned in 1962." But it wasn't until two years ago that Frank Fasi, campaigning on a promise to change the city

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government, was elected mayor, sweeping out the fourteen-year tenure of Republican Neal Blaisdell. In 1968, the city council passed a new comprehensive zoning code, but to some the problems still had no immediacy. The council allowed a six-month period of grace and declared the code effective January 1969. In that time, with new airlines getting routes to Hawaii and the prospects for expansion bright if not brilliant, every developer with a plan filed it. The twenty-eight cranes that rise on Waikiki's new buildings are a result. They are constructing, among other embellishments, an 1,800-room Sheraton-Waikiki Hotel on the grounds of the gentle old Royal Hawaiian. Ironically enough, the Sheraton Corporation, which operates the Royal Hawaiian, had to apply to the venerable Bishop Estate before it embarked on its enormous building program. The Bishop Estate is a trust set up to administer the last royal lands. Proceeds for the mammoth holdings, once the properties of the Hawaiian kings, are used to support Kamehameha Schools, which are open solely to students of Hawaiian ancestry. Adjacent land was sold for a hotel high-rise by Queen's Hospital, an institution begun by Queen Liliuokalani, last of the Hawaiian monarchs. On the plot, sold to the highest bidder, stands the Outrigger Hotel, which most Honoluluans agree is architecturally, esthetically, and pragmatically probably the worst hotel in Waikiki.

"The economic pressure was so great," says Levine, "the increases in tourism—twenty per cent a year, year after year—were so compelling that quality has not mattered. Economically it paid to do it. Engineering and economics predominated, and the idea here was that if you could run a water line to it you could build it. If the zoning, which is to say the public policy, had not permitted such density, then the landholder wouldn't have been able to build so big, so high, and so close. If you expect eleemosynary actions by a builder where everyone else is building to the maximum, you won't get it."

One might well wonder if the few acres of Waikiki are not indeed the synthesis of the failure of the social ethic, the failure of materialism, and the visible, self-defeating erosion of recreational quality in man's life. Why wasn't the public pressure there before?

Levine thinks that the situation had not really become bad enough. He agrees that, as in most cities, there is tremendous political involvement in planning. In Oriental-accented Hawaii there remains a great respect for private property, and the desire to retain land has resulted in small individual development with lanai touching lanai, bedroom looking into bedroom, blacktop poured over grass for individual driveways. As long as public policy permitted massive buildings and shoddy two-story motel structures, the large as well as the small landholder was acting within his legal rights.

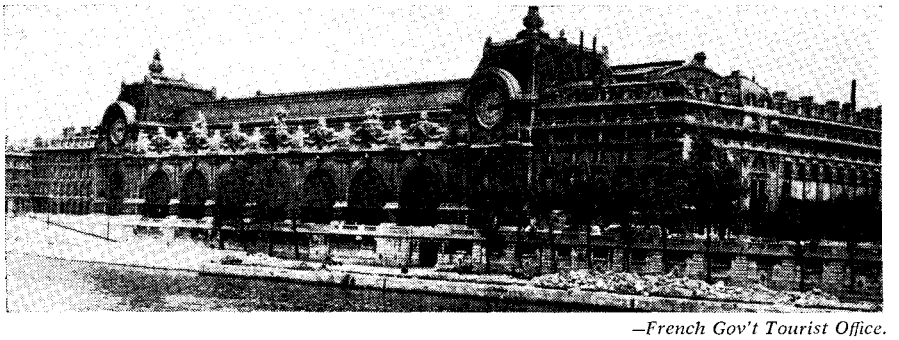
Architectural review committees were frowned upon, and to this day none exists. The city officials simply don't want another committee looking over their shoulders. Both Levine and Dr. Hamilton point to a visitors satisfaction study conducted by the Hawaii Visitors Bureau. Each day twenty-five visitors who have recently returned to their homes from trips to the Hawaiian Islands are sent a letter signed by the Governor and a questionnaire. The bureau gets a phenomenal 50-per cent return, and in their completed forms the visitors indicate they are satisfied. It might be well argued that dissatisfaction might also be indicated by those who went elsewhere; even though one takes into account Hawaii's increased numbers of hotel rooms, the occupancy rate is markedly off.

Planner Levine agrees that "Waikiki is a dreadful example of what happens if you permit an overdensity of automobiles and structures." Says Lieutenant Governor Gill, flatly, "We have created an incredible high-rise ghetto in Waikiki. The Hawaii Visitors Bureau may talk about the golden people of Hawaii. I go down to Waikiki, and I see sunburned blondes from California. That's what they must mean."

Gill, who does not necessarily see eye to eye with Democratic Governor John Burns, nor indeed act in concert with him, is supported by the Democratic young and by the Democratic concerned. "What are you selling the poor lady who comes here from Waukegan or Pomona or wherever?" he asks. "Are you selling her Hawaii, or the opportunity to meet someone else from Waukegan or Pomona?"

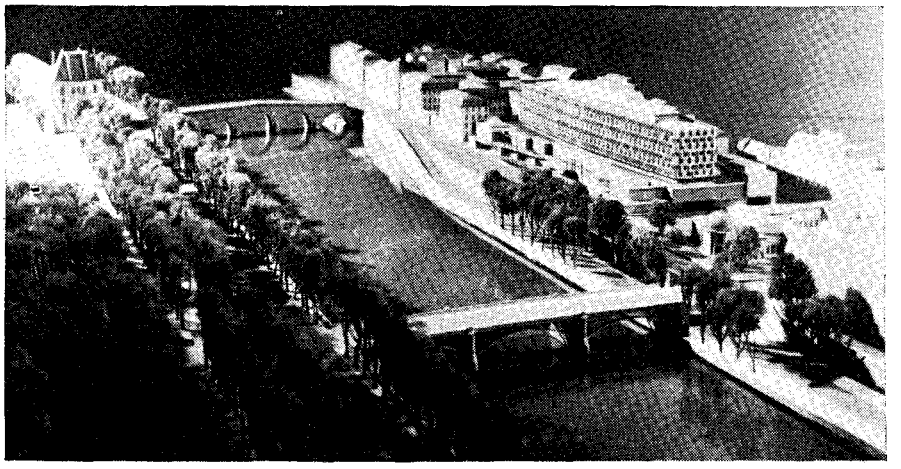
In truth, Gill, who has been labeled "anti-tourist" by the developers and the promoters, is more worried about the tourist fallout than the happiness of the visitors themselves. "When you create an overconcentration of transients in any given area, you create some special kinds of problems. What some of us are saying is that an increase of fifteen to twenty per cent in tourism every year isn't good for us. While the developers are building hotels and condominiums, they are sucking up the building trades. When we decide we need a new school or we want to build a new house, Lord save us, we can't do it. If you want to get a plumber, he's busy. Where are all the carpenters? They're twenty stories up hammering frames. Want to get a contractor to put up a single-family house,

(*Continued on page* 71)



—*French Gov't Tourist Office.*

Gare d'Orsay (above), a keepsake of the Belle Epoque on the shores of the Seine, may give way to this giant American-run hotel (below).



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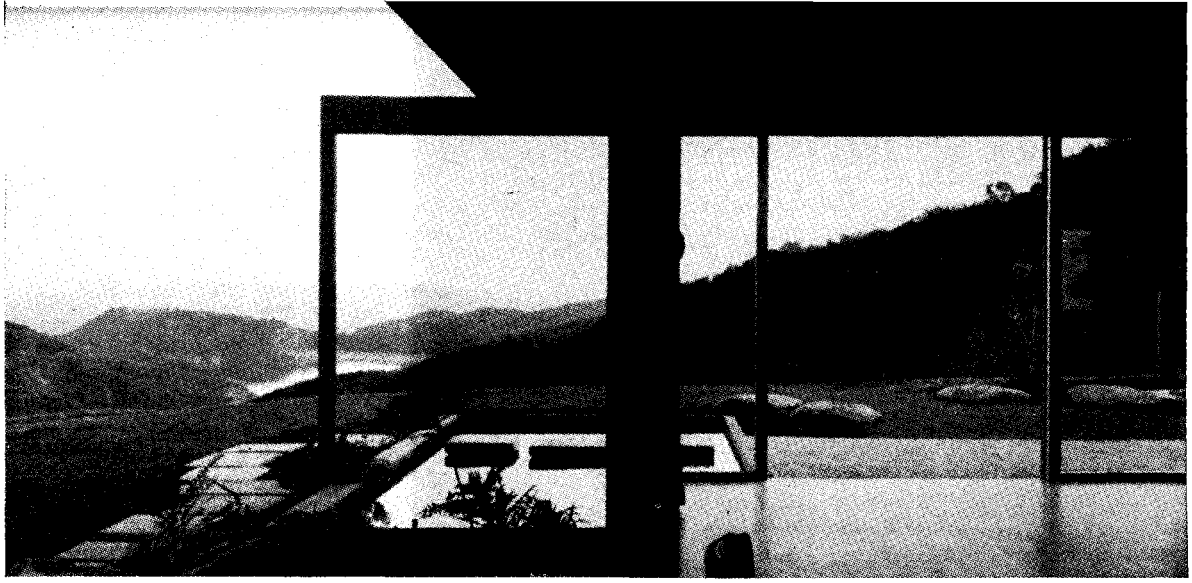

—Photos: "Richard Neutra" from "The Masters of World Architecture" series, George Braziller, Inc.

Neutra houses allow inhabitants "to see nature around them and feel themselves a part of it."

RICHARD NEUTRA
Survival Through Design

The legacy left by an architect who strove to bring man into harmony with nature and believed that the purpose of technology is to enhance life.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

Richard Neutra, the last of the pioneers in modern architecture, died on April 16, a week before Earth Day, an occasion on which much that he had said for half a century was reiterated.

He had spoken too early, too incessantly, and, at times, perhaps too stridently to be fully understood. At any rate, the obituaries of Neutra mainly praised the superbly elegant houses he had designed back in the 1930s for wealthy people in California. The houses are simple, cubist compositions of steel and glass, part of the American avant-garde that came to be known as the "international style."

But Neutra set out to create more than a new style of architecture. Like the early Le Corbusier, he stood for a totally new concept of what architecture is all about. It was to be about people rather than just buildings. It was to be the means of bringing man back into harmony with nature and himself. He wanted it to be the art of using technology to enhance life on Earth rather than destroy it.

Neutra called his concept "biorealism." Nature, he said a generation ago, "has too long been outraged by the design of nose rings, corsets, and foul-aired subways. . . . Organic normalcy has been raped again and again by man. . . . If design, production, and construction cannot be channeled to serve survival, if we fabricate an environment—of which, after all, we seem an inseparable part—but cannot make it an organically possible extension of ourselves, then the end of the race may well appear in sight." His slogan (as well as the title of one of his rambling books) was "Survival through design."

I first heard him talk about his hopes and his houses in front of a hotel in New Orleans during the national convention of the American Institute of Architects in 1959, the year Frank Lloyd Wright died. There had been gasps and smiles when he made his entrance at the opening cocktail party, for he wore a pork-pie hat and black cape, as Wright was wont to wear in his last years.

Neutra immediately started to lecture to the group that gathered around him, and soon he had a big coffee table book of his works brought down from his hotel room. It was too heavy for him to hold; so we all walked out of the party with him to the hotel driveway. Using the roof of a Volkswagen as a lectern, he placed the book upside down so we could see the pictures.

Neutra then explained how his famous houses, some of them with push-button-operated glass sliding doors, opened onto luxurious gardens and the landscape beyond, so that those inside could always see nature around them and feel themselves a part of it. He said that he turned to his drawing board only after he had carefully studied the living habits of his clients. He often even lived with them. And, to ascertain their most secret and private architectural wishes, he would often ask both husband and wife to write down their individual desires without comparing notes. Incidentally, he claimed that none of his clients had ever been divorced; neither husbands nor wives could bear to give up a Neutra house.

He talked about science and about human biological, physiological, and psychological needs, and spoke of how not only his houses, but also his many school buildings, big projects, and communities would be designed to accommodate them. In his buildings he was particularly careful to avoid the little irritations of modern life that can add up to major frustrations. For instance, "Bad acoustics," Neutra said, "can lead to shouting, and that calls forth an argumentative mood."

It began to drizzle outside the New Orleans hotel. But, although the rain may have spoiled his book, it did not dampen his enthusiasm. About an hour later, the owners of the Volkswagen appeared. At first, they too listened in silence, but after a while they politely suggested that Neutra move himself and his book elsewhere since they had to drive away.

"I have not finished, young man," Neutra said quietly, like a mere aside, without looking at either the man or his wife (who were not at all young),

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much as one might instruct a waiter during an animated dinner conversation. And he continued to talk for quite a while.

In subsequent years, I sometimes found his vanity, which rivaled that of Frank Lloyd Wright, a trifle irritating. He used to call, it seemed to me, a bit too insistently to offer me an interview. The last time he called I said just as insistently that I was on a deadline. "Aren't you ever on a life line?" he retorted.

And now he is dead. He died of a heart attack in Wuppertal, Germany, at seventy-eight, while on a lecture tour. His death occurred within a year of those of Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, and five years after Le Corbusier drowned in the Mediterranean.

Leafing through his prolific writings, and once again on a deadline for this article, I realize that Richard Neutra may have offered us a life line, after all. And yes, he probably had some right to assume Frank Lloyd Wright's mantle, but not because he was ever a faithful disciple of the master like those who still carry on, a bit ludicrously, at Taliesin. For one thing, despite Neutra's admiration of Frank Lloyd Wright, he had too strong a talent of his own. ("Wright is not a stepping-stone," Neutra once said.) For another, Neutra was already steeped in the doctrines of the architectural revolution that brought Gropius, Mies, and Le Corbusier to the fore when he first met Wright at the funeral of Louis Sullivan in Chicago in 1924. ("It was like coming into the presence of a unicorn," Neutra later recalled.)

Neutra was born in Vienna in 1892 and grew up with the modern movement and its dreams of marrying art and technology. Before he came to America in 1923, he worked in Vienna with Adolph Loos, who idolized the United States and declared that ornament was crime. Later he worked with Eric Mendelsohn, who was to forge steel and concrete into fantastic new expressions.

The first buildings Neutra designed on his own, after he had settled in Los Angeles (the Jardinette Apartments of 1927 and the Lovell "Health" House of 1929), were international-style pure and simple. And that was at a time when the Bauhaus building had just been completed in Dessau, Germany, and both Mies and Le Corbusier were still working on their first major commissions. Outwardly, Neutra's buildings showed not a trace of his admiration for Frank Lloyd Wright or of the several months he had spent in the drafting room at Taliesin.

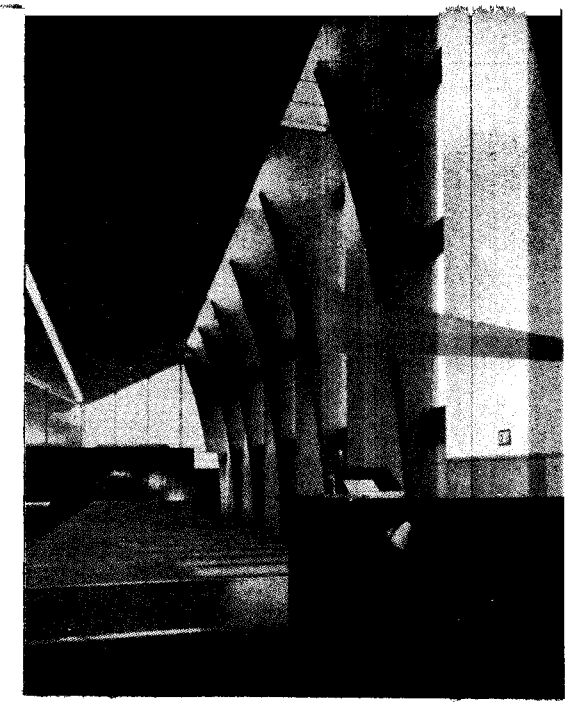
Neutra freed Wright's concept of Thoreauvian romanticism. In its place, he deliberately made dramatic use of the new technology, of the smooth products of the machine. And he devoted much effort to devising new means of construction and prefabrication to serve the same ends Wright had in mind. Neutra's approach involved more than simply placing his buildings in the landscape with such skill that they merged with their gardens and views. He was also deeply concerned with the effect of his buildings on those who used them. He showed greater concern perhaps than any other architect with the impact of temperature, sound, smell, lighting, color, texture, and physical movement within his buildings. And he not only listened to what biologists and behavioral scientists could tell him about those things, but also relied on his own observations. Wherever he went, he would whip out his sketchbook to record, as he put it, his "sympathetic awareness of life."

After all the Earth Day oratory, Neutra's awareness may seem almost trite. Yet, we have not, I am afraid, fully grasped the idea that design for survival is not a matter of only policing pollution or recycling sulphur. It must also include the thoughtful design and placement of a park bench, the insulation of a bedroom wall against sound, the color scheme of an office, the texture of a pavement, and the sound of a splashing fountain. It must begin, in short, with good architecture and the quietly creative details and qualities that are too often dismissed as nothing more than esthetic luxuries but of which Richard Neutra was a great master.

None of Neutra's always handsome and sometimes inspired buildings "prove" that design can avert disaster. "An architect, like any other artist," he once said, "can never prove things—strictly speaking." And for all his talk of biorealism, Neutra could never point to a decisive, original, scientific or technological innovation in his architecture. But who can?

There is not likely to be any great break-through. The art of environmental design is not an art of sensational innovation, but rather of quiet evolution and adaptation to the unchanged and unchangeable ways of nature and of man. But Richard Neutra did much of the "patient spadework" he felt must be done. He handed us that life line.

I can just hear him say: "I have not finished, young man."



"Dramatic use of the new technology."

Interiors show a concern for "texture and physical movement."

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WORK AT YOUR OWN RISK

To improve their occupational environment, millions of Americans need uniform health standards and preventive programs.

by DAVID PETER SACHS

America's program to guard against occupational hazards is an incredible shambles. Federal and local agencies designed to implement existing policy are so understaffed and underbudgeted that they frustrate attempts to create an effective occupational disease-prevention plan. Even worse, the laws themselves are inadequate.

Occupational diseases cover a wide spectrum of medical illnesses. These include disabling, but often reversible, conditions, such as skin disease, or dermatitis, as well as sunstroke and heat exhaustion. Hearing loss resulting from continued exposure to noise levels greater than 85 decibels may be temporary but is often permanent. Rock musicians and their audiences, and airplane pilots in cockpits that have inadequate acoustical insulation regularly encounter noise levels even greater than that. Systemic poisoning from a wide range of toxic chemicals allows little time for medical therapy. This is particularly true with pesticides, such as the commonly used organophosphates. They block the very important cholinesterase enzyme system in the blood stream, producing dose-related symptoms ranging from nausea and dizziness to muscular spasm and nearly instant death.

Millions of Americans are regularly exposed to conditions on their jobs that lead to a variety of chronic, often lethal, respiratory diseases: lung cancer, pleural cancer, bronchitis, bronchiectasis, emphysema, and the insidiously developing pneumoconioses, which are caused by dust impaction in the lungs and resultant tissue destruction. The dust particles come from a wide range of sources, including cotton, asbestos, coal, and silica. Silicosis and other pneumoconioses usually take ten to twenty years to develop. They are difficult to diagnose in their early stages, often lead to cancer or heart disease, and are frequently fatal.

DAVID PETER SACHS, a third-year medical student at the Stanford University Medical School, is a research assistant in the Genetics Department and a teaching assistant in the Human Biology Program.

The industrial environment with its special problems for the worker's health, has been with us for at least a century, creating accident situations that arise out of and occur in the course of employment. Before most states passed workmen's compensation laws in the 1920s, it was virtually impossible for an employee to receive needed and justified compensation for a work-related injury. Under common law he had to prove that his injury in an accident resulted directly from his *employer's* negligence. Over and above that, employees had to prove:

1) that the accident had not, in any way, been caused by a fellow worker;

2) that the accident did not result from a risk normally associated with the job. For example, a hazard that could be considered standard for a furnace stoker's job would be "burial" under an avalanche of coal;

3) that he—the injured worker—did not himself in any way cause the accident.

To further complicate an already tangled situation, hearings were drawn out and court actions were delayed interminably. All of this meant high legal fees and costs. Consequently, the 10 per cent of workers who did collect received too little too late.

All of the early compensation acts, both in the United States and elsewhere, were imperfect but humane efforts to bring needed financial assistance with a minimum of complication to the victims of industrial accidents. By eliminating the three common-law principles of the noninvolvement of a fellow worker, the assumption of risk, and contributory negligence, the laws adopted in the 1920s assured more rapid assistance. Furthermore, the worker no longer had to prove employer negligence. It was sufficient that the accident occurred on the job.

Nonetheless, these laws provided coverage only for *accidents*. While circumstances vary because of numerous differences among the states, under the law an accident is defined as "an event the date of which can be fixed with some degree of definiteness." On the other hand, diseases or illnesses incurred in the ordinary performance of a job do not easily fit this rubric. Thousands of workers die each year from such causes. Hundreds of thousands more can be incapacitated—sometimes as the result of diseases that strike suddenly, sometimes through illnesses that build up insidiously over decades.

Today, the primary responsibility for occupational health and safety rests squarely with state and local units; the federal government has only marginal authority.

While all the states have compensation programs to cover occupational injury and accident, four states—Alabama, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Wyoming—still do not provide occupational *disease* compensation. West Virginia, one of the leading coal producers in the world, did not recognize coal miners' pneumoconiosis as a compensable occupational disease until late last year. The real tragedy in this issue, however, is not that those states lack requisite compensation programs, but that they are not concerned with preventive programs. For example, the exposure of three-and-a-half million American workers to asbestos fibers is preventable, but adequate protective legislation does not exist. Thousands of cases of asbestosis, caused by tissue reaction to asbestos in the lung, and a similarly high rate of lung and pleural cancer cases need not have happened. Similarly, the development of the more than 100,000 cases of coal miner's pneumoconiosis among American soft coal miners could have been avoided. The probable toll of more than 1,000 of this country's 6,000 uranium miners from lung cancer over the next two decades need not happen. It is an unfortunate commentary that eight states—Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Delaware, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, and South Carolina—have no occupational health programs at all.

Over the past two years, unsuccessful attempts have been made to give the federal government power to set nationally enforceable job safety standards. The occupational safety and health bill proposed in 1968 was the first suggested new federal legislation in this area since the Walsh-Healey Act of 1936.

The 1968 bill would have allowed the

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Departments of Labor and of Health, Education and Welfare jointly to establish nationwide consensus standards governing such areas as maximum allowable coal dust concentrations in mines, maximum pesticide exposure levels, and maximum noise levels for a given time period. The bill also would have given the federal government a badly needed research program for the development of reasonable standards in occupational health. With a few exceptions, these do not currently exist. The federal government would also have been given strict enforcement rights and the ability to set stiff penalties for violations. But the 1968 bill did not pass; nor did the occupational safety and health bill of 1969. Fortunately, the Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, which sets federal standards in specified mining operations, did become law on December 30, 1969. But that legislation is hardly adequate in view of the magnitude of the job at hand.

Even attempts at enforcing the minimal standards of the Walsh-Healey Act are feeble. Only twenty-two inspectors are available to cover the *twenty-nine million* workers "protected" under that law.

The picture at state and local levels is equally dismal, fostered by equally inadequate manpower and budgets. It is perhaps symptomatic of the severity of the problem that California, which has one of the country's better public and occupational health programs, is plagued with a critically serious occupational health problem in the vineyards and fruit orchards.

For eight years California farm workers, under the inspiration and guidance of Cesar Chavez, have been fighting for *La Causa*. The Cause seeks little more than to win recognition for migrant farm workers, many of them Mexican-Americans, and to have them treated as human beings. Field conditions are so intolerable that they endanger the workers' good health.

The number one cause of migratory farm workers' illnesses is the careless use of agricultural chemicals and pesticides, which in 1967 gave rise to 1,400 reported cases of occupationally induced disease in California.

Many insecticides are used in California's fields: sulphur compounds; chlorinated hydrocarbons, such as DDT, endrin, aldrin, and dieldrin; the carbamates, such as sevin, banol, zectran, and avadex; and the organophosphates, including tetraethylpyrophosphate (TEPP), malathion, and the World War II nerve gas parathion. Major health problems are caused in the fields by the chlorinated hydrocarbons and the organophosphates.

Although there is no question that DDT has been responsible for the death and near extinction of many animal species, there are so far no objective data to show that DDT and other widely used chlorinated-hydrocarbon pesticides produce occupational disease. Fortunately, because of pending, progressive legislation sponsored by both state legislators and such U.S. Senators as Gaylord Nelson, nonspecific, long-lasting pesticides may soon be phased out before it is known whether such kidney and liver damage as DDT induces in other mammals would also be caused in man.

But, unfortunately, as DDT is phased out many growers are increasing their use of the even more toxic organophosphates. These are admittedly more specific for insect pests and do not remain in the environment for long periods of time. But they are very specific for humans, causing more injury than any other group of pesticides, and sometimes proving fatal. Exposure to organophosphates and other toxic pesticides causes an estimated 800 deaths and 80,000 injuries annually throughout the nation. They are tricky to apply, and users must maintain extreme precautions. It is with these chemicals that many grape growers are the most willfully negligent.

The files of the California State Health Department are packed with tragic organophosphate poisoning cases. For example, one report tells of a three-year-old child who died after sucking a finger she had put into an open gallon can of 40 per cent tetraethylpyrophosphate (TEPP, a phosphate ester cholinesterase inhibitor) being used in a berry field. The report also points out that TEPP is the most toxic commonly used pesticide in California and that one drop, either on the skin or swallowed, can prove fatal to the average 175-pound man. Other reports listing other pesticide-caused deaths establish the fact that employers often fail to warn their workers about the hazards involved in handling some pesticides and fail to provide instructions in both Spanish and English about what precautions to take.

Why does California have such difficulties? As one top physician in the California Public Health program commented, "The problem with enforcing existing law is our decreased staff and the highly technical nature of pesticides."

California, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania are the only states that give substantial medical attention to occupational health hazards. Thirteen states, including South Dakota, Wyoming, and West Virginia, have only one or at most two persons—part-time—to investigate occupational health complaints. At present, there is virtually no federal program.

Before a new chemical or process is introduced into production use, its toxic potentials should be tested so that proper exposure limitations and safety precautions can be set. Our ignorance in these areas alone is staggering. Obviously, the states need more federal funding to increase the staffs and capacities of their occupational health programs. The federal government also needs increased funds and staff so that its Bureau of Occupational Health and Safety can develop standards and enforcement procedures in cooperation with bolstered state and local-level staffs. Most occupational diseases are completely preventable. It is a crime for them to continue.

"I can never remember the difference between jetsam and flotsam."

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

To Ditch the SST

WASHINGTON.

FIFTEEN MAJOR consumer and conservation organizations have joined forces in a group called the Coalition Against the SST to lobby against President Nixon's request for $290-million to continue the SST prototype program through fiscal 1971. The administration's budget request, the largest single-year appropriation for the transport since the program began in 1963 and more than three times last year's $85-million appropriation, was made against the recommendation of the majority of members of the President's own SST Ad Hoc Review Committee.

The new coalition, which is supported by private contributions, has opened an office at 235 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., and is encouraging those belonging to its member organizations to write their congressmen to vote against the SST appropriation.

While the coalition was being formed, a succession of witnesses was testifying against the SST before Senator William Proxmire's Subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee, which was holding hearings on the economics of the supersonic transport.

Opposition to the SST centers on not only the amount of money involved but the environmental damage critics believe the plane may cause. Russell E. Train, chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, has testified on some of the main hazards, which include air pollution, sonic booms, possible changes in world climate, and airport noise, characterized by Richard L. Garwin of IBM's Watson Laboratories as the equivalent of "fifty subsonic jets taking off simultaneously."

Industry Invests in Controls

NEW YORK.

U.S. INDUSTRY is expected to spend more than $2-billion this year on environmental controls, according to a recently released McGraw-Hill survey on new plants and equipment for 1970-73. That figure represents a 37-per cent increase over the comparable total for 1969.

The most difficult problem companies face in fighting air and water pollution is the lack of uniform standards throughout the country. The variations in local regulations complicate company decisions on upgrading existing plants, relocating, or shutting down. Ultimately, local pollution standards affect company profits and employment opportunities.

Crossing State Lines

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

POLLUTION is often a regional rather than a state problem. In recognition of that fact, the governors of seventeen Southern and Border States have formed the Southern Regional Environmental Conservation Council to fight mutual pollution problems through multistate agreements.

The council will be an arm of the Southern Governors' Conference, whose members are: Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Delaware, and the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

The First Degree

CHICAGO.

IN A SURPRISE MOVE, the Federal Water Quality Administration has announced a stringent policy on thermal pollution for Lake Michigan—water dumped into the lake must be cooled to within one degree Fahrenheit of the lake's temperature at the point of discharge.

Conservationists, long concerned that the dumping of hot water from steam generators would disrupt marine life, were at first overjoyed at the federal ruling. On second thought, they began to wonder if the standard wasn't so stringent as to be unenforceable.

The proposed policy was immediately branded arbitrary and ill-advised by spokesmen for electric utilities. The same opinion was reiterated by representatives of nuclear power plants currently under construction, and of municipalities and industries that discharge water into the lake at temperatures exceeding the announced limitation. The cost of complying with the new standard is estimated in the millions.

Actions, Not Words

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA campus here has decided to turn itself into a model ecosystem. As a first step, the university's Chancellor has asked the California Highway Commission to defer construction of a planned major traffic artery leading to the college grounds.

In addition, ninety-one acres of campus land, including dunes and beach, will be set aside as a "natural preserve" for ecological research. Propane fuel systems are being tested in some university-owned automobiles, and the use of electrically operated cars is also under investigation. Styrofoam drinking cups and other plastic objects that do not break down when discarded will be eliminated. Hard pesticides have been banned, biodegradable soaps may soon replace cleaning agents known to pollute the water, and the recycling of paper and other products is being studied.

Congress Moves to Unify Environment Bills

WASHINGTON.

SO MANY CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES are involved with the environment that they often end up working at cross-purposes. In order to coordinate Congressional activity without disturbing jealously guarded jurisdictions, a resolution has been offered in the House of Representatives to establish a Joint Congressional Committee on Environment and Technology. The committee, to consist of twenty-one representatives and nineteen senators, would be a study committee rather than a legislative one with powers and duties comparable to those of the Joint Economic Committee.

Last year, Congress created the three-member Council on Environmental Quality to advise the President on environmental concerns the way the Council of Economic Advisers does on economic matters. The Environmental Council is required to file an annual report with Congress. The new Congressional committee would get those reports and perhaps issue its own.

The resolution to establish a Joint Committee was introduced by Representative Carl Albert and co-sponsored by 130 other representatives. The House Rules Committee received the resolution, which is expected to reach the House floor before Congress adjourns. The resolution has touched off a flurry of behind-the-scenes activity in the Senate.

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The Swedes Clean Up

STOCKHOLM.

ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL is taken seriously in Sweden. Every university in the land gives courses in pollution and ecology. And a recent public opinion poll indicates that 62 per cent of Sweden's population believes that the country should forgo a rise in its standard of living and spend the money thus saved on cleaning up the environment.

Many Swedish companies, operating under strict pollution laws, have discovered, perhaps to their surprise, that with a little ingenuity they can obey the law and still increase their profits. A case in point is the foodstuffs factory of AB Felix in the town of Eslöv, which discovered it could turn the vast amount of starch it was no longer permitted to wash down the drain into a yeast product used in cattle fodder.

Less Sulphur Mañana

JUDIBANA, VENEZUELA.

THE LARGEST petroleum desulphurization plant in the world is nearing completion here at the Amuay oil refinery of the Creole Petroleum Corporation, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. As a result, New Yorkers may soon breathe less polluted air.

Roughly 60 per cent of the refinery's output of 500,000 barrels a day is sold in the United States, most of it to large cities in the Northeast. Venezuelan oil, however, contains about 1.5 per cent sulphur, more than three times the limit set by New York City for fuel oils. The crude oil also contains large amounts of metallic vanadium, which must be removed during the desulphurization process.

The Venezuelan economy depends on oil exports for 90 per cent of its foreign exchange. To retain its North American markets, the Amuay refinery has built ten desulphurization units. About 335 long tons of poisonous sulphur that would otherwise be released in the air of northeastern United States will now be removed at the source.

Aussies Rescue Their Beaches

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

A FIVE-YEAR PROGRAM has been launched to rid Sydney's swimming and surfing beaches of pollution. The $50-million program involves the construction of sewage treatment plants to purify effluent before it reaches the sea.

An estimated 200 million gallons of raw sewage presently empties into the sea every day from Sydney's homes, institutions, and manufacturing enterprises. The sewage led recently to the closing of a popular beach at the height of the Australian summer season (from December through March), and is thought to have been responsible for a sharp rise in infectious hepatitis, intestinal disorders, and ear, nose, and throat infections.

In conjunction with the five-year plan, an even longer-range program to cost an estimated additional $20-million calls for the construction of outlets two miles at sea where the effluent would be discharged into water 200 feet deep that scientists say would render the sewage harmless.

Warning System Urged

GENEVA.

AN "international detection and warning system" to protect man against harmful changes in his environment was proposed by Dr. Marcolino G. Candau, director general of the World Health Organization.

The warning network, Dr. Candau said, should be capable of making a "structural and quantitative analysis of all the essential factors of the environment—physical, chemical, biological, and psychological—in order to determine the indicators that can serve as alarm signals."

An End to DDT

MOSCOW.

THE SOVIET Ministry of Agriculture has banned the future production of DDT for the protection of food and fodder crops. Presumably, the DDT already in stock will continue to be used.

The ministry also announced it would restrict the use of zinc phosphate pesticides, the careless use of which was recently blamed for the killing of numerous cranes, gray geese, foxes, and rare great bustards.

Japan Fights Air Pollution

TOKYO.

AIR POLLUTION from factory smokestacks and automobile exhaust is so severe here that traffic policemen periodically have to interrupt their work to inhale pure oxygen, but help is on the way. An air pollution control center designed to monitor smog levels and to issue warnings swiftly when the density of sulphur dioxide in the air exceeds the authorized limits has been completed.

The center is linked to eight permanent pollution observation points around the city and by "hot line" to seventy-eight factories, hospitals, and hotels—the main sources of sulphur dioxide in Tokyo. Whenever necessary, the officer in charge at the control center can request the factories to reduce their pollution by switching to heavy fuels with a low sulphur content or by shortening their production hours. The factories must respond by reporting the steps they have taken, which are monitored by the center. The center also announces the names of the businesses involved as a further control.

Packaged Airline Passengers

BONN.

INSPIRED BY the container principle that has revolutionized land-sea freight transport in West Germany during the past five years, the Friedrich Krupp Company has come up with a new idea: containers for airline passengers and their luggage.

The system envisions standardized units for sixty to 120 passengers. Each container would have its own stewardesses, galley, washrooms, and luggage racks. The units would be filled at airline terminals and then be moved to waiting planes. On arrival at their destinations, the containers would be rolled off the plane. Passengers could debark with their luggage at the airport, or the containers could be transferred to waiting elevated trains for direct transportation into nearby cities. In a variant of the system, small passenger containers could be shifted at airports from large transcontinental airliners to smaller planes or helicopters for further short air hops.

Krupp researchers estimate that 500 passengers and their luggage can be emplaned or deplaned in ten minutes by using the container system. Since large West German airports are expected to handle up to 6,000 incoming and departing passengers every thirty to forty-five minutes by 1975, the researchers believe that their system may soon become an accepted necessity.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

To SR Readers

SR welcomes Earth Watch items from readers and will make token payment on publication to the first contributor of each item published. Contributions should describe *positive* action being taken in the United States or abroad to improve the quality of the environment. The contributor's name and address and the date of submission should be on all items. When the material comes from a published source, the name and date of publication should be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. They should be addressed to: Earth Watch Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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A Despairing Optimist

REASON AWAKE: SCIENCE FOR MAN

by René Dubos

Columbia University Press, 280 pp., $6.95 hard-cover, $2.95 paper

Reviewed by Harrison Brown

ESSAYS by René Dubos are always a pleasure to read. At this point in history when everything appears to be falling apart at the seams, they are a particular pleasure for the simple reason that they are so rational. This collection, which had its origins in a series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Institute for the Study of Science and Human Affairs at Columbia University, is marked by the fact that the author is a renaissance man who perceives more clearly than do most persons the near-catastrophic situation in which the human species now finds itself. Referring to himself as "a despairing optimist," Dubos analyzes with objectivity and clarity the scientific-technological basis of our modern-day predicament.

The essays concern themselves with science and scientific technology, and with the effects these have upon man. "The present century is called the technological age not because there is a great abundance of machines and man is dependent on them, but because we accept the fact that our lives are the manifestations of consequences rather than the expressions of purposes."

Whether we like it or not, man has become completely dependent upon scientific technology for his survival, a development that in the perspective of history is relatively recent. For the greater part of the some two million years of his existence, man lived much as did the other animals about him. But gradually his power of conceptual thought, which enabled him to solve problems, to communicate with his fellow men, and to pass his accumulated knowledge from one generation to the next, increased his chances of survival. The controlled use of fire and the adoption of clothing extended the ranges of climate that he could inhabit and the range of food that he could eat. Tools enabled him to collect food and to protect himself from predators, including his fellow men.

Man's most spectacular achievement by far, however, was his development of agriculture. By selectively nurturing plants and animals that were useful and by destroying those that were not, it became possible for several thousand persons to be nourished from land that previously could support but a few persons. The new technology quickly triggered mankind's first population explosion and paved the way for the emergence of cities. The fact that an individual farmer could grow more food than was needed by his family meant that some persons could engage in occupations other than farming. Other technologies emerged with increasing rapidity. Each successive advance gave rise to increased levels of population and to increased interaction between man and his environment. Mankind eventually reached the point where there could be no turning back.

Over the years man's world has become a completely artificial one divorced from the world of nature out of which he emerged. Although he has become dependent upon his technology, he nevertheless often looks back upon his days in the world of nature, when life appeared less chaotic and in a sense more predictable. Yet, deep inside man realizes that his primitive, natural world exists no longer, nor can it exist again for as long as he continues to inhabit Earth.

Dubos discusses the modern discontent about scientific knowledge and points out that "two centuries ago young adults stormed the Bastille and other symbolic representations of political despotism. Today, countless young men and women all over the Western world publicly or privately reject scientific knowledge, efficient technology, the ever-expanding economy, the search for happiness and greater affluence, and other values of this society of consumption that have been regarded as the very expression of desirable modernity by their forebears." He then takes up a number of critical problems that have been brought about by technological expansion. Thermonuclear weapons hang heavily over our heads. Medical technology has produced a new population explosion that also threatens to destroy us. Increased farm productivity has produced an urban explosion in virtually all areas of the world. As consumption has increased, so have the assaults upon the environment to the point where man is now imperiled by the combination of his biological and industrial excreta. At the same time, man is fissioning into two quite separate cultures: a culture of affluence and a culture of poverty. And the gap between the two is widening. The rich are getting richer, when viewed in material terms, and the poor are getting poorer relative to the rich. The international political scene can only be described as utter chaos.

Certain of the basic problems that confront us are clear. We must learn how to prevent expanding military might from destroying us. We must learn how to stabilize populations, and how to provide all persons with adequate nutrition. We must learn how to utilize our vast reserves of low-grade resources. We must learn how to recycle our wastes in such a way that we do not pollute our environment. We must learn how to create beauty to replace the ugliness we have created.

But our basic problems can be solved only in part through the proper application of technology. The greater part of the solutions must necessarily involve dramatic changes in our social, political, and moral outlooks. We must undo the tremendous mistakes of the past and search deeply for an understanding of what we would like to see man become.

"Despite our scientific and technological triumphs," Dubos says, "we suffer from a loss of nerve and have become a conservative society satisfied with continuing our present course. We are no longer willing to construct models of possible futures that we really desire, despite the fact that our willingness to let science and technology proceed on their own course generates the nightmares of reason."

Harrison Brown, an SR *editor-at-large and a professor of geochemistry, science, and government at California Institute of Technology, is foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences.*

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Drinking Water

THE RESIDENTS of Grand Junction would like to express their disappointment at being included in the listing of "U.S. Cities with Sub-standard Drinking Water Systems" in Sally Lindsay's article "How Safe Is the Nation's Drinking Water?" [*SR*, May 2].

After a period of two-and-a-half years of great effort, including the passing of a bond issue, a new $1.2-million water treatment plant was completed last summer without the aid of any federal funds. The construction program included two four-million-gallon finished-water storage tanks, which was one of the main reasons for the provisional approval back in December 1966, and not because the drinking water did not meet bacteriological requirements.

The treatment plant, the water tanks, a new major water supply main, and other improvements totaling $2.2-million were completed by August 1969. The Colorado Board of Health made a survey dated February 12, 1970, showing that the Grand Junction water system has a fully approved status as of that date. The officials at the Colorado Board of Health sent this report to the Regional Office of the U. S. Public Health Service; from there, we do not know why it did not get to the proper agency.

We are greatly disappointed that we must receive such national publicity when it is not deserved, and when it has been nine months since we completed the necessary improvements.

R. G. YOUNGERMAN,
Mayor,
Grand Junction, Colo.

IN REFFERENCE to the article listing U. S. cities with substandard drinking water systems as of March 18, 1970, which included Clarksville among five other Tennessee cities with major deficiencies numbers (1), (3), and (6), I would like to go on record that since initiation of a sampling program by the U. S. Public Health Service in February 1969, our department on the first of each month has sent the results of forty-five samples taken during that month to the Tennessee Department of Public Health. They, in turn, transfer this report to the Public Health Service. This is relative to major deficiency (1). With regard to item (3), daily chemical data are sent to the Tennessee Department of Public Health the first of each month for as far back as city personnel can remember. With reference to item (6), the city has an ordinance prohibiting any cross-connections with the public water supply. This was passed some twenty years ago.

The Tennessee Health Department annually rates Tennessee water supplies. Our plant was rated July 24, 1969, and was given a score of 97 out of a possible 100. Items in this rating, to wit: Item (10)—Operation and laboratory control was given a score of 10 out of a possible 10; item (13)—In the same rating, cooperation with the Health Department was given a score of 5 out of a possible 5.

In addition to the report sent to the Health Department for tests made in our own laboratory, six samples per month are sent to the central lab of the Health Department. As far as can be remembered, Clarksville has never received a positive sampling [indicating substandard water].

We welcome visitations by the public to inspect our plant at any time.

CHARLES W. CROW,
Mayor,
Clarksville, Tenn.

A DETAILED CHECK was made by this department and the Health Department into the records [of the drinking water supplied here to interstate carriers] of those dates stated in *SR*, and we find no cause for New Bedford to be mentioned.

GEORGE H. BRIGHTMAN,
Superintendent,
Water Department,
New Bedford, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The data for the chart that accompanied the article in question were supplied by the Bureau of Water Hygiene of the U.S. Public Health Service. Communities that feel they were erroneously listed as having "provisionally approved" drinking water systems as of March 18, 1970, should take the matter up with the PHS, which made the ratings.*

WE WERE DISMAYED to read in *SR* that the city of Vancouver, Washington, had received a "provisionally approved" classification for interstate water supplies. This classification is not true, and the city of Vancouver received an "approved" classification on February 2, 1970, from the Washington State Department of Health with the concurrence of the U.S. Public Health Service.

On May 4, 1970, this classification was again confirmed by telephone with the Washington State Health Department.

We feel an error was made on *SR*'s part; the article should have been researched further prior to publication. This type of article does great damage to our city and causes needless concern among our citizens.

It would appear that a magazine of the stature of *SR* would insure accurate reporting by proper research and study of items such as these prior to release to the public. We are now faced with the situation of informing our own citizenry that the water supply of the city of Vancouver has an "approved" classification and not the "provisionally approved" classification as pointed out in *SR*'s article.

LLOYD STROMGREN,
Mayor,
Vancouver, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our apologies to the Mayor and citizens of Vancouver. The provisionally approved water system is that of the Port of Vancouver.*

THE RECENT listing by *SR* of Tucumcari as having an unapproved water supply is in error as a result of an administrative mix-up.

In April 1968, railroad passenger service to Tucumcari was discontinued, and as a result this office deleted the Tucumcari water supply from the interstate carrier listing and discontinued the forwarding of bacteriological water sample data to the Public Health Service. As a

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result of twenty-one months of no bacteriologic data, the Public Health Service placed the Tucumcari system on the unapproved list.

Water samples have been collected from Tucumcari and a file maintained in this office. The samples indicate a satisfactory water quality at Tucumcari, and inspection of the facility indicates adequate structural detail for an approved water supply.

I would appreciate *SR*'s publishing this information. I take personal responsibility for the error.

JOHN R. WRIGHT, P.E.,
Chief, Water & Liquid Waste Section,
Environmental Services Division,
State of New Mexico,
Santa Fe, N.M.

SALLY LINDSAY'S article on drinking water quality was the best explanation of our interstate carrier drinking water program I have seen. She is to be commended for an article that conveys a full understanding of a complex subject. *SR* is to be congratulated for publishing it.

THOMAS F. WILLIAMS,
Director, Office of Public Affairs,
Environmental Health Service,
Public Health Service,
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Rockville, Md.

Mother's Milk

THANK YOU for Charles F. Wurster's article "DDT in Mother's Milk" [*SR*, May 2], which emphasized that mothers should continue to breast-feed their babies. As a mother who has nursed three children and who is also extremely concerned about the problems of ecology, I agree that his topic deserved a closer look.

Some other points that I consider highly pertinent are: 1) Since breast milk is used more efficiently than formula, a breast-fed baby sometimes takes only slightly more than half the amount of milk a formula baby does. Hence, calculating the "exposure" to DDT on an ounce-for-ounce basis may be misleading. 2) In taking on more formula than he would breast milk, the artificially fed baby may well become fatter than the typical solid, slender, breast-fed infant. If the amount of DDT is related to the amount of fatty tissue, would this not make a difference?

In any event, the need for control and discretion in the use of such potent substances as DDT is more than urgent.

MRS. JOHANNA M. HORTON,
Jacksonville, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Wurster says there would be no substantial difference in the amount of DDT in the tissue of breast-fed and artificially fed babies.*

Kudos

IN HAROLD TAYLOR'S "Inside Buckminster Fuller's Universe" [*SR*, May 2] Mr. Taylor endorses Fuller's "World Game" as a "mock-up" of the space science computerized phenomena of orbital landing and splashdown. My purpose is to applaud Harold Taylor as one who stands tall on the cutting edge of education and social change. He suggests from "Fuller's Law" that even peace and social well-being are all realizable as is the space program, providing we are willing to pay the price.

LEO L. KNUTI,
Montana State University,
Bozeman, Mont.

Detergents

IN "A Move Against Detergents" [EARTH WATCH, May 2], a table listed six of the major detergents and the percentages of phosphate they contained, indicating that the worst offenders are those with a 25- to 50-per cent phosphate content. Since Earth Week, I have noted similar tables published in various sources and find a wide range of discrepancies. For example, a study by Limnetics, a Milwaukee consulting firm, that appeared in *The New York Times* had the following detergents with their phosphate percentages listed as: Wisk, 7.6; Bold, 30.2; Ajax Laundry, 28.2; Drive, 25.3; Cheer, 22.0; and Bio-Aid, 35.5. These percentages coincide drastically with comparable percentages of the Canadian study, which are 10.5, 32.5, 36.0, 41.5, 44.5, and 49.0, respectively. A third major study put out by the FWQA (Federal Water Quality Administration) lists several detergents including Drive, 47.4 per cent; Cheer, 36.3 per cent; and Ajax Laundry, 44.6 per cent. This same study listed Tide as being the highest with 49.8 per cent as compared with 30.6 per cent listed for Tide by the Limnetics study. I realize that sampling techniques can vary, but, if there is that much deviation in the sampling techniques, the published studies tend to be rather meaningless and make it even harder for the housewife to select a detergent on the basis of supposed phosphate percentages.

JOHN TAGGART,
Lexington, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *thanks Mr. Taggart for pointing out the variations in published tables of detergent phosphate percentages. Our advice to housewives who continue to use detergents is to buy those with the lowest phosphate content on whatever list they see.*

RE: "A Move Against Detergents." In the last paragraph is the suggestion of writing to Pollution Probe, University of Toronto 181, Ontario, Canada—and sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Now, sir, where are your United States readers going to find a Canadian stamp for the envelope? U.S. stamps will not carry mail posted in Canada, any more than a Canadian stamp can be used for mailing in any country other than Canada.

Excuse me for taking time over this matter, but to me it is just another facet of the [outlook of the] average U.S. citizen toward Canada. I am sure there are many in the United States who think Washington is the capital of Canada and all that we have is yours.

VICTOR M. KNIGHT,
Toronto, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pollution Probe advises us that American readers can use a regular U.S. 6¢ stamp on their self-addressed envelopes. The University of Toronto sends the American mail by bulk to the Postmaster in Buffalo, New York, who then mails it in the United States.*

Concentration

IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE a more naïve and reactionary point of view than that attacked by Wolf Von Eckardt in "The Perils of Concentration" [*SR*, May 2]. But Mr. Von Eckardt is too lenient in his criticism. "We hope to see several hundred thousand more office workers in the next ten years," says the New York City Planning Commission. So a city already strained beyond the limits of pleasant and natural living conditions might have many more workday inhabitants—and more concentrated exhaust poisoning, more frustrating traffic problems, more crowded public facilities, more need for expressways to further strangle the inhabitants, heavier taxes for the permanent residents who can least afford to pay, and more of the myriad social diseases that overcrowding breeds. Certainly, the Planning Commission is "simply behind the times." But to dismiss their thinking as merely old-fashioned is a mistake. Their thinking is preposterously shortsighted. As long as it prevails, American cities will remain symbolic of America's fight against humanity.

PHILIP F. LAWLER,
Cambridge, Mass.

WOLF VON ECKARDT may be unaware that present plans provide for the extension of the Rockefeller Concourse west of Sixth Avenue into the new Esso and McGraw-Hill buildings. Underground walkways to the Time-Life and other buildings to the north have existed for years.

The New York City Transit Authority, although limited in funds, has plans to make the Rockefeller Center subway station more viable. A change in the track alignment might have produced several desirable design possibilities, but, due to the complexity of the track crisscrossings, it would have been more than prohibitive in cost.

MICHAEL DESKEY,
New York, N.Y.

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The Erosion of Eden

Continued from page 61

you pay double. You don't like his bid, forget it."

There are now no fewer than 15,000 rooms in Waikiki, with 5,000 more coming. A suggested limit has been set at 26,000. But, as Gill points out, tourism may bring in more dollars than Hawaiian pineapple and Hawaiian sugar, but those gains are only beneficial to a point. Tourism can also create distortions and problems in the community. Hawaii already has the highest number of dual-income families in the nation. Gill thinks the reason for that is the inordinately high cost of housing that requires housewives and mothers to work. Economics aside, absentee housewives and absentee mothers also create certain social pressures within the family. But, even considering the hiring of women, Gill points out that "after the last housewife and the last maiden aunt, then we must import labor. We have to build houses for them, bring in water, expand our schools, enlarge our police department, widen roads. Then somebody in the legislature asks, 'Where's my new school in Kailua?' "

Providing housing for hotel workers, local or imported from other islands, is a new problem in Hawaii as it is in many other resort areas. It is hard to believe that Laurance Rockefeller's super luxury Mauna Kea resort, when it was built on the Big Island of Hawaii only a few years ago, made no provision for staff quarters. The one-time sleepy village of Kona is being developed now without adequate housing. The nearest center of population is Hilo, more than an hour and a half away by car from Mauna Kea and two hours from Kona.

It was just such inattention that created the scandal that broke over the Caribbean island of St. Thomas last winter. More than 16,000 "bonded aliens," as they are officially called, were brought in from foreign West Indian islands to help build and work in the burgeoning hotel and building industries. Often paid less than the minimum wage, dunned for taxes and Social Security, whose benefits they would never collect, the workers were pushed into squalid shelters and gouged unmercifully. Those who brought their families found no provision for schooling. Says St. Thomas publisher Ariel Melchior, "We have been too tourist-oriented. We should have balanced the human interests—there has been too much emphasis placed on tourism and making money, too little on how human beings live."

Seven thousand miles away, in that other blue-water land, Lieutenant Governor Gill agrees. "I was born here," he says, "and this is my place. I could live elsewhere, but I don't want to. I made the choice, and I like it. I'm going to stay here and fight on this rock. You know, we're not going to get shoved off. I think most people who are natives have somewhat similar attitudes at this point. Unless they're connected with the tourist business, and then they may have just plain doubts."

One of the hottest issues in Hawaii is the labor pool and the question of whether it will stretch far enough to cover all the new hotels. Chinn Ho, the self-made entrepreneur, developer, and financier, thinks that if all the future development were kept on the island of Oahu the labor would be sufficient to cover the needs, provided the wives of white- and blue-collar workers were pressed into service. Dr. Hamilton thinks there is enough of a labor force for the next few years. "After that, if we do nothing, the jobs will be taken by the mainlanders." But a Hawaii of high-rise buildings staffed by mainlanders is little more than an offshore extension of California. There is a strong argument to bring in Tongans. Their education is in English, they are Polynesian, and Tonga suffers an unemployment problem. On the other hand, it could prove too abrupt a dislocation to lift a Tongan out of that quiet South Seas isle and drop him into roiling Waikiki. There are those appraisers of the South Seas life who point out that Polynesians live a communal life and islanders with that background don't necessarily make the best workers. "There is a lack," says one community leader, "of the Puritan ethic that says if you're going to get ahead you have to get up at four a.m. and work like hell." Others suggest recruiting labor in Japan, but there would seem to be little desire for an aggressive Japanese, in a nation whose Gross National Product will top ours by 1990, to leave Japan.

Lieutenant Governor Gill has spoken out strongly in favor of a tourist tax, which is pure anathema to the travel industry. He sees it not as a head tax but as a flat charge on hotel rooms. If such a levy would turn anyone away, it would be the budget traveler, and Hawaii planners now point to an economic study made in the Islands that shows the ideal traveler from Hawaii's standpoint is the family man in the $15,000 bracket. He can afford a room in a good hotel. He has enough disposable income to leave some money in Hawaii. Unlike the very wealthy traveler, his requirements don't necessarily include elaborate resorts, which eat up the land disproper-

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tionately and therefore unprofitably.

Gill's tourist tax would go into a special fund that would be used to train tour drivers as accomplished guides instead of sit-down comedians as they are now. The fund would provide capital to build pedestrian malls, to clean up the beaches, to remove the slum dwellings that still exist in Waikiki. Gill would like to see Hawaii's museums improved, and Iolani Palace, the only palace on American soil, properly restored before it collapses from an invasion of termites.

He is pushing to raise the landing fees charged to airlines at Hawaii's two transpacific airports. Those funds—another form of tourist tax that will be passed along to the passenger in higher priced tickets—will pay for a new reef runway at Honolulu that will alter the take-off direction of the big jets. Now, when the wind is out of the south, the jets roar right over the Honolulu district of Kalihi-Palama. Says Gill, "The kids are practically deaf. We must air-condition the classrooms at a cost of $15,000. The Hawaiians ask, 'How come we gotta put up $15,000 to air-condition the classroom, when *they're* making the noise?'

"The citizen sitting here and watching the plane go over doesn't see it the same way as the airline and the travel industry. He doesn't see that plane as a big bag of money somehow trickling into his pocket. He sees it as a big, incredible noise that's driving him out of his mind. And when the airline says, 'We're doing you a favor by driving you out of your mind,' he's not so sure."

For the planners, the fundamental question is whether Hawaii—or any other highly developed resort area—can countenance continued urbanization and reconcile it with natural beauty. Says Aaron Levine, "If you keep chopping down trees and keep putting in air-conditioner equipment that blasts hot air into the environment, you have serious problems with ecology right outside the window."

—The New York Times.

Franklin Pierce house—saved by bottled bourbon.

Editor George Chaplin senses a feeling, now, of "thus far and no farther." Gill calls this "a watershed year." Some think the turn-around came when forty groups banded together a few years ago and defeated the move of the developers to erect high-rise apartments on the slopes of Diamond Head. Waikiki interests have hired a planner, Donald Bremner, whose former assignment was in Westport, Connecticut. While those credentials may seem less than imposing, and his arrival perhaps fifteen years too late, "at least"—as one conservationist puts it—"he's not a hotel operator." "We don't mean to sit back here," says a community leader, "and say that any number of people you want to send us we will accept. There is a realization that there is a ceiling on the number of people who can be decently handled."

Early in May, hearings on a vast plan to create a second Waikiki opposite Ala Moana Park drew a storm of outraged people to the City Council chambers. The plan was put forward as a joint project of Victoria Ward, Ltd., one of Hawaii's most venerable estates, and the huge Dillingham Corporation, the state's largest, whose holdings stretch from San Francisco to Australia. The consortium brought in Pietro Belluschi, the architect-planner, and architect Minoru Yamasaki. They offered a "Tivoli Gardens-style commercial park," more high-rise apartments and hotels all sitting alongside Ala Moana Center, and the largest shopping center in the world, the whole thing connected to the park by a pedestrian walkway.

The people and the organizations who testified against it for four hours saw the project as a new Chinese Wall and a usurpation of their park by tourists driving the local citizenry elsewhere. The same thing had happened in Waikiki. The chances are good that the project will be defeated. It would have been impossible to defeat it two years ago, and four years ago it might have been welcomed.

On the Big Island, Sunichi Kimura, the mayor of Hawaii County, has squared off with Boise Cascade, which hopes to develop a multimillion-dollar hotel and apartment project on the Kona Coast. Although a ten-story condominium has already erupted out of the sands of Kaanapali Beach on Maui, and Lyle Guslander of American Factors is supervising a twelve-story, 350-room high-rise addition smack in the middle of once-quiet, Pacific-style Royal Lahaina on the same beach, Mayor Elmer Cravalho, former Hawaiian Speaker of the House, has vowed he will permit no new Waikiki.

In Honolulu, the City Council, when it was elected in November of 1968, represented a revolt against developer orientation. In this session the legislature has passed a shore line setback law setting limits for the distance between new buildings and the sea. On its docket is the establishment of a governor's office of environmental quality, a test project for using propane in state-owned vehicles, and the establishment of an ecological center at the University of Hawaii. This August Hawaii has called a Governor's Conference on the Year 2000. Magic Island, a sand atoll pumped out of the Pacific in front of Ala Moana Park, once sited as a new nest for hotels, has been set aside as a public park.

In other world corners there are other victories. In Paris, Marcel Dassault, the Mystère-maker, seems to have been dissuaded from tearing down the Rond Point palaces and replacing them with glass towers. A new campaign has broken out to save the old Left Bank buildings of La Mouffe, along Rue Mouffetard, where Hemingway gamboled in his early Paris days. In New Hampshire, the sale of $75,000 worth of bourbon sold in commemorative bottles at $14.90 a fifth has saved the Concord home of Franklin Pierce, which was to have been demolished in an urban renewal program. In London, Prince Charles took a look at the new British-French Concorde, pronounced it "exciting," and then said, "If it is going to pollute us with noise, if it is going to knock down churches or shatter priceless windows when it tests its sonic booms—is this what we really want?" In Alaska, conservation groups got a stay, for a while, on a road to run alongside the Alaska oil pipeline. In Florida, the birds of the Everglades seem to have bested the gas birds. Work on the jetport originally planned alongside the park has stopped. And in Washington, the Senate has passed a complicated bill that, if passed into law, would preserve at least some of the nation's passenger trains.

There are mornings when, peeling back the screens at the Kahala Hilton, one can take in all the Pacific from the fisherman stalking the shoals with a throw-net clear to the faraway freighter steaming over the horizon standing for Suva and Papeete and Pago Pago. There are mornings at Jenny Lake Lodge when the sky is Dutch blue and cloudless, and the Grand Tetons rise with Wagnerian magnificence, and you can picnic by a beaver dam with a blue jay sitting on a bough eager to become an uninvited guest. It seems, then, as if everything is really all right, and with a psyche refreshed, and even purified, it is hard to imagine that man would ever foul so lovely a nest. It is only when the ear is put to the ground that the rumble is clear and evident and nearer than we thought.

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London Letter

Continued from page 21

Madame Tussaud's. However, should you be fortunate enough to get in—which means that even with a ticket you must begin queueing up at 9 in the morning—do not be surprised if suddenly and summarily you are asked to get out, most especially if you are gauche enough to be chewing gum. Also, in advance, it is well to make sure your hands are well scrubbed. Also, unless you choose to risk eviction, do not even talk to *yourself*. Decorum in this room is inviolable. Silence is sacred. If you should sneeze, you'll wish you'd never been born.

It is only occupancy of the Reading Room that demands such absolute formality. Otherwise, infinite treasures are to be savored nearby, simply for the entering and ambling, and they are, to coin a phrase, enough to knock your eye out. The place is loaded with original manuscripts of the men and women who have created the bulk of our classic literature, from Bacon, Browning, Burns, and Byron, to Cowper and Defoe, to Gibbon and Gray, to Johnson and Jonson, to Milton, Shelley, Spenser, and Sterne.

For anyone devoted to books, what is available in London cannot be contemplated without some surge of emotion. The Victoria and Albert Museum Library has what must be one of the finest collections of the literature of art. The London Oratory is the depository for an overwhelming display of Catholic literature. The Guildhall Library is actually a gathering together of *other* libraries, some belonging once upon a time to such as the Clockmakers' Company and the Playing Card Makers' Company.

The delights of a foreign city are always intriguing, and like other Americans in temporary residence here I am inclined to be stunned by London. After a while one's perspective needs adjustment, so as not to forget the treasures and enchantments at home. The wonder is that in this turbulent world so very much is still around that is great and gratifying, as in the oases of peace to be found in any library anywhere.

A penny per copy per borrowed book cannot be too much to ask even the poorest British citizen to contribute to the well-being of authors. I hope some library legislation, on the order of what is contemplated here, is being considered at home.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: wroth, worth, throw.

Poverty

Continued from page 48

yers, unions, and churches. Each group, Graham suggests, has historically treated the poor as losers, suitable for stingy charity and rich condescension. But in each case professional ideology permits a more generous disposition. Graham chronicles the efforts of welfare reformers, poverty lawyers, radical clergy, and socially concerned union leaders to redirect their institutions toward a broadly democratic service.

Without structure or argument, Graham's book alternates between capsule histories of institutional ideology and a rambling *kvetch* against the system. Yet its basic theme seems clear enough: the major institutions charged with protecting the weak have found it more congenial to serve the strong. Along the way, Graham implies, they have been victims of self-deception, too committed to an optimistic, pluralist faith to notice or aid the excluded.

The Future of Inequality, by sociologists S. M. Miller and Pamela Roby, charts the persistence of income inequality in the face of economic expansion and liberal social policy. The proportion of families earning less than one-half of the median income has hovered around 20 per cent since World War II. Public services may modify these figures somewhat, but not significantly. The distribution of government benefits favors the prosperous, while the tax system is not meaningfully progressive. The authors conclude that "reduction of inequalities is unlikely to proceed smoothly in the 1970s." Recent history suggests it may not proceed at all.

If redistribution is not just around the corner, liberal ideology needs a major overhaul. During the 1950s and early 1960s liberals placed their faith in the public sector to right the wrongs of the competitive economy. The result was a winning coalition for public programs that appealed to business (defense spending, road-building, urban renewal, space exploration) or reshuffled resources within middle-income groups (higher education, aid to private home construction). Only Medicare and Medicaid have significantly favored the poor—a boon purchased at the cost of enormous inflation in medical care prices and a largely regressive means of finance. Statism, if not an enemy of the poor, has at least in America often proved a false friend.

Leonard M. Ross, editor in chief of the Yale Law Journal, is Ezra Ripley Thayer Teaching Fellow at Harvard Law School for 1970-71.

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(Continued from page 73)

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(Continued from page 75)

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CATSKILLS—2½ hours NYC. Restored 1800 4-bedroom farmhouse, barn. 91 acres. Hunt, fish, swim. Furnished. $165 week, 2 week minimum. Weekday evenings 516-OR 6-3805.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA — Dramatic oceanfront beach home. Library, 7 bedrooms, Steinway. Complete modern furnishings. Near cultural centers. August $2,500. Box 1535, Manhattan Beach, California 90266. 213-372-5535.

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EAST HAMPTON—3-bedroom ranch. 2 wooded acres. July 1st-Labor Day. 516-324-1757, weekdays 212-442-3784.

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NORTHWESTERN CONNECTICUT—Secluded, completely equipped, 2-bedroom, hilltop cottage. July-August, $1,000. 203-FR 9-3542.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

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Travel

Continued from page 50

Sydney-Acapulco-New York) don't care who pockets their dollars.

The South African Tourist Corporation in New York claims that black Americans are eligible for visas (although one can't imagine a black wanting to go). Yet, Richard Atcheson wrote in last November's *Holiday*: "A black tourist would probably not get a visa in the first place, unless on some sort of extraordinary mission. 'We naturally do not envision any sort of black tourism here,' said a government tourism official in Pretoria. 'As you can understand, certain embarrassments would be bound to occur, and of course we do not wish to cause embarrassment to anyone, such as is constantly occurring in your own country, for example.'" Atcheson went on: "When white racists show up, expecting a warm welcome, it's an occasion for South African embarrassment. 'We get the strangest sorts of persons from your American South,' said the Pretoria official. 'Southern racialists. They seem to hate black people and make the ridiculous assumption that we do too, that we and they have something in common. We always assure them that we have *nothing* in common.'"

Israel is the exception to the rule that tourists stay away from countries at war or in turmoil. "There is a kind of heroism in visiting Israel," says Brunswick of El Al. "People come back and brag about being so near the fighting." Another curiosity of Israeli travel is the summer influx of young Germans, who come to stay on *kibbutzim* and perhaps relieve their consciences.

Tourists who want to see both sides of the Middle East conflict will never be permitted to enter an Arab country with a passport stamped in Israel. The alternative is to get the Israel stamp on a separate sheet, or else take out a new passport. The Arab Information Center in New York advises the traveler bent on visiting both sides to see the Arab countries first, then pass through Cyprus, Turkey, or Iran on the way to Israel. Direct travel is banned.

Another breed of tourist, the one who's tramped through every country regardless of its political climate, has recently turned his attention to Communist China. The U.S. State Department has further relaxed its restrictions on travel to China—and now it remains for Mao to open the gates, closed for more than two decades. When Pan Am last flew the San Francisco-Shanghai route in 1949, a round-trip tourist class ticket cost $1,306. Pan Am figures the fare would be about $300 less if the flight were re-established. A recent article in *Travel Weekly*, the *Variety* of the tourist business, explored the prospects for China travel so realistically that the words seemed to jump from travel brochures: "Several destinations probably would be included in most itineraries. These include Canton, the bustling air and sea gateway; Peking, the capital, boasting such attractions as the Great Wall and the Forbidden City; Shanghai, the industrialized former center of international nightlife; Nanking, the opulent ancient capital; and Hangchow, a noted seaside resort a half-day's journey from Shanghai."

The piece went on to say the "biggest question mark is hotels, about which hardly anything is known in the U.S. Those most familiar with the situation believe, however, that any sizable influx of tourists would present a problem. Existing hotels are believed to be twenty or more years old and heavily booked." Rickshaw rates were not quoted.

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 k, 2e, 3a, 4h, 5j, 6 l, 7i, 8b, 9g, 10c, 11f, 12d.

Vantage Point

by Ernest Kroll

The graying
(*Nel mezzo*)
Man looks
Deeper
(*Del cammin*)
Into the
Circling
(*Di nostra vita*)
Dark.

Drag Race

by Ernest Kroll

Recklessly
(*Morituri*)
They roar to
The town's
(*Te*)
Edge, blaring
Their
(*Salutamus*)
Horns.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1887

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Polish	1 12 35 57 84 98 164 182 15 20
B. Contemporary American actress, featured in "Member of the Wedding" (full name)	21 32 40 47 146 162 171 174 183 187 3
C. Shows fatuous fondness	16 45 46 65 88
D. Moat, trench	135 160 13 26 30
E. Wealthy; luxuriant	52 77 92 177 2 19 107
F. The largest Swiss port on the Lake of Constance	118 163 5 53 67 70 90 99 113
G. Pantomime (2 wds.)	125 136 27 64 93 94 100 144
H. "He drinketh up a river, and hasteth not." (Job, 40: 15-23)	97 108 148 165 59 75 89 168
I. Really (2 wds.)	60 106 112 123 154 173 11
J. Thriving market town in Shropshire, England	37 181 189 8 56 69
K. River that joins the Susquehanna near Pittston, Pa.	48 61 74 121 124 170 178 184 109 114
L. Wickedness	119 128 63 180 36 80 122 191
M. Willa Cather novel (2 wds.)	4 152 82 86 131 143 18 25 96
N. In these times	140 169 34 41 134 149 179 103
O. Chlorophenothane	22 43 79
P. Dominium	83 50 155 71 87 110 55 31 158
Q. "For many a rose-lipt maiden/And many a—— lad." (Housman, "Shropshire Lad")	38 105 156 68 81 159 186 9 132
R. Hot wind that blows from Morocco to Madeira and the Canaries	49 73 120 10 78
S. Seat of the oldest stock exchange	139 58 91 167 102 129 176
T. British admiral who directed the evacuation of Dunkirk	137 24 62 147 28 39
U. Type of rowboat	151 29 127 85 185
V. Arch villain in "Titus Andronicus"	14 33 42 104 172
W. Hindu expression of meeting or parting	166 66 101 95 138 6 130
X. Want, deficiency	141 145 116 17 44 51
Y. Rustic dwelling; cottage	117 175 54 111 72
Z. Lees or sediment of olive oil	188 76 157 153 23 190
Z¹ Spurns, discards	161 126 142 133 7 115 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 A	2 E	3 B	4 M	5 F	6 W		7 Z¹	8 J	9 Q	10 R	11 I	12 A	13 D		14 V
15 A	16 C		17 X	18 M	19 E	20 A	21 B	22 O		23 Z	24 T	25 M	26 D		27 G	28 T
29 U	30 D		31 P	32 B		33 V	34 N	35 A	36 L	37 J	38 Q	39 T		40 B	41 N	42 V
43 O		44 X	45 C		46 C	47 B	48 K	49 R		50 P	51 X	52 E	53 F		54 Y	55 P
56 J		57 A	58 S		59 H	60 I	61 K	62 T	63 L		64 G	65 C	66 W	67 F	68 Q	
69 J	70 F	71 P	72 Y	73 R		74 K	75 H	76 Z	77 E	78 R	79 O	80 L	81 Q	82 M	83 P	84 A
	85 U	86 M	87 P		88 C	89 H	90 F	91 S	92 E	93 G		94 G	95 W	96 M		97 H
98 A	99 F	100 G	101 W	102 S		103 N	104 V		105 Q	106 I	107 E	108 H	109 K	110 P	111 Y	
112 I	113 F	114 K	115 Z¹		116 X		117 Y	118 F	119 L	120 R	121 K		122 L	123 I	124 K	125 G
126 Z¹		127 U	128 L		129 S	130 W	131 M	132 Q	133 Z¹	134 N		135 D	136 G	137 T	138 W	
139 S	140 N	141 X		142 Z¹	143 M	144 G	145 X	146 B	147 T		148 H	149 N	150 Z¹		151 U	152 M
153 Z	154 I	155 P	156 Q		157 Z	158 P		159 Q	160 D	161 Z¹		162 B	163 F	164 A	165 H	166 W
	167 S	168 H	169 N		170 K	171 B	172 V	173 I		174 B	175 Y		176 S	177 E	178 K	179 N
	180 L	181 J	182 A	183 B	184 K		185 U	186 Q	187 B		188 Z		189 J	190 Z	191 L	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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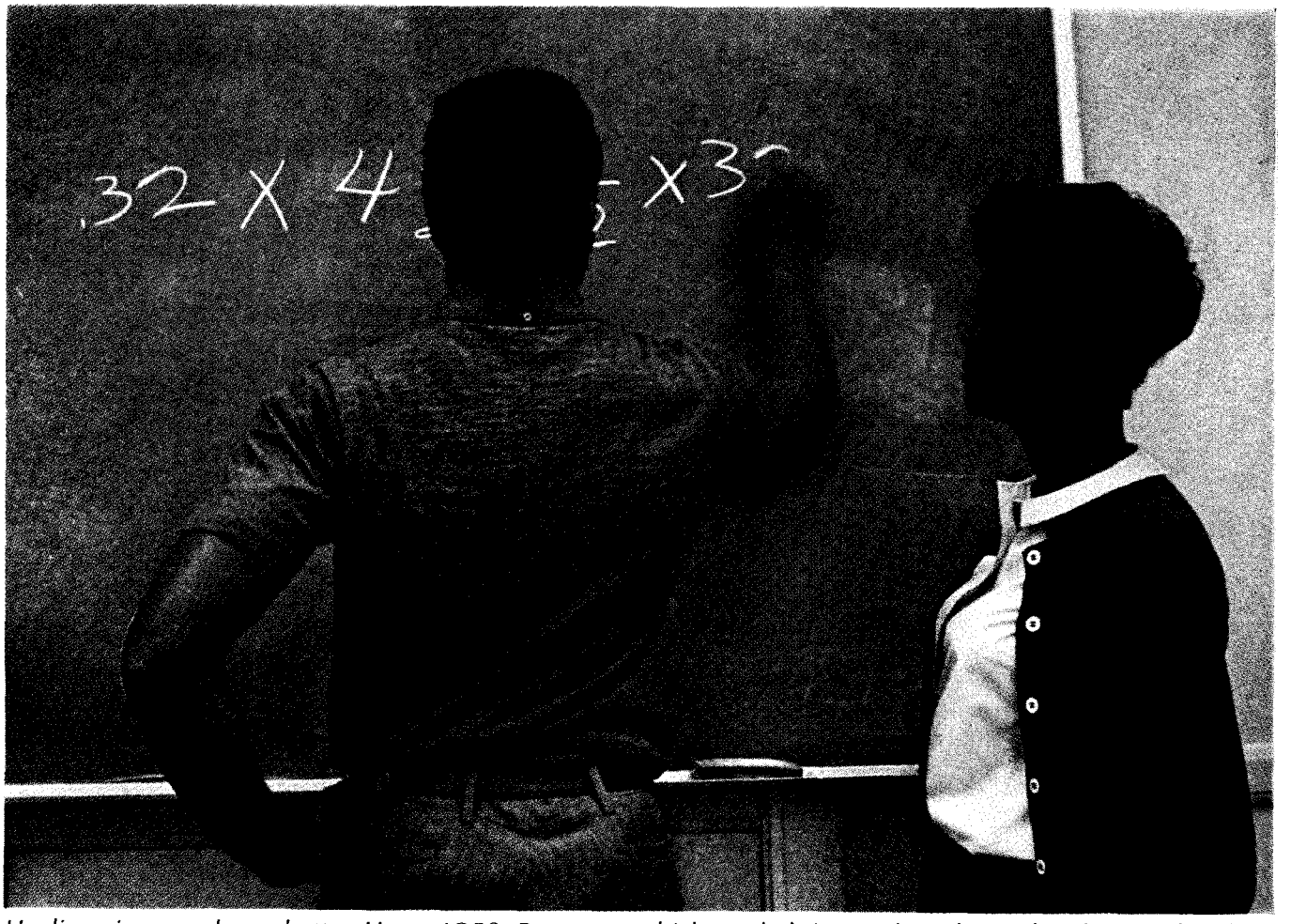
Turning a bleak outlook into a bright prospect



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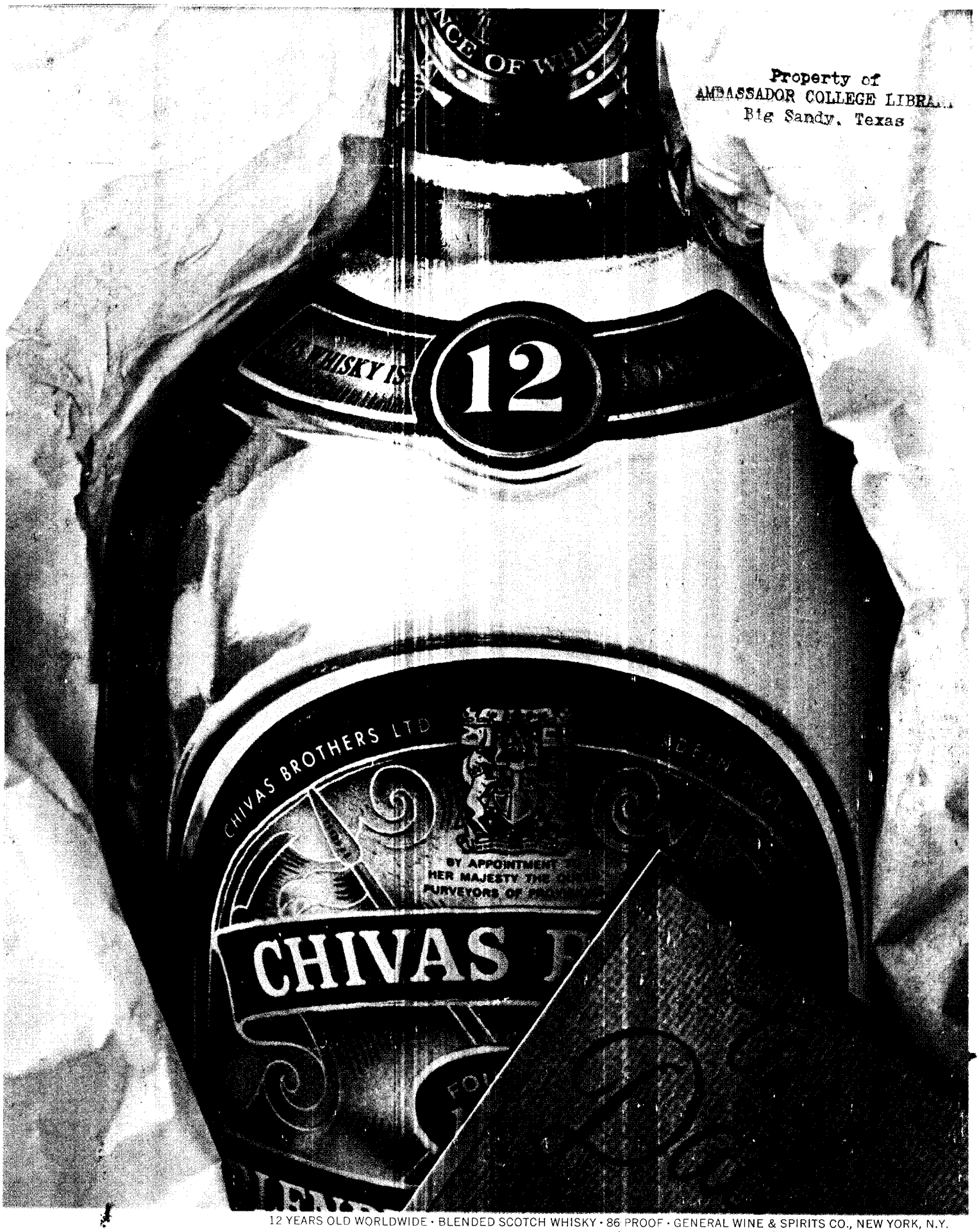

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